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Thesis

The Classics Through Dramatics

Submitted by Matilda Clement

Valparaiso University B. S. 1911.

In partial fulfillment of requirement

for the

Degree of Master of Education

1939

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But why teach the classics? Because we believe that he who knows nothing of the past remains a child, and that great and good things come from great and good spirits. Let us not be squeamish over efforts to simplify the classics, then. A taste of the finest in literature may activate a craving for more.

This craving is what we hope to create by introducing choice bits of literature into short plays which the

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Foreword

We live in an age of prepared foods, recorded music, yes, and selected and assembled specimens of literature. We read extensively instead of intensively, and we usually shun literary analysis, memorization, and oral reading.

Consequently, many of our schools have abandoned the classics for contemporary writings and the student is permitted to read what he likes. Why? Because there are 15,000,000 foreign-born persons in our United States, and their children who are in our class-rooms do not hear English spoken at home. Strict educational laws and lack of jobs have sent them in vast numbers into our high schools.

These pupils have no ambition to read good books and they take little pleasure in reading anything, but they are in our schools, there to stay; indeed, they are where they belong, and we must interest them.

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I.

Introduction

Have We Outgrown the Classics?

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"Gangsters! Racketeers! Nothing but Lawlessness! This country is going to the dogs and the trouble lies with the public schools! What do the children ever hear about character development?" questions the anxious parent.

Never have the necessities of the times developed in men and women greater appreciation of the importance of organizations for social and civic betterment. Yet, while you admit that a person must first be taught to use his own tooth-brush, to patronize the dentist and the doctor when necessary, to enjoy physical activities, and to profit by the use of libraries, and settlement clubs, it still remains true that his education is not complete if it does not take into account the means of "Helping the other fellow."

Very little time is given for presenting the idea of improving civic institutions. The appreciation of literature involves, of course, the appreciation of life, for literature is a great integrator of personality in that it can transform desires and purposes into likenesses of fictitious characters. "Morals cannot be taught; they must be caught." It is in books that most people learn how worth while life really is.

Thomas Mann asks, "Are there not certain fundamental ideas of humanity and liberty that are permanent and universal?" At home, in our own country millions grow

desperate for bread, and degenerate from idleness. Our economic and political machinery sags under its first great test. Billions of dollars pour into the hands of motion picture companies and beer distilleries, while our public schools struggle for existence. Is the challenge being met by those who love and represent that language in which the major portion of the world's wealth is transferred and in which the world's greatest body of literature is couched?

The great passages in the books which live forever, suddenly reached, are like the opening of the gates of paradise; but the magic words that open these gates can only be heard by ears that have been made acute by a long and silent journeying over ways that are often tedious. Remember that enjoyment of literature is the ultimate aim and that it is secured only through the pain³₁ of mastery.

When a rich person declares he "has not time to read," it is as if he said, "I have no time to eat." For to a person with even the rudiments of those slowly acquired habits which we call culture, the necessity of reading resembles the necessity of eating.

"Nobody seems to know what the humanities are, nobody knows why we teach them, and nobody knows what results we expect from our teaching." Until a few decades ago, this observation would have been nonsense. Every educated man formerly knew what was meant by a humane education. It was education in a body of material, chiefly in the classic

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languages, supposed to comprise the wisest view of human life obtainable outside of inspired writing. The study of this material formed the scholar and the gentleman. If one discussed life problems, one quoted the great thinkers of the ancient world.

Is literature one of the humanities? Literary study formerly meant an acquaintance with the chief masterpieces of the ancient world. The classicists in the nineteenth century went scientific; yet, they insisted on remaining classicists.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Enveloping the transient economic order of our day, is that vast and more endurable order in which alone we may be said truly to live. It is the business of the humanities or the classics to preserve and make clear the records of this order to succeeding generations of men. Doubtless we teach the classics badly; doubtless youth, eager for results, cannot be tremendously excited by the life-story of former generations. The classics may be the most difficult subjects to teach, but no part of education demands more expert instruction, and receives less. Because the task is difficult, are we justified in avoiding it? If the vocabulary of Shakespeare is hard to understand, are we, therefore, permitted to take refuge in the light and trivial?

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pieces of painting and literature, and what is the result? The younger generation turns on the radio and flocks to the movies. Shall we, therefore, abandon our profitless ideal? Let us, rather, create better taste in the movies, radio programs, and current books.

Because tens of thousands of persons daily seek the fortune teller, shall we abandon instruction in science? Because the Townsend Plan receives wide popular support, shall we cease to teach orthodox economics? If education is to be adapted to the immediate only, we should be consistent and change our curriculum monthly in order that it may faithfully follow the fluctuations of society.

The deepest practical reason why the democracies must cling to the classics is that it is only through the classics that the democracies can exist. Having struggled to learn how to live peacefully together, the human race cannot successfully give up living peacefully together, at this late date, if civilization is to survive. The democracies may not have a monopoly of culture, but conciliation, tolerance, humor, and wisdom are necessary if the democracies are to live; and it is the practical purpose of the classics by examining the arts, to inculcate these civilized attributes as widely as their share of the educational program will permit.

We must not give ourselves over wholly, then, to the study of the contemporary. But if the tragic lesson of

recent events abroad strengthens our determination to cling to the inheritance of civilization as we rationally understand the term, let us remember that this point of view is the only lasting check upon violent shifts in society. It may be difficult to think of popular leaders swaying the multitude by an appeal to culture. Nevertheless, only in some knowledge of the significance of our cultural inheritance, only in the patient and intelligent teaching and study of the classics may we look for effective check upon fanaticism, violence, and ruin.

There are a score of progressive schools ^{in which} where wide freedom to read where and when they wish from the literature of today is the program of all classes. The ghosts of the older classics still move among us, but the push of the contemporary reduces their ranks in every course of study that issues from the presses.

We are told that contemporary literature is not to be studied, it is to be read, and read only when and how the pupils please. This is scarcely a rational concept of education; what it offers us is simply a complicated form of the "I know what I like" theory.

There was once a time when students who reached the senior year of high school were scholarly, enthusiastic, and intelligent. They could read Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, and Carlyle and derive both pleasure and profit from them. They were active in class, participating eagerly

in the discussions. They were a joy to teach!

But in recent years, because of the rapidity of social and economic changes, a marked difference is apparent in the calibre of the students. Unable to secure positions, many now remain in high school regardless of the fact that they have neither the inclination nor the ability to fulfill the requirements. No longer are they willing to devote their time in wresting the thought from the printed page.

The course of study, however, remains much the same. Students must be taught to read intelligently. Without desire, learning is impossible. Why not give them the desire, then? First, it is important to realize that teaching techniques must be modified for the new type of student. One looks about for aid. Discovery is close at hand. With a world full of radio, music, art, motion pictures, a wealth of material lies at the beck and call of the wide awake teacher. How easy the study of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar becomes when daily the papers blare forth the news of dictators the world over. How simple the task of motivating the drama when Orson Welles is on Broadway! The alert teacher, recognizes the worth of daily occurrences and uses them to enliven and enrich each lesson.

When students have witnessed a performance, seen a picture, or heard a broadcast, they immediately realize that the words of the playwright come alive and that "literature is a closed book to those that cannot read." The desire to

learn comes with such a discovery, and then the foundation has been laid for creative reading, one of the most important techniques for getting the author's full meaning.

How are we to teach our pupils to think their way through these uncertain years that are before us? One method concerns the learning of the materials, the tools, the technique of thinking. We must furnish them, as it were, the directions for the journey.

The teacher's task, then, is not, essentially, to instruct his pupils in the content of an organized body of learning, to teach them this book or that as factual knowledge for purposes of examination. Some English teachers may conceive this to be their task, and are encouraged to do so by some examining bodies. But such merely factual teaching carried out relentlessly may be directly contrary to the real purpose of teaching. This purpose is, rather, to induct pupils into a new way of living, or a new aspect of living, that will both now and later make their lives richer. The reading of a new work of literature should be more than an experience of learning about; it should be an experience of living with; for of all the arts, the greatest is the art of living.

Recall this couplet from Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village,"

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
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The individual will find relatively few opportunities for utilizing the formal facts and skills that he learned in school, but in every waking minute, as long as he lives, he will have opportunities for utilizing the moral lessons he learned, or might have learned, there. Admittedly, the program of character improvement is complex, complicated, and, hence, discouraging, but the stakes are high in this, the most important educational task in the world.

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SUMMARY

1. Educators should recognize the changing economic conditions in society especially as regards the shortened working day and the increased hours of leisure and should endeavor to provide a wholesome recreation within the reach of all. To this end the teacher of today must, more and more, strive to develop in the pupil the ability to read good books with ease and enjoyment.
2. No matter what may be the purpose of the study of literature in colleges and universities, in high school it should be used as a means to an end, that end always the development of human character. This does not mean that much may not still be done to develop an appreciation of literary style where boys and girls, through inheritance and home environment may profit by such a study. But in the average high school of today, the study of literature should be a discussion of content and its value. It is not the aim of literature teaching to accumulate a fixed body of information but to promote habits of thought which will function in the everyday life of the individual.
3. The high school is no longer looked upon merely as a preparatory school. The college-preparatory function of the high school is a minor one. Most of the graduates go not into a higher institution, but into life. Therefore, the

course in literature should be organized to meet their personal and social needs.

4. The enormous increase in our attendance has produced a situation requiring new treatment. The tendency is to make the high school truly democratic; that is, a school for the children of all people. English as training for efficiency should be distinguished from English as a training for the wholesome enjoyment of leisure.

5. Classic literature has an appeal for healthy minded young people when it is sympathetically and wisely presented. However, students must be shown how to find the riches in great books. Such books still have the power to strengthen and uplift. Boys and girls of today may need this note of inspiration and courage.

Value of Dramatics

The value of dramatics lies not merely in giving pleasure to an audience but in the education of the actor. The average high school student realizes that he is an amateur and is willing to remain one. But he should also realize that whether he plans to become a clerk, secretary, journalist, doctor, home-keeper, lawyer, salesman, or teacher he will need the aids which dramatics can give him. He needs it in every walk of life.

What are these aids?

1. Assurance, posture, or poise. Probably nothing short of being born a prince would or does give poise as effectively as appearance on a stage.

2. Diction, a pleasing well modulated voice is a great asset in business and at social functions. Voice training begun in school, attention to pitch, volume, enunciation, and pronunciation should continue through life.

3. Spirit of fellowship, team work and fair play. Contrasted with public speaking, dramatics depends upon group cooperation. Not only is this true of work on the play itself, but in producing a performance, students must learn to work together on costumes, stage settings, selling tickets, and the various activities necessary in presenting a dramatic production.

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to work together on costumes, stage settings, selling tickets,

and the various activities necessary in presenting a dramatic

production.

4. Understanding of human ideals. Emotions and situations which arise in plays may be found in daily life about us and a study of these through dramatics leads to tolerance and sympathy. This understanding is needed by all people and nations unless we are to isolate ourselves wholly from mankind.

Let us concede that reading, seeing, and acting a play are equally important. Reading a play is cheaper than seeing one, and is barred to none. Reading is easier than acting, but probably not as much fun.

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THE END

THE CLASSROOM PLAY

The purpose of this chapter is to present a method of teaching English in the high school which is based on the principle of the "classroom play". This method is based on the principle that the student should be given the opportunity to act out the situations which he encounters in his daily life. This method is based on the principle that the student should be given the opportunity to act out the situations which he encounters in his daily life.

The following are the steps in the method:

III.

1. Read the play and the story.
2. Study the manual accompanying this part of the play. **The Classroom Play**
3. Give the Dramatic Aptitude Test.
4. Select students having the highest scores as actors in the play.
5. Cast the play and give each actor a part to play.
6. Explain the importance of giving assistance in the play. (The teacher should be present during the play.)
7. Produce the play at least once in the classroom.
8. Explain the importance of an intelligent audience.
9. Give each student a part to play and write comments on the play. (The teacher should be present during the play.)
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III.

The Classroom Play

THE CLASSROOM PLAY

One important method of teaching the classics in High School English classes is through the medium of dramatics. Scenes from a drama such as "Julius Caesar" may be dramatized, plays introducing classics may be used, or plays written by the students themselves may be presented.

In either case the procedure might call for the following class assignments:

1. Read the play for the story.
2. Study the manual accompanying this work for understanding of such terms as drama, dramatics, theme, plot.
3. Give the Dramatic Aptitude Test.
4. Select students having the highest score as actors in the play.
5. Cast the play and plan time and place for rehearsals. (See directions for rehearsals.)
6. Explain the importance of group assistance in securing properties, costumes, etc.
7. Produce the play at front of classroom as effectively as possible.
8. Explain the importance of an intelligent audience.
9. Have class give oral and written comments on production. They should observe diction, poise, interpretation, and pantomime.
10. Without preaching too much, develop the desire to read and study, more intensively, the classic introduced.

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9. Have class give oral and written comments on production. They should observe diction, pace, interpretation, and pantomime.
10. Without preaching too much, develop the desire to read and study more intensively, the classic introduced.

Remember always that this assignment is not purely for entertainment but instruction. Work? Yes! Work for both the teacher and student, but it is worthwhile if it instills a greater love and appreciation for the gems of literature.

Believing that in so far as possible an intelligence test should measure only those traits which every pupil has an equal opportunity to develop, it has been planned to furnish English classes with the same general information^a background before the aptitude test is given. Material in "Handbook for Use in the English Class Room" has been prepared for this purpose.

Because the aptitude test is best for predicting future success, it has been selected to serve the purpose of determining the relative dramatic ability of students in high school English classes. It may also be used to advantage in "try outs" for entrance to dramatic classes. When only about one third of the number who register for dramatics can be admitted, it seems important to have a definite reason for accepting some and rejecting others. This test will furnish a basis for selection.

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THE GOLDEN BOND THE CONTENT

IV

The Director

THE DIRECTOR

The director has been likened to the lion who hunts alone. It is his duty to solve countless problems such as, selecting the play, casting, directing, planning for makeup, settings, costumes, advertising, selling of tickets, and ushers. The director of inexperienced groups, perhaps, faces his most difficult problem in molding a miscellaneous cast of ordinary people into a unit which portrays convincingly the lives of others.

Teachers of English who direct dramatics may have little if any experience in this field. This should not deter them from experimenting, providing they possess the most important requirement - Enthusiasm - without which, as Emerson tells us, nothing worth while was ever accomplished. Young directors will welcome some practical advice and sufficient technique to attack the problem of producing a play. Let them not think this is a simple procedure. Yet it can be done.

With this enthusiasm which will undoubtedly spread and pervade the players themselves, the director will discuss with his group the production of a play. He will explain that the given space in front of the audience, whether elevated or on the same level, is a stage unlike any other place we ever walk. That while he is on it, the actor must expect to

THE DIRECTOR

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With this enthusiasm which will undoubtedly spread and pervade the players themselves, the director will discuss with his group the production of a play. He will explain that the given space in front of the audience, whether elevated or on the same level, is a stage unlike any other place we ever walk. That while he is on it, the actor must expect to

create an enchanted world of comedy or tragedy that will appear real to the audience; that he must not relax or "kid" without leaving the stage.

The Director will also discuss briefly the co-operation or ensemble necessary in play production. If the actors have the proper feeling about the performance they will help make the play vivid to those who see it.

Acting should not be looked upon as artificial. The actor is often told that he differs from all other artists in that he is both the artist and the instrument, the violinist and the violin. The body is already a well-tuned instrument. Under stress of sincere emotion, the whole being coordinates. Hence, sincerity is the basis of acting. This requires becoming a personality not yourself, one which crowds out the real personality. Self consciousness comes only when this characterization deserts the actor.

Help is needed in aiding the actor to submerge his own character completely. This help should merely be a guide, however, to assist in understanding the character.

The objective is to give a convincing performance. This may be accomplished only by growth - rehearsals - which are very important.

"Read" rehearsals will lay the foundation of understanding the play, but only in part; action, along, can reveal its full value.

Then comes the "roughing in" which is done on the

create an enchanted world of comedy or tragedy that will appear real to the audience; that he must not relax or "slip" without leaving the stage.

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Acting should not be looked upon as artificial. The actor is often told that he differs from all other artists in that he is both the artist and the instrument, the violinist and the violin. The body is already a well-tuned

instrument. Under stress of intense emotion, the whole being co-ordinates. Hence, sincerity is the basis of acting. This requires becoming a personality not yourself, one who grows out the real personality. Self-consciousness comes only when this characterization leaves the actor.

Help is needed in aiding the actor to achieve his own character completely. This help should merely be a guide, however, to assist in understanding the character. The objective is to give a convincing performance.

This may be accomplished only by growth - rehearsal - which are very important.

"Rehearsal" rehearsals will lay the foundation of understanding the play, but only in part; action, alone, can reveal its full value.

Then comes the "roughing in" which is done on the

stage where important positions and movements are studied.

Memorizing must begin immediately after the "roughing in" is suggested, for there can be no freedom in the work while the actor holds the book.

Even amateurs should consider themselves artists in attacking this problem and by so doing will find the enjoyment anticipated.

The director, then, should avoid being crude; that is, merely prompting and pushing the player about the stage. He should give the actor definite aims for each rehearsal. Many directors of student groups fail to realize that they are dealing with inexperienced people and should not imitate the Broadway manager who works with professionals. So, in high school, two things should be kept in mind:

1. To prepare a play.

2. To educate the players.

After the play has been selected, attention may be focused upon learning the play as a whole.

1. Walk through the play, learn its geography, doors, windows, steps, table, chairs, noting when and where to enter, walk, sit, rise, or exit.

2. Walk through, trying to understand the purpose of the author. Note situations and relation of players.

3. Walk through, giving correct phrasing or grouping of words. Be sure the audience understands one idea before hurrying to the next. Give accurate inflections to

test the exact meaning and audibility. (After this permit no books to be used. The rehearsals then really begin.)

4. Remember that movement is more important than speech. Acting is doing not merely saying. Hold each attitude until something, which is evident to the audience, causes you to change it.

5. A large measure of good acting is good listening. Speak with your hands, head, and even eyes, when you have no words.

6. The average speaker is monotonous. His pitch is not varied - he uses perhaps five intervals - do, re, mi, fa, sol, - instead of two octaves. Allow the players to paraphrase until they can give free, open conversational melodies.

7. Learn to react at the right moment to fellow players - don't react to what he is going to say. It takes all the players to keep the ball in the air. Work out timed responses.

8. Study how to portray a person different from yourself. This is characterization.

9. Each speaker should cover the last word of the preceding speaker promptly but without hurry; that is, pick up cues. Sense the movement and build successive climaxes.

10. Each player should portray the feelings or emotions of his personality at every movement - not merely say his lines. Remember that everything has to be

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9. Each speaker should cover the last word of the

preceding speaker promptly but without hurry; that is, pick up ones. Sense the movement and build suggestive elements.

10. Each player should portray the feelings or

emotions of his personality at every movement - not merely

say his lines. Remember that everything has to be

exaggerated to get it across.

11. Help the players to enjoy what they are doing.
Give it zest.

12. At dress rehearsals, scenery, props, costumes, make-up, and lighting should be complete.

When these things are done, players will attain not only enthusiasm but intelligence.

Handbook for Use in English Classrooms

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11. Help the players to enjoy what they are doing.

Give it rest.

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Handbook for Use in English Classroom

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Handbook for Use in the English Classroom

(To be taught before "Dramatic Aptitude Test" is given.)

All high school courses embrace the reading and study of several plays. This study of the play through reading or seeing is called drama.

In many classes students not only read or see plays, but make a further study by acting them. This study of plays through acting is called dramatics.

At the present time no apology is needed for teaching drama in the high school. The values of this subject do not need debating. Interest in this field during the past ten years, and the many books written on the subject are sufficient evidence of its importance. Few, if any people of today, question that it is profitable to spend a part of the high school course in learning the difference between a good and a bad play.

The value of dramatics is also taken for granted. In many schools, plays are being produced just "for fun" and students are not apparently expected to make any serious study of acting or of play production. They merely memorize the lines (though not always do they trouble to do that much) and recite before an admiring group of friends and relatives, who pronounce each performance the "best ever" and encourage the unfortunate participants in believing themselves embryo

geniuses when usually they are merely popular, good looking, or aggressive enough to secure a place in the cast.

Useful Definitions

A play is a story adapted to acting. It should have action, emotion, conflict, suspense, climax, plot, characters, dialogue, theme.

A few terms used in connection with plays:

1. Conflict is struggle between two forces.
2. Emotion is feeling.
3. A conflict is a battle between opposing forces.
4. Suspense is suspended interest.
5. Climax is the highest point of interest.
6. Plot is the story.
7. Characters are the people.
8. Dialogue is conversation, the lines which the actors speak.
9. The theme is the idea.
10. Pantomime, silent action, is the representation of thoughts and emotions by means of bodily action. Example: Instead of saying, "Come here," use the beckoning gesture.
11. Atmosphere is the feeling that surrounds the play.
12. Characterization is character portrayal.
13. The setting is the scene.

Four main divisions of drama:

1. A farce is exaggerated comedy. (So called comedy is usually farce.) Example: The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.

2. A comedy is a play true to life in which the hero overcomes fate. Example: Beggar on Horseback - Kaufman and Connelly.

3. A tragedy is a play in which fate overcomes the hero. Example: Julius Caesar - Shakespeare

4. A melodrama is an exciting, thrilling dramatic performance. Example: The Prisoner of Zenda - Anthony Hope

Authors and critics treat these types as

1. Naturalistic - a play which portrays life as it is.

2. Realistic - a play portraying truth underlying life.

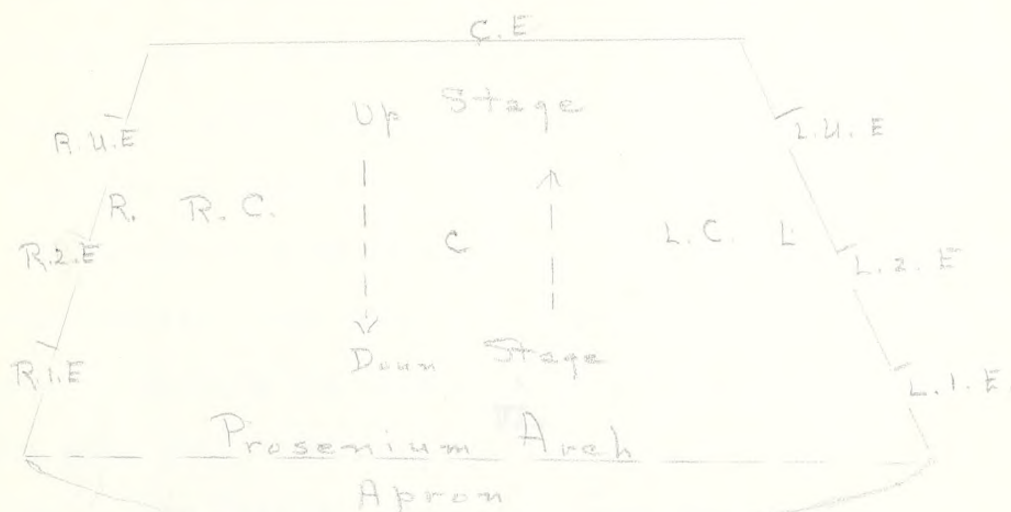
3. Romantic or idealistic - a play which portrays life as the author wished it might be.

4. Symbolistic - a play which portrays the characters as symbols, as Cat, Bread, Light. Example: The Blue-bird.

Simple Stage Directions for Classroom Use

The space at the front of the classroom may be used as the stage.

Diagram below will give necessary stage directions.



Stage Directions

Read from the actor's point of view as he faces the audience.

Stage Areas

Entrances

C-center

L.C.-left center

R.E.-right entrance

R-right

L-left

L.E.-left entrance

R.C.-right center

C.E.-center entrance

Down-stage - toward the audience

Up-stage - away from the audience

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes

Unless students were interested, they could not be expected to take these tests. For they would be expected to do so only if they were interested. It was found necessary to "sell" the subject by emphasizing the interest and pleasure of such a pursuit. Even then, some students were reluctant to make the plays, usually because of shyness and diffidence. They were not urged. It will be interesting to observe whether these people will wish to "try out" again in the year when they discover how easy it is and what fun the others are having. Usually class records should be kept of students in classes.

VI.

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes

These tests were all given to Commercial students before or in the presence of a class which was usually doing some written work with one ear open to the test. This procedure furnished an opportunity for a semi-private conference between teacher and student in doing the tests and helped to relieve the shyness of the students.

It is believed if followed through for another year a far larger group could participate, but it is to be remembered that an audience is necessary and that a few student actors may present many short acts interesting the class, and thus serve the purpose of teaching literature through drama. Probably one or two acts a month will be sufficient time to devote to this part of the English work. Teachers will require some time outside of school hours

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Testing Dramatic Aptitudes

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Unless students were interested, they were not required to take these tests, for they would be useless in any production if enthusiasm were lacking. It was found necessary to "sell" the subject by suggestions of the value and pleasure of such a pursuit. Even then, some students were reluctant to make the plunge, usually because of shyness and diffidence. They were not urged. It will be interesting to observe whether these people will wish to "try out" later in the year when they discover how easy it is and what fun the others are having. Consult class record sheets for exact numbers in classes.

These tests were all given to Commercial students before or in the presence of a class which was usually doing some written work with one ear open to the test. This procedure furnished an opportunity for a semi-private conference between teacher and student which in itself proved helpful.

It is believed if followed through for another year a far larger group would participate, but it is to be remembered that an audience is necessary and that a few student actors may present many short skits introducing the classics, and thus serve the purpose of teaching literature through dramatics. Probably one or two days a month will be sufficient time to devote to this part of the English work. Rehearsals will require some time outside of school hours

unless it seems desirable to "walk through" the parts as might be effectively done, for instance, in "The Poets' Hour." This play and others are enclosed because it was for such materials the tests were given.

Directions for the Examiner

Allow about five minutes to each pupil. This test may be given to the individual students in an English class in one of two ways. If copies are not available for each student, the examiner should read aloud directions for 1-2-3-4-8 and record ranks on "Class Record" sheet as responses are made.

5-6-7 may be placed upon a black-board. 6 should be concealed until the examiner wishes to time the entire group. At the end of the time limit, the examiner may erase the passage. This memory work may be either oral or written depending upon the judgment of the examiner.

Do not include answers in 1-2-3 in total score.

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I-2-3-5-V may be placed upon a black-board. It should

be concealed until the examiner wishes to time the entire group. At the end of the time limit, the examiner may erase the passage. This memory work may be either oral or written depending upon the judgment of the examiner. Do not include answers in I-2-3 in total score.

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes

1. Interest (not to be considered on score)

- a. Have you ever been interested in Dramatics? _____
- b. If you pass this test creditably, should you
care to accept a part in a play? _____
- c. Do you enjoy attending amateur dramatic
performances? _____
- d. Do you enjoy attending professional performances? _____
- e. Do you enjoy the "movies"? _____

2. Experience (not to be scored)

- a. In how many plays have you participated? _____
- b. List or state names of plays and signify the
part you have had in each. Example:
My Lady's Rose-Annie-Junior High

3. Health (not to be scored)

- a. How many days last year were you absent on
account of personal illness? _____

4. Poise (possible points to be scored - 10)

Be ready, when called upon by the examiner to
assume any or all of the following postures:

- a. Of a person who is alert and athletic.
- b. Of a person who is "down and out".
- c. Of a person who is sad.
- d. Of a person who is happy.
- e. Sit down and rise from a chair as character of an

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes

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- a. Have you ever been interested in dramatics?
- b. If you pass this test creditably, should you care to accept a part in a play?
- c. Do you enjoy attending amateur dramatic performances?
- d. Do you enjoy attending professional performances?
- e. Do you enjoy the "movies"?

2. Experience (not to be scored)

- a. In how many plays have you participated?
- b. List or state names of plays and signify the part you have had in each. Examples:
My Lady's Nose-Auntie-Turner High

3. Health (not to be scored)

- a. How many days last year were you absent on account of personal illness?

4. Faith (possible points to be scored - 10)

- Be ready, when called upon by the examiner to assume any or all of the following postures:
- a. Of a person who is alert and athletic.
 - b. Of a person who is "down and out".
 - c. Of a person who is sad.
 - d. Of a person who is happy.
 - e. Sit down and rise from a chair as character of an

aged person.

f. Simulate fear.

g. Simulate anger.

5. Diction (possible number of points - 15)

Read as clearly as you can the following passage:

Acting like any art, requires a definite technique;
acting is emphatically creation, not imitation.

Pantomime, the earliest and perhaps the most
trustworthy method of conveying ideas, is the
fundamental of acting.

6. Memorization (possible points to be scored - 25)

(Time limit for memorizing one passage - 2 min.)

a. Jessie- I was afraid maybe we couldn't have this
nook to ourselves, after all. My absurd little
brother was in here, hanging about that dreadful
Mrs. Curtis, and I was afraid they wouldn't go
away; but Mamma scared 'em both off.

(from The Trysting Place - Booth Tarkington)

b. Rupert- And so we are alone! All alone!---

You don't think your mother'll be back for a
while? She hasn't found out I've come has she?
---I can't understand why your mother dislikes
me so.---But don't you think your mother will
ever change her mind about me?

(from The Trysting Place - Booth Tarkington)

aged person.

2. Stimulate fear.

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5. Piction (possible number of points - 15)

Read as clearly as you can the following passage:

Acting like any act, requires a definite technique;

acting is emphatically expression, not imitation.

Furthermore, the earliest and perhaps the most

trustworthy method of conveying ideas, is the

fundamental of acting.

6. Memorization (possible points to be scored - 25)

(Time limit for memorizing one passage - 2 min.)

a. Lesson - I was afraid maybe we couldn't have this

look to ourselves, after all. My absurd little

brother was in here, hanging about that dreadful

Mr. Curtis, and I was afraid they wouldn't go

away; but when scored 'em both off.

(from The Trestling Place - Booth Tarkington)

b. Lesson - And so we ate alone! All alone!---

You don't think your mother'll be back for a

while? She hasn't found out I've come has she?

---I can't understand why your mother dislikes

me so.---But don't you think your mother will

ever change her mind about me?

(from The Trestling Place - Booth Tarkington)

c. Alice- It was you, of course! You who have forced me to this ride through the night, half dead with fear, and all for a lie! Well, mark my word, you will lose your commission for this! Rebels or no rebels, we have our rights as human beings, and General Howe is a gentleman who will be the first to punish a trick like you have played on a woman!

(from Nathan Hale - Clyde Fitch)

d. Fitzroy- We'll see what General Howe will do when I give into his hands a man who has been stealing information of our movements for the rebel army, who has been working for the destruction of the King's men, and I will do this yet! You've been warned by some one!

(from Nathan Hale - Clyde Fitch)

7. Interpretation (possible points to be scored - 25)

Assume the character whose speech you just memorized in 6.

8. Pantomime (possible points to be scored - 25)

Analyze and pantomime:

- a. Answering a door, greeting someone, inviting him in.
 - b. Chasing and finally cornering a kitten.
 - c. Falling asleep over a newspaper.
 - d. Chasing and killing a fly.
-

c. Alice- It was you, of course! You who have forced me to this side through the night, half dead with fear, and all for a lie! Well, with my word, you will lose your commission for this! Rebels or no rebels, we have our rights as human beings, and General Howe is a gentleman who will be the first to punish a trick like you have played on a woman!

(from Madame Hale - Clyde Wiche)

d. Elzavoy- We'll see what General Howe will do when I give into his hands a man who has been stealing information of our movements for the rebel army, who has been working for the destruction of the King's men, and I will do this yet! You've been warned by some one!

(from Madame Hale - Clyde Wiche)

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Assume the character whose speech you just

memorized in 6.

8. Pantomime (possible points to be scored - 25)

Analyze and pantomime:

a. Answering a door, greeting someone, inviting him in.

b. Chasing and finally capturing a kitten.

c. Telling a lie over a newspaper.

d. Chasing and killing a fly.

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Walter Dill

Teaching Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Walter High School, Everett, Massachusetts

12 students in class

Grade XII	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Student's name												
Classroom												
High School												
Department of English												
Teacher												

123 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

123 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

123 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

123 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

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Charts of Class Aptitude Records

Chapter of Class Aptitude Records

VII.

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Class Record

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

33 students in class

12 students interested

Grade XII				10	15	25	25	25	100	
Examiner	M. Clement									
School	Senior High									
Date of examination	Nov. 1938									
Names	Age	Interest	Experience	Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpretation	Pantomime	Total Score
Barbara Driscoll	18Y	Y	G	5	20	25	20	15	85	
Alfred Pywell	18	Y	G	10	15	20	20	15	80	
Ophelia Lombardi	18Y	Y	G	10	15	15	15	15	70	
Frances Raftery	16Y	Y	G	5	20	25	15	20	85	
John Pulcari	17Y	Y	G	2	15	20	20	15	72	
Catherine D'Arco	18Y	Y	G	3	15	20	1	5	44	
Jean Durie	17Y	Y	G	5	15	15	15	15	60	
Ruth Kaepplin	16Y	N		10	20	20	15	15	80	
Mario DiScuilla	18Y	Y	G	15	15	15	20	15	80	
Grace Kline	18Y	Y	G	15	10	10	10	15	60	
David Fowler	17Y	Y	G	15	15	15	20	15	80	
Doris Richenburg	18Y	Y	G	15	15	20	20	10	80	
John Crawford	17Y	Y	G	10	15	20	20	15	75	
Joan Smith	17Y	Y	G	10	15	15	20	15	70	
Virginia Peters	17Y	Y	G	10	15	15	20	15	70	
Caroline Green	17Y	Y	G	10	15	15	20	15	70	
George Kelly	17Y	Y	G	10	15	15	20	15	70	
(Y - Yes)										
Willie Carullo	17Y	Y	G	10	15	20	15	15	80	

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Class Record

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

34 Students in Class

22 Students Interested

Grade XII				10	15	25	25	25	100	
Examiner M. Clement										
School Senior High										
Date of examination										
Nov. 1938										
Names	Age	Interest	Experience	Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpretation	Pantomime	Total Score
John Giarattino	17	YY	G		10	10	15	15	15	65
Harriet Cardeleen	17	YY	G		10	10	20	15	10	65
Mary Catino	16	YY	G		10	10	20	15	20	75
Ralph Thompson	17	YY	G		10	15	15	15	15	70
Muriel Lee	17	YY	G		10	20	15	15	15	75
Pearl Otis	18	YY	G		10	10	15	15	15	65
Lillian Carter	17	YY	G		10	20	20	15	10	75
Beatrice Tibbetts	17	YY	G		10	10	15	15	15	65
Carl Symes	18	YY	G		20	20	15	15	5	75
Rita Doherty	18	NY	G		15	15	15	15	15	75
Marguerite Poole	18	YY	G		15	15	20	15	20	85
Horace Masciola	18	YY	G		15	15	10	15	20	75
Ruth Bradford	18	NY	G		15	5	20	20	15	75
Jewell Booth	18	YY	G		15	15	15	20	15	80
Virginia Peters	17	YY	G		15	15	10	20	15	75
Bernice Green	18	YY	G		20	20	15	15	20	90
George Kelly	17	YY	G		15	15	15	10	10	65
Russell Henderson	18	YY	G		20	15	15	20	20	90
Emilio Cardello	17	YY	G		15	15	20	10	20	80

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics
Class Record
Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes
Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

44 Students in Class 22 Students Participated

Grade XII		Examined by N. Clement		School Senior High		Date of Examination		Nov. 1932		Names		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0																															
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0	
100		95		90		85		80		75		70		65		60		55		50		45		40		35		30		25		20		15		10		5		0		100		95		90		85		80		75		70																													

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Class Record

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

Grade XII			10	15	25	25	25	100
Examiner M. Clement								
School Senior High								
Date of examination Nov. 1938								
Names	Age	Interest Experience Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpreta- tion	Pantomime	Total Score
Harry Bartlett	18	YYG	15	15	20	15	15	80
LeRoy LeBert	17	YYG	15	15	20	20	15	85
John Gherson	18	YYG	15	15	20	20	20	90
John Bradley	17	Y Y G	15	15	25	15	15	85
John Anderson	17	Y Y G	15	15	20	15	15	70
William Yates	16	Y Y G	15	15	25	15	15	80
Euse Barbach	17	Y Y G	10	20	15	15	15	75
Edna Crosby	17	Y Y G	15	20	20	20	15	90
Irene Anderson	17	Y Y G	15	20	15	15	15	80
Agnes McDougall	17	Y Y G	15	20	20	15	15	90
Anne Harvathian	17	Y Y G	15	15	15	15	15	75
Harold Miles	17	Y Y G	20	20	25	20	20	100
John Cooke	17	Y Y G	20	20	20	20	20	100
Marjorie Johnson	17	Y Y G	10	15	20	10	15	60
Wine McDonald	17	Y Y G	15	15	20	15	15	80
Marion White	17	Y Y G	10	15	15	15	15	70
Gertrude Goriarty	17	Y Y G	10	15	20	15	15	75

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics
Class Record
Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes
Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

38 Students in Class

24 Students Interested

Grade XII					10	15	25	25	25	100
Examiner M. Clement										
School Senior High										
Date of examination										
Nov. 1939										
Names	Age	Interest	Experience	Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpreta- tion	Pantomime	Total Score
John Duggan	16	Y	Y	G	15	15	15	15	15	75
Mary Geary	17	Y	Y	G	10	20	15	20	15	80
Lena Farnell	16	Y	Y	G	10	15	15	15	15	70
Helen Brickley	17	Y	Y	G	15	15	25	15	15	85
Ellen Boardman	17	Y	Y	G	10	15	15	15	15	70
William Yates	18	Y	Y	G	10	15	25	15	15	80
Edna Barbrick	18	Y	Y	G	10	20	15	15	15	75
Ethel Crosby	15	Y	Y	G	15	20	20	20	15	90
Irene Anderson	17	Y	Y	G	15	20	15	15	15	80
Agnes McDonough	17	Y	Y	G	15	25	20	15	15	90
Anne Haroutonian	17	Y	N	G	15	15	15	15	15	75
Hazel Miles	17	Y	Y	G	20	20	25	20	20	105
Helen Cooke	17	Y	Y	G	20	20	20	20	20	100
Marjorie Johnson	17	Y	N	G	10	10	20	10	10	60
Edna McDonald	17	Y	Y	G	15	15	20	15	15	80
Marion McHale	18	Y	Y	G	10	15	15	15	15	70
Gertrude Moriarty	17	Y	Y	G	10	10	20	15	20	75

Teaching the Classics through Dramatic
 Class Record
 Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes
 Senior High School, Worcester, Massachusetts

34 Students Interested

33 Students in Class

Grade XII										Date of examination Nov. 1938		School Senior High		Examiner M. Clement		Names	
100	85	70	55	40	25	10	0	Distance	Score	Grade	Score	Grade	Score	Grade	Score	Grade	Score
75	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
80	15	20	15	20	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
70	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
85	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
70	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
80	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
75	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
90	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
80	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
90	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
75	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
105	20	20	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	Y	20	Y	20	Y	20	Y	20
100	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Y	20	Y	20	Y	20	Y	20
80	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Y	10	Y	10	Y	10	Y	10
85	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
70	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15
75	20	15	20	15	20	10	10	15	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15	Y	15

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics
Class Record
Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes
Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

38 Students in Class

24 Students Interested

Grade XII Examiner M. Clement School Senior High Date of examination Nov. 1938 Names	Age	Interest Experience Health	10 Poise	15 Diction	25 Memorization	25 Interpreta- tion	25 Pantomime	100 Total Score
Josephine Marabello	17	YNG	10	10	15	15	15	65
Nancy Nelson	17	YYG	10	15	20	20	15	80
Ann Patchis	17	YYG	10	15	15	15	20	75
Lena Frabetti	17	YYG	10	15	10	10	10	55
Margaret Monteforte	17	YYG	10	15	20	20	15	80
Aspasia Mchovain	18	YYG	10	10	5	10	20	55
Margaret Johnson	17	YYG	10	15	15	15	15	70
Ralph Milley	16	YYG	10	15	15	15	15	70
Doris O'Neil	17	YYG	10	15	20	15	15	75

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Class Record

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

33 Students in Class

6 Students Interested

Grade XI			10	15	25	25	25	100
Examiner M. Clement								
School Senior High								
Date of examination Nov. 1938								
Names	Age	Interest Experience Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpreta- tion	Pantomime	Total Score
Harold Mooney	16	YYG	15	15	10	15	15	70
Eric Winsor	18	YYG	15	15	10	15	15	70
Edward Bourgeois	16	YNG	15	15	15	15	20	80
Harold Teeling	17	YYG	20	20	15	20	20	95
Harry Thistle	17	YYG	20	20	15	20	20	95
Margaret Blanchard	15	NYG	20	15	15	20	20	90
L. Milley	16	Y Y G	15	15	15	15	20	75
Lillian Gave	15	Y Y G	15	15	20	20	20	80
Marjorie Smith	17	Y Y G	20	20	20	20	20	100
Edmund Wallace	17	Y Y G	15	15	15	20	15	80
Leslie Riley	16	Y Y G	15	15	15	15	15	60
Wilma North	17	Y Y G	20	15	15	15	15	90
Edna Case	17	Y Y	10	15	15	15	15	65
Margherita Baptista	16	Y Y	10	15	15	15	15	65
John DeWent	17	Y Y G	10	15	15	15	15	65

Teaching the Classics through Dramatics

Class Record

Testing Dramatic Aptitudes of English Classes

Senior High School, Everett, Massachusetts

34 Students in Class

15 Students Interested

Grade XII					10	15	25	25	25	100	
Examiner	M. Clement										
School	Senior High										
Date of examination	Nov. 1938										
Names		Age	Interest	Experience	Health	Poise	Diction	Memorization	Interpreta- tion	Pantomime	Total Score
John Dillon			Y	Y	G		Would like	small	part		
Joe Mas			Y	Y	G		Would like	small	part		
Louis Culella			Y	Y	G		Would like	small	part		
Eugene Garbati	18	Y	Y	G	15	15	15	15	15		75
Jean Brander	17	Y	Y	G	15	15	20	15	15		80
Irma Potts	17	Y	Y	G	15	20	15	20	20		90
L. Milley	16	Y	Y	G	15	20	15	15	20		85
Lillian Hawe	18	Y	Y	G	15	15	20	20	20		90
Marjorie Gould	17	Y	Y	G	20	20	20	20	20		100
Roland Nelson	17	Y	Y	G	15	15	15	20	15		80
Leslie Rildey	18	Y	Y	G	15	10	10	15	15		65
Wilsin North	17	Y	Y	G	20	15	15	15	15		80
Louis Caso	17	Y	Y		10	15	10	15	15		65
Margherita Sapienza	16	Y	Y		10	15	10	15	15		65
John Desmond	17	Y	Y	G	10	15	10	15	15		65

VIII.

Short Plays Introducing the Classics

VIII.

Short Plays Introducing the Classics

Called to the Office

by

Marilyn Clement

Characters

Tom Morris

James Harris

John Smith

Sally Roberts

Peter Jackson

Sophomore in Senior High School

Mr. Casey, the Principal

Called to the Office

Scene Taking place just outside Mr. Casey's office

Time of playing, fifteen minutes

Costumes Modern school clothes for students, business suit for Mr. Casey

Properties Book for Sally, small shell for Peter. List of names on paper for Mr. Casey.

Author's Note

The purpose of this play is to present "The Unhappy Marriage" to an English class in High School by means of dramatization. Most teachers like to vary the regular routine occasionally and this will serve as one method of doing so. Students often enjoy being in a play when they finish from the "Oval Composition."

Called to the Office

by

Matilda Clement

Characters

Tom Morris	)	
	)	
James Ferris	)	
	)	
Jane Kendall	)	Sophomores in Senior High School
	)	
Sally Emerson	)	
	)	
Peter Jameson	)	

Mr. Chase, the Principal

Scene Waiting room just outside Mr. Chase's office

Time of playing, fifteen minutes

Costumes Modern school clothes for students, business suit for Mr. Chase

Properties Book for Sally. Small shell for Peter. List of names on paper for Mr. Chase.

Author's Note

The purpose of this play is to present "The Chambered Nautilus" to an English class in High School by means of dramatization. Most teachers like to vary the regular routine occasionally and this will serve as one method of doing so. Students often enjoy being in a play when they shrink from the "Oral Composition."

Called to the Office

by

Malinda Clement

Characters

- Tom Morris
- James Morris
- Jane Kendall
- Sally Watson
- Peter Watson

Mr. Chase, the Principal

Scene: Waiting room just outside Mr. Chase's office

Time: of playing, fifteen minutes

Costumes: Modern school clothes for students, business suit

for Mr. Chase

Properties: Book for Sally, small shell for Peter, list of

names on paper for Mr. Chase.

Author's Note

The purpose of this play is to present "The Chambered Melodist" to an English class in High School by means of dramatization. Most teachers like to vary the regular routine occasionally and this will serve as one method of doing so. Students often enjoy being in a play when they shrink from the "oral composition."

Called to the Office

The scene is the outer office of the Principal of a large high school. There are six or eight chairs in straight, formidable lines ready to receive the wayward students who in the course of the day are brought to judgment. The door L leads to Mr. Chase's office. As the curtain opens Jim enters R. He is ill at ease and advances reluctantly toward the office door. He notices it is closed and scratching his head reflectively, he sits in one of the many chairs placed for the waiting line.

Before Jim is fairly seated, Tom swaggers in with an air of bravado far from genuine. He gets some comfort in seeing Jim, for "misery loves company!" He slaps Jim on the shoulder and they converse in stage whisper.

Tom - What in blazes are you in for, Jim, old scout?

Jim - (dejectedly, slouching in chair with bowed head)
That's what I'd like to know. Did they tell you what you're up for?

Tom - Nope, when I went into class, Hale called me up and said, "You are to report to the office at once, Thomas."

Jim - Do you suppose they found out it was you who pinned that silly placard on Percy boy?

Tom - (in offhand manner) Perhaps, or it might be half a dozen other little stunts I've pulled off lately.

Called to the Office

The scene is the outer office of the Principal of a large high school. There are six or eight chairs in a row, formidable lines ready to receive the wayward students who in the course of the day are brought to judgment. The door leads to Mr. Chase's office. As the curtain opens the enters H. He is ill at ease and advances reluctantly toward the office door. He notices it is closed and scratching his head reflectively, he sits in one of the many chairs placed for the waiting line.

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Tom - What in blazes are you in for, Jim, old scout?
Jim - (dejectedly, slouching in chair with bowed head)
That's what I'd like to know. Did they tell you what you're up for?

Tom - Nope, when I went into class, Hake called me up and said, "You are to report to the office at once, Thomas."

Jim - Do you suppose they found out it was you who pinned that ally plaster on Jerry boy?

Tom - (in offhand manner) Perhaps, or it might be half a dozen other little stunts I've pulled off lately.

Jim - Maybe you don't care what trouble you get into, but I have to be careful.

Tom - O, turned soft?

Jim - Cut it, Tom. You know darn well it's been pretty hard for Mother since Dad died, and I promised to keep out of scrapes in Senior High. What gets me is I've really been studying my lessons, too, and honest, Tom, I can't understand--

Tom - (cheerfully) Buck up, old man, there are so many flooie rules in this school that no one even bothers to mention till you break one - how do we know?

Jim - You've said it, wonder we're not in the office half the time--

Tom - (glancing toward door L) They say old Chase is an awful pain in the neck--

Jim - Suppose he can't remember when he was a boy. (by this time the boys are sitting half facing each other, confidentially sharing their mutual troubles) Gosh, Mother's sure to hear of this--

Tom - But what have we done?

Jim - You mean, what have they caught us doing, don't you?

Tom - (groaning) My Dad won't stand much nonsense. You know, this Chase must be an awful crab, - no sense of humor.

Jim - Mother will sure be ashamed - and me the head of the family! What a Boob!

(Sally and Jane are heard nervously giggling as they approach and enter R. Sally carries a book. The boys pose as

approach and enter R. Sally carries a book. The boys pose as

(Sally and Jane are heard nervously giggling as they

family! What a Good!

Jim - Mother will sure be ashamed - and me the head of the

this Chase must be an awful crap, - no sense of humor.

Tom - (groaning) My Dad won't stand much nonsense. You know,

Jim - You mean, what have they caught us doing, don't you?

Tom - But what have we done?

hear of this--

Sally sharing their mutual troubles! Good, Mother's sure to

time the boys are sitting half facing each other, contiden-

Jim - Suppose he can't remember when he was a boy. (By this

pain in the neck--

Tom - (glancing toward door A) They say old Chase is an awful

time--

Jim - You've said it, wonder we're not in the office half the

you break one - how do we know?

rules in this school that no one bothers to mention still

Tom - (cheerfully) Back up, old man, there are so many things

studying my lessons, too, and honest, Tom, I can't understand--

sergeant in Senior High. What gets me is I've really been

for Mother since Dad died, and I promised to keep out of

Jim - Out it, Tom. You know damn well it's been pretty hard

Tom - O, turned soft?

have to be careful.

Jim - Maybe you don't care what trouble you get into, but I

blase culprits. As the girls enter, they rise and with exaggerated courtesy, offer the chairs nearest the office.)

Tom - (as he motions them with a flourish of the hand to chairs L.) Ladies first, you know. (as Sally sits in chair 2 and Jane in 1, Tom sits in 3 and Jim in 4. Chair 1 is nearest principal's office)

Jim - And who caught you two passing notes this time?

Jane - Search me.

Tom - O, come, come, tell us the dirt.

Jane - Honest, we really don't know a thing about it. We were just sent.

Sally - That's right, and I'm scared stiff - never called to the office before in my life.

Tom - (as boys exchange mystified looks) What kind of a game is this?

Jim - The plot thickens.

Jane - What do you mean?

Tom - We don't know what it's all about either. The suspense is "turrible".

Sally - You can't fool me, Tom, you're just as scared as the rest of us. (noticing she is the only one having a book visible) Am I the only one who has a book?

Jim - I thought I'd be here only a minute so left all my junk on a desk.

Tom - Looks as though we'd be here for the rest of our lives. (They are all amazed at this point to see Peter, the

please enlighten. As the girls enter, they rise and with exaggerated courtesy, offer the chairs nearest the office.)

Tom - (as he motions them with a flourish of the hand to chairs
I.) Ladies first, you know. (as Sally sits in chair 2 and
Jane in 1, Tom sits in 3 and Jim in 4. Chair 1 is nearest
principal's office)

Jim - And who caught you two passing notes this time?

Jane - Search me.

Tom - O, come, come, tell us the first.

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were just sent.

Sally - That's right, and I'm scared stiff - never called to
the office before in my life.

Tom - (as boys exchange mystified looks) What kind of a

game is this?

Jim - The plot thickens.

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Tom - We don't know what it's all about either. The suspense
is "terrible".

Sally - You can't fool me, Tom, you're just as scared as the

rest of us. (noticing she is the only one having a book

visible) Am I the only one who has a book?

Jim - I thought I'd be here only a minute so left all my junk
on a desk.

Tom - Looks as though we'd be here for the rest of our lives.

(They are all amazed at this point to see Peter, the

bookworm, slink in sheepishly and seat himself in the nearest chair, Chair 5. They look at him and then at each other as they exclaim.)

Jim - For crying out loud--(words fail him)

Jane - I'm speechless--

Tom - Then it's taken a miracle, no kidding--

Sally - Why, Peter, what in the world have you done?

Peter - (he is in a fog and shakes his head at the question, as he turns despairingly to Tom) Do you suppose they were wise to your using my Math. Paper, Tom?

Tom - That's an idea. I'll bet that's what I've been called on the carpet for (musing grimly) for using your paper - cheating.

Jim - But what's that to do with Peter? He did all the work himself. He didn't cheat.

Peter - (gloomily) But that's not the way they figure it in this school. My brother says all the teachers consider that the fellow who loans the paper cheats just as much as the one who uses it.

Jane - But that's not fair--

Sally - In a way, I suppose he's an accomplice. Isn't that the word they use for it?

Tom - I got you in wrong, Pete, and I'll take the blame and I'm darn sorry.

Peter - O, forget it, Tom--

Tom - I didn't really copy your work anyhow. I just checked.

hookworm, stick in sheepishly and seat himself in the nearest chair, Chair B. They look at him and then at each other as

they exclaim.)

Jim - For crying out loud--(words fall him)

Jane - I'm speechless--

Tom - Then it's taken a miracle, no kidding--

Sally - Why, Peter, what in the world have you done?

Peter - (he is in a fog and shakes his head at the question,

as he turns hesitatingly to Tom) Do you suppose they were

wise to your using my letter, Peter, Tom?

Tom - That's an idea. I'll bet that's what I've been called

on the carpet for (musing grimly) for using your paper -

cheating.

Jim - But what's that to do with Peter? He did all the work

himself. He didn't cheat.

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the way they use for it?

Tom - I got you in wrong, Peter, and I'll take the blame and

I'm damn sorry.

Peter - O, forget it, Tom--

Tom - I didn't really copy your work anyhow. I just checked.

Sally - (opening a book containing the "Chambered Nautilus")

O, I wish to goodness something would happen--

Tom - (ironically) O, don't worry, it will, all right.

(they all groan in anticipation)

Sally - (as she finds poem) I have English next period and I won't know a thing about this poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Peter - (forgetting his troubles for a moment) O, "the funny man."

Sally - "Funny," I can't see anything funny about the "Chambered Nautilus."

Peter - We haven't had that one yet but I read two of his, "The Height of the Ridiculous" and something about an insect-- they were sure funny.

Jim - Nothing seems funny to me today.

Jane - (looking over Sally's shoulder for they have all been mildly interested in the conversation) What's a "nautilus"?

Peter - (inspired with a bright idea) Why, maybe I have one in my pocket. (he fishes about in several pockets, pulling out many amusing articles before he finally finds the little shell such as may be found on any beach)

Sally - Honest? (she goes L of Peter)

Tom - (scoffingly) You can't kid me, Pete. A nautilus is a submarine. I read about it in a magazine.

Peter - You're crazy, that's probably the name they gave some special (drawing shell from pocket) submarine, here it is.

(shows it) Now, this shell isn't exactly a Nautilus but it's

(shows it) Now, this shall I call it exactly a "wonder" but it's

special (drawing shall from pocket) submarine, here it is.

Peter - You're crazy, that's probably the name they gave some

submarine. I read about it in a magazine.

Tom - (scoffingly) You can't kid me, Peter. A submarine is a

Sally - Honestly (she goes to Peter)

shall such as may be found on my head)

out many amusing articles before he finally finds the little

in my pocket. (he fishes about in several pockets, pulling

Peter - (interrupted with a bright idea) Why, maybe I have one

ridiculously interested in the conversation) What's a "wonder"?

Jane - (looking over Sally's shoulder for they have all been

him - Nothing seems funny to me today.

they were sure funny.

"The Height of the Ridiculous" and something about an insect--

Peter - We haven't had that one yet but I read two of his.

"Cumbered Knapkins."

Sally - "Funny," I can't see anything funny about the

"funny man."

Peter - (forgetting his troubles for a moment) O, "the

won't know a thing about this poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sally - (as she finds poem) I have English next period and I

(they all groan in anticipation)

Tom - (irritably) O, don't worry, it will, all right.

O, I wish to goodness something would happen--

Sally - (opening a book containing the "Cumbered Knapkins")

something like it, though.

Tom - How do you know?

Peter - Because I took it to Science class the other day and asked Timmins about it.

Sally - O, (she takes the shell to Jane who examines it with Jim and Tom. Then she sits, reads aloud) "This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,--

Jim - (interrupting) "Feign," what's that?

Jane - Don't interrupt. Go on, Sal.

Tom - "Feign" means pretend.

Sally - (reads first stanza aloud)

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,

Sails the unshadowed main-

The venturesome bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings-

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

Jim - (holding up shell) So this is "The venturesome bark."

Hop aboard, Pete, but don't listen to the Sirens.

Tom - (in falsetto voice) "Where the sea maids sun their streaming hair." Junk.

Sally - (reads first three lines of second stanza)

"It's web of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl.

And every chambered cell."

(repeats) chambered cell?

something like it, though.

Tom - How do you know?

Father - Because I took it to Salomee along the other day and

said Timmins about it.

Sally - O, (she takes the shell to Jane who examines it with

him and Tom. Then she sits, reads aloud) "This is the ship

of pearl, which poets tell,

Jim - (interrupts) "Voyage," what's that?

Jane - Don't interrupt. Go on, Sally.

Tom - "Voyage" means voyage.

Sally - (reads first stanza aloud)

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets tell,

Sails the unshadowed main-

The venturesome bark that lingers

On the sweet summer wind its purple wings

In gulf's enchanted, where the silver rings

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea mounds rise to sun their shining hair."

Jim - (holding up shell) So this is "the venturesome bark."

May be, but don't listen to the stream.

Tom - (in falsetto voice) "Where the sea mounds rise to sun their shining hair."

sounding like "I'm."

Sally - (reads first three lines of second stanza)

"It's web of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl,

And every chambered cell."

(repeats) chambered cell?

Peter - Sure, that's easy. Our science book tells about the little animal that lives in the shell (takes shell to demonstrate) It makes gauze walls between each compartment - never goes back, so each room gets larger as it comes to the opening.

Jim - Then what happens?

Peter - Timmins said its life was ended and it died when it came out this end. (points to opening)

Jane - Then what did all the work amount to?

Sally - Too deep for me, but let's go on. (she finishes stanza 2, reads 3 and 4)

"Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed-

Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed."

Jim - Too deep for me--

Sally - (continuing)

"Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread its lustrous coil;

Still, as its spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no

more."

Jane - A child could understand that, Jim.

Sally - Here's the last stanza-

(Takes a little animal, takes shell from Peter, examines it)

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,

Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap, forlorn.

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born.

Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn.

While on my ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings,-"

Tom - Who was this Triton guy?

Peter - We read something about him last year. Wasn't he some
sea god, part fish?

Sally - Yes, he had a trumpet made of a sea shell. I saw a
picture of it.

Jim - Well, what did the voice say, Sal?

Sally - (reads last stanza)

"Build me more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll.

Leave thy low vaulted past.

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Peter - Is that the end? I don't understand more than half of
it. (He looks over Sally's shoulder at passage) But that
"Leave thy low vaulted past" is clear enough.

Jim - Queer how a great man like Holmes could learn so much
from a little animal (takes shell from Peter, examines it

carefully and thoughtfully)

Jane - (at the other side of Sally, reading to herself) The note says this is one of the best loved poems of aspiration in our national literature.

Tom - Takes perspiration to fathom it. What was that last line?

Sally - (reads) "Leaving thy outgrown shell---"

Jim - Well, guess maybe we've outgrown a few things today.

Peter - But I'm sure not ready to leave my shell yet. (they laugh)

Tom - Maybe you will be by the time Mr. Chase gets through with you. (as they are reminded of their plight, Sally closes her book with a sigh, and they all slump in their chairs.)

Tom - Where's your sense of humor?

Jim - Shut up, Tom, this is no joke for me, I can tell you.

Jane - O, if we could only get it over with--

Sally - Yes, know the worst--(Tom laughs)

Peter - O, yes, Tom, you can pretend to laugh it off--

Jane - But it's slow torture.

Tom - You all look as though you were going to the electric chair.

Sally - (quoting) "by life's unresting sea"---I'll say life's unresting. (they are all brought to attention as the office door opens at last to admit Mr. Chase. He is business like, but pleasant. They rise as their names are called.)

Mr. Chase - (At L, with list of names in his hand) Good morning, good morning. Are you all here? (reads) James Ferris, Tom Morris, Jane Kendall, Sally Emerson, Peter Jameson.

earnestly and thoughtfully)

Jane - (at the other side of Sally, reaching to herself) The note says this is one of the best loved poems of antiquity in our national literature.

Tom - Takes possession of the poem. What was that last line?

Sally - (reads) "Leaving thy outgrown shell---"

Jim - Well, guess maybe we've outgrown a few things today.

Peter - But I'm sure not ready to leave my shell yet. (They

laugh)

Tom - Maybe you will be by the time Mr. Chase gets through with you. (as they are reminded of their plight, Sally closes her book with a sigh, and they all sit in their chairs.)

Tom - Where's your sense of humor?

Jim - Shut up, Tom, this is no joke for me, I can tell you.

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Mr. Chase - (At a list of names in his hand) Good

morning, good morning. Are you all here? (reads) James

Kentle, Gus Morris, Jane Kendall, Sally Pearson, Peter Pearson.

(he notices they are ill at ease, begins to understand the situation, and decides to enjoy himself at their expense. He continues.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have many disagreeable duties to perform during the day. I often regret that only the trouble makers find their way here. I should like to meet more of the other type, the splendid youth who make up the vast majority of this high school. Tho I do not often see them personally, I realize that they are the backbone of the school and should receive more time and consideration than the delinquents. (He pauses)

Tom - But Mr. Chase---(Mr. Chase continues, seemingly unconscious of interruption)

Mr. Chase - Now, I wonder if you will be frank with me. I want to find out what probably no one except you can tell me--

Jane - We are ready to--(Still Mr. Chase does not heed.)

Mr. Chase - It would be of value to 600 of your classmates, in fact to the entire school. You have been members of this institution but one quarter, one ranking period, yet in that time you have made outstanding records which may follow you through life. (Peter groans and tries to interrupt) It depends upon you, of course. Now, for a straight forward answer to a straight forward question. How have you five students in a totally new environment, with strange teachers, a severe principal, been able to maintain an "A" scholarship in all subjects? (first puzzled expressions, then relief is reflected on students' faces.) I wish to congratulate the Honor students of the Sophomore Class of Leeds Senior High School.

(the notion they are ill at ease, nothing to understand the situation, and decides to enjoy himself at their expense. He continues.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have many disagreeable duties to perform during the day. I often regret that only the trouble makers find their way here. I should like to meet more of the other type, the splendid youth who make up the vast majority of this high school. The I do not often see them personally. I realize that they are the backbone of the school and should receive more time and consideration than the delinquents. (He pauses.)

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(He shakes hands with each student as their expressions of abject humiliation give way to deep relief. Mr. Chase returns to his office)

Jim - (sinking into a chair L) Honor?

(Jane and Sally at C throw arms about each other, reeling and giggling with hysterical "Janes" and "Sallys")

Tom - (with broad grin joins Jim L) Who says Chase is a crab?

Jim - (worried) Honor - gosh - suppose I'll have to live up to that reputation from now on.

Peter - (at R) "Till thou at length are free - by life's unresting sea."

Sally - That reminds me--(she gets her book) Just in time for English - hurry up, kids. (they all hurry out.)

3. General practitioners. Curtain

4. Sailed June 21 by sailing ship Irasidica.

5. Lectures on medicine at Dartmouth and Harvard.

6. Visited us after Bibliography in Boston.

Bibliography

The Chambered Nautilus - Oliver Wendell Holmes - Adventures in American Literature - Harcourt, Brace and Company.

(He shakes hands with each student as their expressions of
subject illumination give way to deep relief. Mr. Chase returns

to his office)

Jim - (slumping into a chair) Horat?

(Jane and Sally sit at a small table about each other, reading and

staring with hysterical "James" and "Sally")

Tom - (with broad grin joins Jim) Who says Chase is a snob?

Jim - (worried) Horat - goah - suppose I'll have to live up to

that reputation from now on.

Peter - (at R) "Will thou at length are free - by life's

unresting sea."

Sally - That reminds me--(she gets her book) Just in time for

English - hurry up, kids. (they all hurry out.)

Curtain

Bibliography

The Chambered Nautilus - Oliver Wendell Holmes - Adventures in

American Literature - Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Suggestions for Study
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

1. Bring a picture or a specimen of a nautilus shell to class.
Study its construction.
2. Compare the shell to a man's life.
3. Word study: feign, irised, crypt, lustrous.
4. Memorize the last stanza.
5. Study life of author--

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)

1. Representative of American humor.
2. Semi-monologues published in Atlantic Monthly.
3. General practitioner.
4. Gained fame at 21 by writing Old Ironsides.
5. Lecturer on medicine at Dartmouth and Harvard.
6. Famous as after-dinner speaker in Boston.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

1. Bring a picture of a specimen of a nautilus shell to class.
Study its construction.
2. Compare the shell to a man's life.
3. Word study: foreign, mixed, cryptic, intricate.
4. Memorize the last stanza.
5. Study life of author--

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)

1. Representative of American humor.
2. Best-known poems published in Atlantic Monthly.
3. General practitioner.
4. Gained fame as XI by writing Old Ironsides.
5. Lecturer on medicine at Dartmouth and Harvard.
6. Famous as after-dinner speaker in Boston.

THE POETS' HOUR

by
H. L. H. H.

Chapman

William Shakespeare, Master of Grammar

John Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsDevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsDevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsDevotionsHenry Van Dyke, author of The Poets' Hour of the Year 1911The Poets' HourJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsDevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsDevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, DevotionsJohn Donne, author of Devotions, Devotions, Devotions

John Donne

If this play is given during an English class period and time

does not permit, the play may be given during a regular class period

and the printed text may be read to the class

and the printed text may be read to the class

and the printed text may be read to the class

The Poets' Hour

THE POETS' HOUR

by
Matilda Clement

Characters

William Shakespeare, Master of Ceremonies

Walter Scott, author of Lochinvar, Ivanhoe, Lay of the Last
Minstrel

Edgar Allan Poe, author of Annabel Lee, The Telltale Heart,
The Raven

Robert Frost, author of The Pasture, Birches, The Death of the
Hired Man

Henry Van Dyke, author of Four Things, God of the Open Air,
America for Me

Walt Whitman, author of What is the Grass? O Captain, My
Captain, Miracles

Lewis Carroll, author of The Lobster Quadrille, Alice in
Wonderland

William Cullen Bryant, author of Thanatopsis, To a Water Fowl

Scene: A stage or the front of any classroom

Playing time: About 20 minutes

Author's Note

If this play is given during an English class period and time does not permit makeup and regular costuming, placards with the printed name of each author may be fastened to individual actors. This enables the audience to use its imagination as in Shakespeare's day. See suggestions at the end of this play.

THE POETRY HOUR

by
Nathaniel Clement

Characters

William Shakespeare, Master of Grammar

Walter Scott, author of Lockhart's, Lyons, lay of the last

Minstrel

Edgar Allan Poe, author of Annabel Lee, The Tell-Tale Heart,

The Raven

Robert Frost, author of The Pasture, Excursion, The Death of the

Harvest Moon

Henry Van Dyke, author of Four Seasons, God of the Open Air,

America for Me

Walt Whitman, author of What is the Usual, A Captain, My

Captain, Miracles

Lewis Carroll, author of The Lobster Quadrille, Allice in

Wonderland

William Collier Bryant, author of Thanatopsis, To a Water Lily

Scene: A stage or the front of any classroom

Playing time: About 30 minutes

Author's Note

If this play is given during an English class period and time does not permit makeup and regular costumes, students with the printed name of each author may be fastened to individual actors. This enables the audience to use its imagination as in Shakespeare's day. See suggestions at the end of this play.

The purpose of this skit is to call the attention of the student to the different types of verse used by various classic writers. The stage is set in formal platform style, chairs in semicircle, and speakers table at C front.

As the curtain opens the various poets, including Shakespeare, are discovered seated, ready for the program. They should be made up and dressed, as far as possible, to impersonate characters they represent, and in attitude and gesture portray their characteristics.

Shakespeare rises and steps forward each time he makes an introduction.

Shakespeare - Good morrow, my merry ladies and gentlemen of Everett High School. We are bid hither by yon worthy masters (aside) I'd much prefer to go a fishing. (to class) I warrant you have been told that I am "the greatest of them all, but behold me" (Julius Caesar) "What's in a name?" (Romeo and Juliet).

Scott - (impatient as are the others, he interrupts) "As our story begins" (Ivanhoe)

Shakespeare - (unperturbed, continues) We visit the earth but an hour, for then the clanging chains recall us to spirit realms. Methinks that you, the Youth of the twentieth century, hast little regard for the bards of yore.

Poe - (in sinister undertone) "I think it was his eye. Yes, it was his eye." (The Telltale Heart) (Poe looks at Shakespeare as tho he would like to kill him)

Shakespeare - (not noticing interruptions) Now, "my comrades

The purpose of this unit is to call the attention of the student to the different types of verse used by various classic writers. The stage is not in formal platform style, choice in costume, and appearance as a front.

As the curtain opens the various poets, including Shakespeare, are discovered seated, ready for the program. They should be made up and dressed, as far as possible, to impersonate characters they represent, and in attitude and gesture portray their characteristics.

Shakespeare rises and steps forward each time he makes an introduction.

Shakespeare - Good morning, my merry ladies and gentlemen of Everett High School. We are old friends of your worthy masters (aside) I'd much prefer to be a fisher. (to class) I warrant you have been told that I am "the greatest of them all, but behold me" (Julius Caesar) "What's in a name?" (Romeo and Juliet).

Scott - (laughing as are the others, he interrupts) "As our story begins" (Ivanhoe).

Shakespeare - (interrupted, continues) He visit the earth but an hour, for then the changing chains recall us to spirit realm. Methinks that you, the youth of the twentieth century, best little regard for the days of yore.

Joe - (in sinister undertone) "I think it was his eye. Yes, it was his eye." (The Telling Heart) (Joe looks at

Shakespeare as the he would like to kill him) Shakespeare - (not noticing interruption) Now, my comrades

and brothers in exile," (As You Like It) prithee, about thy tasks. "Speak less than you knowest" (King Lear) (Poets nod)

Scott - (rises) I believe I'm first, Mr. Chairman---

Shakespeare - (disregards him) Thou hast been taught that the masterpieces of the geniuses represent the accumulated treasure of centuries and that thou, if thou carest to, may enter into possession of it.

Van Dyke - (walks over to Shakespeare and speaks in stage whisper) We have a long program, Sir. "I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air." (God of the Open Air)

Shakespeare - Yes, yes (continues orating) Once thou art initiated into the craft of poetry, thou wilt discover new beauty, learn to notice the rhythm in various movements (notices Frost is nodding) thou mayest even observe the rhythm in breathing. Notice the low, quiet rhythm of sleep as compared with (here Poe almost snorts with impatience) let us say, the fast and belabored breathing of Mr. Poe.

Whitman - Pardon, Mr. Shakespeare, "Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?" (Beat! Beat! Drums!)

Shakespeare - (waving hand toward Whitman) Listen! there, thou hast an example of the rhythm of a musical voice.

Scott - Speaking of rhythm, I have a poem whose rhythm suggests the echo of galloping hoof beats. (Poets applaud and Scott reads or recites 2 stanzas of Lochinvar before Shakespeare interrupts him)

Lochinvar

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And, save his good broad sword, he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

(Poets listen intently until Scott is interrupted, and then mumble their displeasure at not hearing the entire poem, Scott returns to seat reluctantly.)

Shakespeare - Enough, it were a pity to---

Carroll - (rises, suiting action to words and nearly crowding Shakespeare from the stage) Now, indeed, if it's rhythm you seek, dance with me. (recites from The Lobster Quadrille)

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to the snail;
 "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail,

See how eagerly the lobster and the turtles all advance.

They are waiting on the shingle, will you come and join the

Lockhart

O, young Lockhart, is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad sword, his weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so gallant in war,
There never was knight like the young Lockhart.

He stayed not for oaks, and he stayed not for stone,
He saw the Lake River where there was none;
But ere he alighted at Methley gate,
The duke had consented, the gallant came late;
For a lady in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lockhart.

(Poets listen intently until Scott is interrupted, and then
exchange their disapproval at not hearing the entire poem,
Scott returns to seat reluctantly.)

Shakespeare - Henry, it were a pity to--

Carroll - (rises, sitting action to words and nearly crowding
Shakespeare from the stage) Now, indeed, if it's right for
us, dance with me. (recites from The Lobster Quadrille)
"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to the snail;
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my
tail,"

See how eagerly the lobster and the turtle all advance,
They are waiting on the snail, will you come and join the

dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the
dance?

Van Dyke - (leading Carroll to seat) See here, you must not
mislead these young people with your "Lobster Quadrille." I've
used the steady, firm meter in my poem--(poets applaud)

Shakespeare - (rapping for order) Gentlemen, gentlemen, order--
"Let him read, we will hear--" (Julius Caesar)

Van Dyke - (struts to C and reads)

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true;

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellow men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and Heaven securely.

(He bows and returns to his place)

Bryant - Our good friend would have us "so live, that when our
summons comes to join the innumerable caravan,----we go not
like galley slaves" and he is quite right but deliver me from
monotony in verse as in every thing else. I'd like these
students to see that there's some virtue in poetry with no
meter.

Frost - I disagree with you. Real poetry must have a pattern
for its rhythm.

dances?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the

dances?

Van Dyke - (Reading carefully to each) See here, you must not
mislead these young people with your "Robust Qualities." I've

used the steady, firm meter in my poem--(poets applaud)

Shakespeare - (rapping for order) Gentlemen, gentlemen, order-

"Let him read, we will hear--" (Julius Caesar)

Van Dyke - (struts to C and reads)

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

(He bows and returns to his place)

Evans - Our good friend would have us "as live, that when our

numbers come to join the immortal chorus,--we go not
like "alley slaves" and he is quite right but deliver me from

monotony in verse as in every thing else. I'd like these
students to see that there's some virtue in poetry with no

meter.

West - I disagree with you. Real poetry must have a pattern

for its rhythm.

Shakespeare - (looking at Frost) "Thou dost not belong here.
We are all dead ones.

Frost - (indignantly) One no longer has to die to achieve
 greatness, sir.

Shakespeare - (puzzled) It's all very irregular. (sits)

Whitman - (to Shakespeare) Let him stay, sir. (they all nod
 approval)---"to all, to each, sooner or later delicate death"
 (Carol of Death) (to Frost) Allow me to remind you that the
 poetry of the Bible has rhythm but no meter.

Poe - (coming to life) He's right. No one can deny the
 poetry of the Psalms. Come on, Walt, old boy, read your lines.

Whitman - (rises modestly and comes to front, bows to Poe)

"Thank you, sir. It's short.

What is the Grass?

What is the Grass?

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, and of hopeful
 green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord, dropped,
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may
 see and remark and say "Whose?"

A scented gift and remembrancer designedly.

(he bows and resumes seat)

Frost - (aside to Poe) And he expects that to live! (they
 all applaud weakly)

Poe - This is a free country, Mr. Frost.

Frost - (sourly) And does that mean that all verse must be
 "free"?

Shakespeare - (looking at Frost) "Then don't not belong here."

He are all dead ones.

Frost - (indignantly) One no longer has to die to achieve

greatness, sir.

Shakespeare - (puzzled) It's all very irregular. (sits)

Whitman - (to Shakespeare) Let him say, sir. (They all nod)

approval)---"to all, to each, sooner or later delicate death"

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Whitman - (rises modestly and comes to front, bows to Poe)

"Thank you, sir. It's short.

What is the great?

What is the great?

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, and of hopeful

green still woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord, dropped.

Seeing the owner's name somehow in the corners, that we may

see and remark and say "Whose?"

A accented lift and remembrance designing.

(he bows and resumes seat)

Frost - (aside to Poe) And he expects that to live! (they

all applaud warmly)

Poe - This is a fine country, Mr. Frost.

Frost - (sincerely) And does that mean that all verse must be

"free"?

Poe - (chuckling) "You seek for Eldorado!" (Eldorado) Here's the other extreme. There's a pattern here, Mr. Frost. (he reads "Annabel Lee" with great feeling. A hush falls on the group and at the close they sit with bowed heads)

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to live and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

And so all the night tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling, my darling - my life and my bride,
 In her sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

(Poe walks to his chair with slow and solemn tread.)

Shakespeare - (coughs to hide his emotion) Ahem, ahem, very beautiful, very beautiful, pure music - sweetest music -
 (rises and they resign themselves to another lecture) Now, my dear young people, in this brief space that we tarry here we are endeavoring to show that poetry plays an important part in thy life career. It shows life not only as it is, but as it ought to be. It will aid thee in finding thy real self, to recognize thine own strength, and discover thy weaknesses. It will inspire you with ideals which will help thee to achieve the truest success.

(all are extremely restless and Scott again interrupts)

Scott - Mr. Frost is ready to read one of his lyrics, I think.

Frost - (rises and reads) Quiet, please.

The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
 I'll only stop to clean the leaves away
 (And wait to watch the water clear, I may);
 I shan't be gone long. - You come too.

(Poets begin to whisper and Frost is upset)

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
 That's standing by its mother---

(he can endure the confusion no longer and stops abruptly)
 A lyric has hard enough time to live, any how, but, gentlemen,
 I'm insulted. (returns to his chair in a huff.)

Shakespeare - Sweet Sir, maybe this little epitaph will sooth
 thy injured feelings. Thou hast much yet to learn before thy
 death. (reads)

On a Gravestone

What I gave, I have

What I spent, I had

What I kept, I lost.

Poets - That's true. Yes, yes. Bravo

Shakespeare - "I thank you for your voices, your most sweet
 voices." (Coridamus)

(they clap enthusiastically)

Shakespeare - (turning with a wave of the hand to the poets)

This little visit has been an ordeal to some of us as thou
 canst see (turns to Scott and Poe who are frankly sleeping,
 others nod) "Asleep, my love?" (Mid-summer's Night Dream)

Geniuses are likely to be rude but they have all enjoyed
themselves if no one else.

Students, some of our verse thou mayest have liked at once,
 some thou mayest like when thou art better acquainted with it,
 and for some thou mayest never care. Poems are like people,
 some lend themselves at once to a friendship, and others
 require longer acquaintance. Thou mayest like even me when
 thou knowest me better. If thou carest for a bit of advice
 from an old man, here it is:

This above all; to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

(chains clang and poets move out)

So, fare ye well. Students of Everett High School, fare ye well. "I have left you commands" (As You Like It) "I would have stay'd till I have made you merry" (The Merchant of Venice)

(The poets have scurried away leaving Shakespeare last to obey the summons to world of the dead)

Curtain.

In case classes wish to use special costuming, it is suggested that a committee be appointed to make a study of the styles of the period in which each author lived and try to select one outstanding characteristic. For instance, Whitman is usually pictured with a flowing beard, and a slouch hat - This would be sufficient to identify him.

This above all; to think own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Then can't not then be false to any man.

(Shakespeare and poets move on)

So, take ye well. Students of Everett High School, take ye

well. "I have left you commands" (As You Like It) "I would

have they'd fill I have made you merry" (The Merchant of

Venice)

(The poets have carried away leaving Shakespeare last to obey

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In order to get the greatest value from this study the class should be familiar with the authors introduced and with the various verse forms, if possible, before this play is presented. All the actors may hold script if there is not time for memorizing but Shakespeare should not be confined to his. This play may be used for a special program when guests are invited, in place of the regular oral composition, or as a method of teaching literary appreciation. A teacher or a student not in the play may appear before the play starts to announce the characters and if desired tell an interesting anecdote about the more noted authors.

Bibliography

The Poet's Craft, Daringer and Eaton

Drama and Dramatics, Henlen Randle Fish

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Suggestions for Study

The Poet's Hour

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

1. Students should be familiar with the life of Shakespeare.
2. This author excelled his contemporaries, not only as a playwright but as a writer of songs and sonnets.
3. Most of his songs are a part of some play and students should be encouraged to read as many as possible of the plays quoted in the Poet's Hour.
4. Read Who is Sylvia?

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

1. Scott is known as the minstrel of the Scotch border and as one of the greatest novelists of his day.
2. His success is due to his vigor, out of door atmosphere, and skill in telling a story.
3. Read The Lay of the Last Minstrel.
4. Notice that the lines of Lochinvar echo the hoof beats of a galloping war horse.

Vocabulary: laggard, craven, quaffed, galliard, croupe.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

1. Poe is perhaps best known for his short stories in which he insisted upon a single emotional effect.
2. He declared sadness to be the most poetic word, and death of a beautiful woman the most perfect theme, and he

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- Vocabulary: jagged, craven, gaunted, pallid, stoupe.

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1. Poe is perhaps best known for his short stories in which he insisted upon a single emotional effect.
2. He declared sadness to be the most poetic word, and death of a beautiful woman the most perfect theme, and he

practiced what he preached.

3. Although born in Boston, Poe belonged to no literary group. He was a solitary figure and his unconventional habits made him unattractive to many people.

4. He was happily married to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who died at an early age and inspired the writing of Annabel Lee.

5. Read The Raven, The Bells, Annabel Lee.

6. Enjoy the devices of the poet for creating sound and mood effects, and the sheer beauty and music of his lines.

2. You does not read Robert Frost (1875-)

1. Frost, though born in San Francisco, is by ancestry and disposition a New Englander.

2. He has supported his family by various odd jobs including teaching, cobbling, and editing.

3. He published A Boy's Will and North of Boston in England and received acclamation before he returned to America with no desire to give up farming in New England hills. Teaching at Amherst and University of Michigan are the only breaks in his quiet farm life.

4. Read selections from North of Boston.

5. The Pasture was printed as a motto at the beginning of North of Boston and serves as an invitation to become acquainted with the work of Robert Frost.

Henry Van Dyke (1852-)

1. Van Dyke was a man of letters, he published essays, sermons, poems, sketches, and stories.

practised what he preached.

3. Although born in Boston, Poe belonged to no literary group. He was a solitary figure and his unconventional habits made him unattractive to many people.

4. He was happily married to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who died at an early age and inspired the writing of Annabel Lee.

5. Read The Raven, The Fall of the House of Usher.

6. Enjoy the devices of the poet for creating sound and mood effects, and the great beauty and music of his lines.

Robert Frost (1896-)

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2. He has supported his family by various odd jobs including teaching, cobbling, and editing.

3. He published A Boy's Will and North of Boston in England and received recognition before he returned to America with no desire to give up farming in New England hills. Teaching at Amherst and University of Michigan are the only breaks in his quiet farm life.

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Henry Van Dyke (1863-)

1. Van Dyke was a man of letters, he published essays, sermons, poems, sketches, and stories.

2. Read The Story of the Other Wise Man, The Blue Flower, America for Me.
3. Write a precis of Four Things. Discuss the moral value of the poem.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

1. Whitman came from humble farming and sea-faring folk on Long Island. He roamed the streets of New York and rubbed elbows with human nature. He served as a nurse during the Civil War.
2. One does not read Whitman with indifference, but is powerfully drawn or violently repelled by his philosophy.
3. Some people do not even consider him a poet because he constructs his verse in a loose and free meter of his own.
4. Read Miracles, One's Self I Sing, O Captain, My Captain.
5. What Is the Grass is typical of Whitman's mode of expression. Point out some of the figures of speech.

Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

1. Many people who have been familiar with the Mad Hatter from childhood do not know that Lewis Carroll is the pseudonym for a clergyman, Rev. Charles Dodgson.
2. Read Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Father William.
3. Would not your feet like to dance to this lilting rhythm of The Lobster Quadrille?

Vocabulary: whiting, porpoise, askance.

2. Read The Story of the Other Wives Men, The Wine Flower, America for me.
3. Write a précis of John Milton. Discuss the moral value of the poem.

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1. Whitman came from humble farming and sea-faring folk on Long Island. He roamed the streets of New York and rubbed elbows with human nature. He served as a nurse during the Civil War.
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- Vocabulary: whiting, porpoise, asparagus.

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)

1. Bryant was our first great American poet, born in Massachusetts but spending two-thirds of his life in New York City.
2. While in his teens he won fame by writing Thanatopsis, a poem on death.
3. Read Thanatopsis, To a Water Fowl.
4. Memorize the last stanza of Thanatopsis.
5. What are some of the messages Nature has for us?
6. In what spirit does the poet think we should approach death?
7. Vocabulary: Pall, patriarchs, hoary seers, sepulcher, venerable, scourged.

William O'Brien Bryant (1794-1878)

1. Bryant was our first great American poet, born in Massachusetts but spending two-thirds of his life in New York City.
2. While in his teens he won fame by writing Thanatopsis, a poem on death.
3. Read Thanatopsis. No a better form.
4. Remember the last stanza of Thanatopsis.
5. What are some of the messages Nature has for us?
6. In what spirit does the poet think we should approach death?
7. Vocabulary: fell, pettiarch, hoary, fern, sequoia, verdant, towering.

The Toy Sword

The Toy Sword

by

Matilda Clement

Characters

Dr. Binley, William's father and a minister

William Binley, a world war veteran

Margaret, his wife

Billy, the son of the family

Time: Christmas Day, 1918

Place: Living room of the Binley family

It is early evening and the lights are low in the living room where William is propped with pillows, some of which are disarranged, in a great chair before an open fire, RC. The left sleeve of his dressing gown hangs limp, for he has lost his arm at the front. There is a rug over his knees. He is gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

The small Christmas tree at R center is twinkling with lights.

The door opens quietly and Margaret enters. She goes R of her husband, they exchange smiles as she passes him the evening newspaper and rearranges his pillows. Dr. Binley enters L.

The Toy Story

by

William Somerset Maugham

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William Ramsey, a world war veteran

Margaret, his wife

Billy, the son of the family

Time: Christmas Day, 1918

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The small Christmas tree at a corner is twinkling with

lights.

The door opens quietly and Margaret enters. She goes to her husband, they exchange smiles as she passes him the evening newspaper and rearranges his pillows. Dr. Ramsey enters.

Margaret - Here is your newspaper. Are you comfortable, dear?

(He smiles and nods) William is waiting to see you, father.

(Margaret pushes a chair a little nearer William, and arranges gifts up L. Dr. sits L.)

Doctor - My dear boy, we are glad to have you home again.

William - Thank you, father, it is good to be at home again.

Margaret - This was the happiest home in Carpenter when he arrived last night, the very best Christmas gift of all.

Doctor - Yes, yes, my boy, we are proud of you.

Margaret - (beaming at door R) He's our hero, father. (Exit)

William - (sighing) O, if I could only make you see that there's no hero stuff to war.

Doctor - But, William, you surely are a hero - you even sacrificed your arm for your country.

William - I only did what all the rest of the American boys did or were willing to do.

Doctor - Ah, the glory of war---

William - Glory of war! Where does all this talk of the glory of war come from, Father?

Doctor - Why, literature is full of----

William - Did Tennyson, Scott, and Browning ever see War?

Feel War? No! The men who write about the glory of war have never seen the horror, the utter futility of it all.

Doctor - But I've heard that you soldiers were carried out of yourselves, lifted out of the drudgery of every day life.

What a thrill!

William - (quietly but forcefully) Yes, quite a thrill to see

Margaret - Here is your newspaper. Are you comfortable, dear?
 (He smiles and nods) William is waiting to see you, father.
 (Margaret pushes a chair a little nearer William, and arranges
 it to his liking.)
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 never seen the horror, the utter futility of it all.
 Doctor - But I've heard that you soldiers were carried out of
 yourselves, lifted out of the drudgery of every day life.
 What a thrill!
 William - (quietly but forcefully) Yes, father, a thrill to see

a comrade blown to bits, quite a thrill to see bombs tossed on defenceless women and children; quite a thrill, indeed to see thousands of our boys, the most perfect of them, physically and mentally, coming home yesterday, some without legs, without arms, without eyes---

Doctor - My dear boy, you must not dwell upon these horrors, you must think of the ideals---

William - Ah, yes, father, the ideals you talked about before we left home - this new era that the war was to create - what has it created but poverty, suffering, hate, hate, hate, and now, we've come back, a few of us, to denounce war, and never again - no, never again---

(at this point, the door bursts open and Billy rushes in with a toy sword in his hand. He pretends to stab at imaginary victims)

Billy - (D.C. as he holds the sword before his father) See, Daddy, what Aunt May sent me for Christmas, a real sword.

William - Yes, sonny.

Billy - Watch me, Daddy, watch me kill 'em. (he stabs at imaginary victims. He shows sword to grandfather)

William - (aside) Kill, kill, kill. (sorrowfully turns to son) Don't you think you might give me your sword, Billy? You have so many toys. (William smiles at his little son as he speaks)

Billy - (perplexed) You really want my sword, Daddy?

William - Yes, Billy, I do, very much. (He smiles wistfully as Billy places it on his knee.)

a courage blow to give, quite a thrill to see boys cornered in
 defenceless women and children; quite a thrill, indeed to see
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 Daddy, what Aunt May sent me for Christmas, a real sword.

William - Yes, wunny.

Billy - Watch me, Daddy, watch me kill 'em. (he stabs at

imaginary victims. He shows sword to grandfather)

William - (aside) Kill, kill, kill. (sotto-voce) Turn to

son) Don't you think you might give me your sword, Billy?
 You have so many toys. (William smiles at his little son as
 he speaks)

Billy - (perplexed) You really want my sword, Daddy?

William - Yes, Billy, I do, very much. (He smiles wistfully

as Billy places it on his knee.)

William - And I may do with it just as I please?

Billy - (filled with spirit of generosity) Yes, daddy.

William - You won't mind if I break it, even?

Billy - But you wouldn't break my new sword, daddy.

William - But that is exactly what I want to do, Billy. You and I must try to destroy all the instruments of war, toy soldiers, toy guns, and even toy swords. (then he quietly bends it over his knee as he quotes)

"And they shall beat their swords into plow-shares - nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. He that takes the sword, shall perish with the sword."

(he draws his son to him as he speaks)

William - Son, - If I ever see my little boy playing with swords again, I shall tell him why he must not do it, why he must never do it - (Billy, puzzled, moves up, kneeling in front of tree. Now the old Dr. understands, he rises, moves R, places hands on son's shoulders)

Doctor - My boy, it has taken a soldier to make me see clearly the thing I've been preaching for years. Tell me, what is your idea of peace, William?

William - My idea of peace? (he smiles) I think it's a good idea, some body ought to start it.

Doctor - No but, seriously---

William - I was never more serious. I believe a day will come when bullets will be replaced by votes, when the trials of war will be replaced by trials of peace.

William - And I may do with it just as I please?

Billy - (Filled with spirit of generosity) Yes, daddy.

William - You won't mind if I break it, even?

Billy - But you wouldn't break my new sword, daddy.

William - But that is exactly what I want to do, Billy. You and I must try to destroy all the instruments of war, toy soldiers, toy guns, and even toy swords. (Then he quietly hands it over his knee as he speaks)

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares - nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. He that takes the sword, shall perish with the sword."

(He draws his son to him as he speaks)

William - Son, - If I ever see my little boy playing with swords again, I shall tell him why he must not do it, why he must never do it - (Billy, startled, moves up, kneeling in front of him. Now the old Dr. understands, he rises, moves to, places hands on son's shoulders)

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William - I was never more serious. I believe a day will come when bullets will be replaced by votes, when the trials of war will be replaced by trials of peace.

Doctor - And how can we hasten that day, do you think?

William - We have tried every way except one, Sir.

Doctor - And what is that way?

William - We must love each other. We don't kill the thing we love.

Doctor - Love thy neighbor as thyself - Love thy enemies.

William - (quotes from Oppenheim)

Would you end War?

Create great peace

The peace that demands all of a man,

His love, his life, his veriest self----

Doctor - Go search your heart, America

Turn from the machine to man,

Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace

While there is yet time---

William - Yes, while there is yet time. America, lead the way to a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

(Father and son clasp hands as if in pledge as the curtain falls.)

Curtain

Bibliography

The Unknown Soldier - Harry Emerson Fosdick

Would You End War? - James Oppenheim

Doctor - And how can we hasten that day, do you think?

William - We have tried every way except one, Sir.

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Doctor - Love thy neighbor as thyself - Love thy enemies.

William - (quotes from Gospels)

Would you and Mary

create great peace

The peace that demands all of a man,

His love, his life, his very self----

Doctor - Go search your heart, America

Turn from the machine to man,

Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace

While there is yet time--

William - Yes, while there is yet time. America, lead the

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(Father and son clasp hands as if in pledge as the

curtain falls.)

Curtain

Bibliography

The Unknown Soldier - Henry Watson Ford

Would You and Mary - James Oppenheim

Suggested Study

The Toy Sword

1. It is the aim of this play to present the horrors of war and the need of training young people, even children, to abhor the implements of destruction - and to renounce even toy swords.
2. A discussion of current events, of the Munroe Doctrine, Washington's Farewell Address, and Kellogg's Peace Pact will be timely.

Suggested Study

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1. It is the aim of this play to present the horrors of war and the need of training young people, even children, to abate the implements of destruction - and to renounce even toy swords.
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THE GOT HER MAN

by

William Somerset Maugham

THE

The day in the story hall: I noticed a girl who was sitting
and when I took my eyes before her. I noticed at the back of
her head the shape of her lack of addition. She showed at a
copy of the "Sketch Book" and the daily material she had with her.
"Have you finished it?" I asked.

"No, it's not my. I can't read it," was her reply.

She Got Her Man

Are there other students who feel that way? If so, why
not try offering smaller pieces, at least until they receive
a liking for Irving's style? This assignment might be used as
an introduction to the study of "The Sketch Book." The
teacher may wish to assign passages in the regular textbook
and let "The Sketch Book" be a "supplementary reading." The
teacher may wish to assign only the introduction and conclusion and
be satisfied.

SHE GOT HER MAN

by

Matilda Clement

Note

One day in the study hall, I noticed a girl who was idle, not even a book open before her. I strolled up to her desk to determine the cause of her lack of ambition. She showed me a copy of the "Sketch Book," the only material she had with her. "Have you finished it?" I asked.

"No, it's so dry, I can't read it," was her reply.

Are there other students who feel that way? If so, why not try offering smaller doses, at least until they cultivate a liking for Irving's style? This monologue might be used as an introduction to the study of "The Sketch Book." The teacher may mark selected passages in the regular textbook used for "The Spectre Bridegroom," and write Helen's remarks in margins so that only the introduction and conclusion need be memorized.

"The hero was a dry branch of the great family of Gammelshagen, and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors."

SHE GOT HER MAN

Helen, a high school girl, is the only character.

(About 10 minutes)

Helen is discovered at table L. There is a book before her but she is not studying as she probably should be, but sits with her elbows on the table, her chin resting in her hands, gazing straight ahead of her. Yet she does not see the pleasant little room with its book cases, its comfortable chairs, and the other features which make it an ideal place for a young girl to study without interruption - at least when her father is not in, for she shares the room with him. Did we say ideal room? Ah, we have forgotten the telephone until suddenly its quick, insistent call arouses Helen from her reverie. She quietly, mechanically removes the receiver and speaks.

Helen - Hello--yes, Helen speaking. No, Mother and Dad are out this evening - yes, at the Movies - O, that's all right. - Goodby.

(She replaces the receiver, and opens her book as she soliloquises) If I'm going to pass that test tomorrow, I'd better snap out of this and do some work. (reads from "Spectre Bridegroom" silently) Hmm---seems to me Irving hasn't much glamour (reads aloud)

"The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors."

This story is going to be as dry as my ancestors (she drops her book and becomes pensive.) I really thought Tom would invite me to the Senior Prom - but he's so pesky girl shy. (Picks up the book and resumes reading. Throughout the play, Helen uses two voices, one for reading, another for soliloquy and asides, which is conversational. She need not, then, look up often from her book.)

"The baron had but one child, a daughter; but nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron." I'm an only daughter. Maybe I'm a prodigy, probably haughty and cold like this (she walks across the stage with affected pose as telephone rings - she picks up receiver and speaks) Hello. (As she recognizes voice, she stiffens perceptibly and speaks coolly) O, hello, Tomm.--Yes, I've just started "The Spectre Bridegroom"---Matter with me? (with lofty tone imitating her idea of a prodigy) why, what do you mean?---Don't be silly---Goodby. (She hangs up with a bang) There, I'll teach him---wonder if the baron's daughter talked like that? (repents) Why did I have to be so nasty? It's this old story made me that way---he would have invited me to the Prom if I hadn't scared him off---I'm such a fool! (with a sigh, she braces herself to work) O, here it is. (she reads)

"There was a great family gathering at the castle; it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other."

Well, that's the only way Tom will ever get courage enough to propose to a girl--hasn't enough nerve even to invite me to the Prom. (reads)

"And the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. He had encountered at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers."

How this author does ramble. I wish he'd hurry and get there.

"As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together.

(Helen reads rapidly, plainly skipping passages)

"It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles, by spectres; it will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound."

Not a bad scene for the movies. (reads)

"With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride.

"Starkenfause endeavored to soothe him to calmness and promised faithfully to execute his wish."

(Helen sighs) How romantic and weird. Hmmm (reads)

"It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner."

"Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger."

At last! (reads on)

"The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy."

Enter my Hero! (continues derisively)

"'I am sorry,' said the stranger, 'to break in upon you thus unseasonably--'

"The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley."

Then, why waste time talking about it? (reads on impatiently)

"The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride."

(Helen is decidedly interested now and has forgotten Tom)
O, she's falling in love (reads on)

"One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics

with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; the bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazed."

No wonder.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight?"

"The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously: 'I must lay my head in a different chamber tonight!'"

Heavens, leaving the bride at the church. (continues)

"The stranger paused, and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, 'Now, that we are alone,' said he, 'I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn and indispensable engagement.--my engagement is with no bride--the worms! (Helen gives ejaculation of disgust.) the worms expect me! I am a dead man. I have been slain by robbers. My body lies at Wurtzburg--at midnight I am to be buried--the grave is waiting for me--I must keep my appointment!'"

What's the big idea? (reads)

"He sprang on his black charger, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast."

This is crazy. (continues)

"The situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. She filled the house with lamentation." (Helen is disgusted with the heroine) I wouldn't let any one know I cared--no, sir, she's too soft and sentimental for me. (reads)

with the history of the golden horseman that carried away the
fair banner; the bridegroom listened to this tale with pro-
found attention. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a
deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They
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He wondered.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight?"

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the woman! (Heaven gives ejaculation of disgust.) the woman

expect me! I am a dead man. I have been slain by robbers.

My body lies at Wuthersburg--at midnight I am to be buried--the

grave is waiting for me--I must keep my appointment!"

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She filled the house with lamentation." (Heaven is disgusted

with the heroine) I wouldn't let any one know I cared--no,

sir, she's too soft and sentimental for me. (reads)

"On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts. The aunt had fallen asleep, the niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! She beheld the Spectre Bridegroom!"

About time, I'd say. "A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared." Yes, just the way my hopes disappear into thin air, too. (resumes) "She drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre." Yes, yes---(turns page)

"How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain but she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty--and the bird had flown!" Same old story. (reads)

"What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron!" (in disgust) Poor baron, nothing, what about the girl? (reads)

"The baron had just drawn on his jack-boots, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth, when he was brought

to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and fell at the baron's feet. It was his lost daughter, and her companion--the Spectre Bridegroom!" Hmm, she wasn't so slow after all. She got her man. (reads)

"The baron was astounded.

"The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfause. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, how he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit." Not so bad, Mr. Irving. (continues)

"Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The revels at the castle were...."

(Telephone rings, Helen's voice has lost its coldness, and when she discovers it's Tom, she fairly sparkles.) Yes, Tom?--O, you just imagined that, didn't you?--Your father's new car?--You didn't tell me after school---O, I see---Yes, I'm just finishing "The Spectre Bridegroom."---Glad I didn't live in those days---I'm an only daughter, you know---Say, what's a prodigy?--What did you find?--(she repeats after him)

to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching.

The castle, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She

relayed up to the gate, springing from her horse, and fell at

the baron's feet. It was his lost daughter, and her companion--

the Spectre Bridegroom! "Then, she wasn't so alive after all."

She got her ear. (reads)

"The baron was astonished."

"The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier announced

himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenberg. He related his

adventures with the young count. He told how he had hastened

to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the

eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to

tell his tale. Now the sight of the bride had completely

captivated him, how he had been sorely perplexed in what way

to make a decent retreat, until the baron's golden stories had

suggested his eccentric exit." Not so bad, Mr. Irving.

(continues)

"Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The revels

at the castle were...."

(Telephone rings; lady's voice has lost its boldness, and

when she discovers it's Tom, she talks shyly.) Yes, Tom?--

O, you just imagined that, didn't you?--Your father's new

car?--You didn't tell me after school?--O, I see--Yes, I'm

just finishing "The Spectre Bridegroom."--Oh I didn't live

in those days--I'm an only daughter, you know--Say, what's a

prodigy?--What did you find?--(she repeats after him)

"wonder, miracle, marvel, monster." Horrid, I refuse to be any of them. (She laughs gayly and smiles happily as she hears Tom's shy compliment and invitation) Thank you, Tom, I'd love to go with you. Goodnight. (Helen hangs up receiver slowly as if in a happy daze) Any how, my partner for the Senior dance is no longer a spectre. (laughing) I got my man, too.

Curtain

Bibliography

The Sketch Book - Washington Irving. Riverside Series.

"Wonder, miracle, marvel, something." "Harris, I refuse to be
 any of them. (She laughs gaily and settles happily on the
 heart's Tom's any compliment and invitation) Thank you, Tom,
 I'd love to go with you. Goodnight. (Helen hangs up
 receiver slowly as it is a happy dance) And now, my husband
 for the better dance is no longer a secret. (Laughing) I
 got my own, too.

Outlain

Bibliography

The Sketch Book - Washington Irving. Riverside Series.

Suggestions for Study

She Got Her Man

Washington Irving (1783-1859)

1. The reading of The Sketch Book will give the high school student a glimpse of the character, background, and literary style of its author, the "father of the American short story".
2. While Irving is telling his story, he should not be interrupted or hurried for he must take his time.
3. The class will, of course, get a synopsis of The Spectre Bridegroom from seeing the play, She Got Her Man.
4. Vocabulary: prodigy, infested, mortal, conversed, lamentations, absolved, eccentric.

A LESSON FROM LIFE FROM "TIT"

by

Marilla Clement

Persons of the Play

Tit - a black woman's girl

George - Mary's classmate in high school

Mary - living-room of Mary's home

Time - Early evening of June, 1935.

(George and Mary are sitting at table 2 with some other people.)

There. The table is covered with papers, books, pencils, etc.

A Lesson from Life

There is an apartment and table at 10.

Mary - (Mary likes George but notices him as she would an

classmate.) The black clock, if it had been for you

should never give us this extra assignment.

George - It wasn't my time to realize, anyhow.

Mary - (Laughing) The first can't depend upon this too

and you can't depend upon this too.

George - I realized that before yesterday.

Mary - (Imitating George) "George, you read your writing

on this in the English class."

"and said, 'I am a black man'."

"O, you didn't take the message to George?"

George - I was so stupid I didn't even know who George was

Mary - You saw the play?

George - That was a long time ago. All I remember was a lot

A Lesson from Life

A LESSON FOR LIFE FROM "LIFE"

by

Matilda Clement

Persons of the Play

Mary - a high school girl

George - Mary's classmate in high school

Scene - Living-room of Mary's home

Time - Early evening of June, 1938.

(George and Mary are sitting at table R with home work before them. The table is strewn with papers, books, pencils, etc.

There is an armchair and end table at L.)

Mary - (Mary likes George but scolds him as she would an older brother) You dumb cluck, if it hadn't been for you she'd never given us this extra assignment.

George - It wasn't my turn to recite, anyhow.

Mary - (laughing) You just can't depend upon Miss Lee to call upon you alphabetically, can you?

George - I recited three times yesterday.

Mary - (imitating teacher) "George, you may read your outline on 'Ode to the Grecian Urn'".

"I didn't write it, Miss Lee."

"O, you didn't take the message to Garcia?"

George - I was so rattled I didn't even know who Garcia was--

Mary - You saw the play--

George - That was a long time ago. All I remember was a lot

A LESSON FOR LATE EVENING

by

Marianne Clement

Persons of the Play

Mary - a high school girl

George - Mary's classmate in high school

Scene - living-room of Mary's home

Time - Early evening of June, 1938.

(George and Mary are sitting at table with home work before them. The table is strewn with papers, books, pencils, etc.)

There is an armchair and table at L.)

Mary - (Mary looks George but looks him as she would an older brother) You dumb cluck, it it hadn't been for you

she'd never given us this extra assignment.

George - It wasn't my turn to be late, anyhow.

Mary - (laughing) You just can't depend upon Miss Lee to

call upon you alphabetically, can you?

George - I recited three times yesterday.

Mary - (imitating teacher) "George, you may read your outline

on Lee to the Russian Unit."

"I didn't write it, Miss Lee."

"O, you didn't take the message to Garcia?"

George - I was so rattled I didn't even know who Garcia was--

Mary - You saw the play--

George - That was a long time ago. All I remember was a lot

of fighting in Cuba and a mushy love story--

Mary - It was not mushy--

George - All love stories are mushy. If you knew so much about it, why didn't you speak up when she asked the class?

Mary - And make you out a boob? You know very well none of your friends would yip even if they knew the answer backwards.

George - (ashamed) I know--

Mary - (imitating teacher again) "For an extra assignment I want you all to read 'A Message to Garcia' by Elbert Hubbard." Just because you didn't know your lesson!

George - That might not be so bad except for these fool questions.--

Mary - Where are they? (rummages papers looking for it, finds it and reads)

1. In what year was it published?

2. How long did it take to write it?

George - Gosh, where are we to find all that stuff?

Mary - Nothing here except the essay itself and we've read that---Here are the rest of the questions---

3. How many were sold?

4. What is the theme?

5. How may this be applied to high school work?

George - (groans, picks up copy of essay and reads first sentence aloud) "In all this Cuban business, there is one man stands out on the horizon like Mars at perihelion." Huh, what the deuce does "perihelion" mean?

Mary - Search me.

George - She'll be sure to ask us that.

Mary - I'll look it up while (she opens small dictionary and runs her finger down the page) It isn't here.

George - See, that's the stuff they give us to do. I should think there are enough words in the dictionary without making new ones---

Mary - (reading from dictionary) "pericarp, pericranium--"

George - Too bad that guy, Hubbard, couldn't use his cranium---

Mary - (continuing the search) "perigee, perihelion" yes, here it is-- "perihelion, a point in the orbit of a planet nearest the sun"---

George - For crying out loud, what sense does that make?

(rereads aloud) "---like Mars at" (using explanation) "nearest point to the sun---" of all the rot---

Mary - Well, maybe the god of War would show up pretty well there.

George - Why can't they use plain American.--

Mary - I guess all authors use figures of speech. (imitating teacher) "It makes our language more colorful and forceful---"

George - Makes it a blank for me. (angry and disgusted, he tosses the book aside) I'm not going to study such junk. I'm through. (paces up and down room angrily)

Mary - Then you'd better be taken seriously ill before English class tomorrow.

George - Well, we haven't found a single answer yet and I'm sick of the whole mess.

Mary - Then we'll have to confess we can't "carry the message

to Garcia."

George - (as he sinks into chair disgustedly) Hang Garcia.

Mary - (walking to armchair at L, picks up copy of June 13, 1938, "Life". She hasn't seen it before and exclaims with delight) Hi, the latest LIFE. If I'd known this was in the house -- see, Georgie, Gertrude Lawrence on the cover. (She sinks into armchair L)

George - (not impressed) Who's she? Any relation to Lawrence of Arabia?

Mary - (with enthusiasm) Don't you remember she played in Noel Coward's "To-night at 8:30"? It was swell.

George - (still disgruntled) It'll be 10:30 before I---

Mary - (looking through magazine to find article on Gertrude Lawrence) I was so wild about her that Mother gave me a copy of Coward's plays for Christmas---page 38 (turns to it)

George - So you've given up all idea of finishing your homework?

Mary - You said yourself it couldn't be done. (reads) "as poor English children, they played together in pantomimes--- on July 4, Gertrude Lawrence will be 40---" She doesn't look it---

George - Who cares if she'll be 100?

Mary - "she sleeps until she has slept enough---"

George - I'd like to try that.

Mary - "then she gets up and works furiously---"

George - Hmm, takes "the message to Garcia", I suppose. (he goes to look over Mary's shoulder)

Mary - "She cares for her dogs"

George - (quietly taking magazine) Isn't there anything decent in this magazine? (takes it to table R and sits there turning pages, looking at pictures)

Mary - (provoked, follows him) Say, what do you think (she looks over his shoulder as he turns pages)

George - "Pattern of War" Look at these Skoda guns. Whew!

Mary - I think it's terrible the way---(pulls magazine nearer)

George - The checks could shell Vienna from their border with one of these guns.

Mary - (turns page, reads headline) "40 years to the delivery of the Message to Garcia"

George - Say, are you making that up?

Mary - (pushing magazine toward him) Read for yourself.

George - (interested) There's old Garcia himself.

Mary - And Lieut. Col. Rowan at 41.

George - At 81, too. (reads) "Lieut. Col. Rowan at 81 has been retired from U. S. Army for 29 years, currently lies ill at San Francisco."

Mary - That makes it sound real, doesn't it?

George - Gosh, this "Message to Garcia" is history, I like history. (He is enthusiastic now.)

Mary - Here's a synopsis of the whole thing.

George - Maybe it's just what we need in our business. (Both heads over magazine)

Mary - I wonder. (reads) "On April 23, on orders of Pres. McKinley, Lieut. Andrew Summers Rowan, U. S. A., aboard a ship

McKinley, Cleveland, Andrew Sumner Rowan, U. S. A., aboard a ship.

Navy - I wonder. (reads) "On April 23, on orders of Pres.

heads over magazine)

George - Maybe it's just what we need in our business. (Both

Navy - Here's a synopsis of the whole thing.

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at San Francisco."

been retired from U. S. Army for 25 years, currently lives in

George - At 61, too. (reads) "Lieut. Col. Rowan at 61 has

Navy - And Lieut. Col. Rowan at 61.

George - (Interested) There's old Garcia himself.

Navy - (Pushing magazine toward him) Read for yourself.

George - Say, are you making that up?

of the message to Garcia"

Navy - (Turns page, reads headline) "40 years to the delivery

one of these guns.

George - The Greeks could shoot Vienna from their border with

Navy - I think it's terrible the way---(pulls magazine nearer)

George - "Western of War" Look at these Greek guns. Wow!

looks over his shoulder as he turns pages)

Navy - (Provoked, follows him) Say, what do you think (she

turning pages, looking at pictures)

George - (Quietly taking magazine) Isn't there anything

Navy - "She cares for her dogs"

at Kingston, Jamaica, was instructed by code to join Garcia and ascertain what help he needed---"

George - (impatiently) Yes, yes, we read how he landed in an open boat and without asking any idiotic questions---

Mary - (reads on) "Crossing jungles---Rowan reached Garcia in Central Cuba. He started back to the U. S. the same day, with Garcia's answer to all of McKinley's questions---"

George - Sure, we know all that stuff (dramatically quotes) "It is not booklearning young men need but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust,---to act promptly,---do the thing--'carry the Message to Garcia.'"

Mary - (absorbed in LIFE) Well, that's just what LIFE is going to help us do---"carry a message to Garcia"---Now, what's the first question?

George - (finding it) "In what year was it published?"

Mary - (reads) "a year later"--that was in 1899, then. Put it down, 1899. (George does so each time they find the answer) It took him one hour to write it.

George - Gosh, it took me about an hour to read it. Does it say how many copies were sold? (reads) Sure, right here--- (points to place)--80,000,000 to date. This sure is a life saver for us---

Mary - (laughing) LIFE is a lifesaver---good slogan. Give me LIFE. I love LIFE.

George - (looking at paper) Theme, theme, LIFE say anything about theme?

Mary - No, I guess we have to think that one out---theme---that

at Kingston, Jamaica, was instructed by code to join Garza
and ascertain what help he needed---"
George - (Impassively) Yes, yes, we read how he landed in an
open boat and without asking any idiotic questions---
Mary - (reads on) "Uttering jingles---down reached Garza in
Central Cuba. He started back to the U. S. the same day, with
Garza's answer to all of McKinley's questions---"
George - Sure, we know all that stuff (dramatically quotes)
"It is not bookkeeping young men need but a stiffening of the
vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust,---to
act promptly,---do the thing---carry the message to Garza."
Mary - (absorbed in LIFE) Well, that's just what LIFE is going
to help us do---"carry a message to Garza"---Now, what's the
first question?
George - (flicking it) "In what year was it published?"
Mary - (reads) "A year later"---that was in 1889, then. But it
down, 1889. (George does so each time they find the answer)
It took him one hour to write it.
George - Gosh, it took me about an hour to read it. Does it
say how many copies were sold? (reads) Sure, right here---
(points to place)---60,000,000 to date. This sure is a life
saver for us---
Mary - (laughing) LIFE is a lifesaver---good slogan. Give me
LIFE. I love LIFE.
George - (looking at paper) Theme, theme, LIFE say anything
about theme?
Mary - No, I guess we have to think that one out---theme---that

means the main idea of the whole thing, doesn't it?

George - (looking through essay for inspiration, reads) "I know one man of brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own and yet is worthless to anyone else because he carries with him the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing him---he cannot give orders and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, 'Take it yourself'---the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thicksoled Number Nine boot."

Mary - (laughing) That's just what we would have had tomorrow if LIFE hadn't come to our rescue.

George - And I guess we'd have deserved it, too. I begin to see why Miss Lee thought I needed to read "A Message to Garcia"--

Mary - Well, you ought to be able to sum up the idea for the theme, then.

George - (thinking) Concentrate---do the thing---

Mary - Why isn't just what you said, the theme?

George - (happily) This is what I'm going to put down---

Theme - Do the job without asking idiotic questions--

Mary - (slyly) Just ask LIFE--

George - Well, we found it ourselves, didn't we? We still have one more question.

Mary - What is it? (reads) How may this theme be applied to high school work? (They both deliberate on this problem.

Mary begins to write.)

George - That's the one meant especially for me, I guess.

means the main idea of the whole thing, doesn't it?

George - (looking through many for inspiration, reads) "I know one man of brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own and yet is worthless to anyone else because he carries with him the income expected that his employer is oppressing him--he cannot give orders and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, 'Take it yourself.'--the only thing that can impress him is the too of a thickened number line post."

Harry - (laughing) That's just what we would have had tomorrow if it hadn't come to our rescue.

George - And I guess we'd have guessed it, too. I begin to see why Miss Lee thought I needed to read "A message to Garcia"

Harry - Well, you ought to be able to run up the idea for the theme, then.

George - (thinking) Concentrate--do the thing--

Harry - Why isn't just what you said, the theme?

George - (happily) That's what I'm going to put down--

Theme - Do the job without asking Garcia's questions--

Harry - (slyly) Just ask LIFE--

George - Well, we found it ourselves, didn't we? We still have one more question.

Harry - What is it? (reads) How may this theme be applied to high school work? (They both deliberate on this problem.

Harry begins to write.)

George - That's the one meant especially for me, I guess.

Mary - (who has been writing) How would this be? (reads)
High school pupils may learn from "Message to Garcia" that the
some assignments may seem unimportant, doing well the work
assigned prepares them for life tasks later. (reading as she
finishes writing) The world needs initiative.

George - That sounds just like Miss Lee herself. She'll give
you an "A" sure.

Mary - Write it down, then.

George - No, it's too long for me. (thoughtfully) How may it
be applied? Hmm, (after pause, writes) Do your home work.
Don't hash up alibis. Step on it.

Mary - Too much slang.

George - Then she'll know I didn't copy it, anyhow. (He
finishes writing) Suppose we'll get an "A"?

Mary - (flourishing copy of "LIFE" in the air) While there's
LIFE, there's hope.

Quick Curtain

(In case there is no curtain used, Mary and George may walk
off L laughing.)

Mary - (Who has been writing) How would this be? (reads)
High school pupils may learn "Message to Garcia" that the
some assignments may seem unimportant, doing well the work
assigned prepares them for life tasks later. (reading as she
finishes writing) The world needs initiative.

George - That sounds just like Lisa Lee herself. She'll give
you an "A" sure.

Mary - Write it down, then.

George - No, it's too long for me. (thoughtfully) How may it
be applied? Yes, (after pause, writes) Do your home work.
Don't mess up class. Step on it.

Mary - Too much already.

George - Then she'll know I didn't copy it, anyhow. (He
finishes writing) Suppose we'll get an "A"?

Mary - (Flourishing copy of "LIFE" in the air) While there's
LIFE, there's hope.

Quick Curtain

(In case there is no curtain used, Mary and George may walk
off laughing.)

Suggestions for Study

A Lesson from Life

1. The Message to Garcia is quite thoroughly treated in the play but students should be urged to read the essay in its entirety.
2. Of what value is this article to people of today?
3. In discussing the life of Elbert Hubbard, display copies of The Philistine and The Scrap Book, pointing out the value of each.

Suggestions for Study

A Lesson from Life

1. The Message to Gertrude is quite thoroughly treated in the play but students should be urged to read the essay in the anthology.
2. Of what value is this article to people of today?
3. In discussing the life of Albert Hubbard, display copies of The Philistine and The Stray Book, pointing out the value of each.

THE CHRISTMAS RACKETEER
 A Christmas Play in One Act
 BY
 MARILYN SIMON

The
 The Christmas Racketeer

Although this play might be presented at the front of a class room, a stage is desirable. A bar's code will be used to borrow and the other costumes are simple.

The Christmas legends of foreign countries should be instructive and of interest to students.

The students of Everett Senior High were invited to give "The Christmas Racketeer" several times for church organizations.

The Christmas Eve

THE CHRISTMAS RACKETEER
A Christmas Play in One Act

by

Matilda Clement

Note

Although this play might be presented at the front of a class room, a stage is desirable. A Santa Claus suit is easy to borrow and the other costumes are modern.

The Christmas legends of foreign countries should be instructive and of interest to students.

The students of Everett Senior High were invited to give "The Christmas Racketeer" several times for church organizations.

THE CHRISTMAS BASKET

A Christmas Play for the 1940

by

Walter Clement

Note

Although this play might be presented at the front of a
class room, a stage is desirable. A Santa Claus suit is easy
to borrow and the other costumes are modern.

The Christmas legends of foreign countries should be
interesting and of interest to students.

The students of Everett Senior High were invited to give
"The Christmas Basket" several times for church organiza-

tions.

THE CHRISTMAS RACKETEER

Cast

Mother - A woman of about 45 who is struggling to support her family

Olive - Her daughter, a high school girl of about 16

Ted - Her son of about 14 who feels that his family does not appreciate him

Jerry - An older brother who feels responsibility of the family, especially Ted

Ann - A younger sister, blinded in an automobile accident, adored by the entire family

Mrs. Ames - A friend of the Robbins family

Carolers: Bill, Mildred, Bee, and as many others as desired for singing

Scene: Living room of the Robbins family

Time: Christmas Eve

(About 40 minutes)

THE CHRISTMAS EVENING

Cast

Mother - A woman of about 45 who is struggling to support her

family

Clive - Her daughter, a high school girl of about 16

Joe - Her son of about 14 who feels that his family does not

appreciate him

Jerry - An older brother who feels responsibility of the

family, especially Joe

Ann - A younger sister, blinded in an automobile accident.

Adored by the entire family

Mrs. Mac - A friend of the Robbins family

Characters: Bill, Mildred, Bob, and as many others as desired

For singing

Scene: Living room of the Robbins family

Time: Christmas Eve

(About 45 minutes)

THE CHRISTMAS RACKETEER

Mother is discovered at table L sewing in a comfortable living room furnished with couch, tables, chairs, etc.

Whistling and voices are heard outside.

Mother - The boys are coming and it is about time. I was getting worried about them. I'll get their dinner on the table. (Rises and exits L)

(Ted and his brother Jerry enter C. Ted is carrying a large bundle. Jerry has books under his arm.)

Jerry - What the deuce you got in that big package?

Ted - None of your business, big boy.

Jerry - Oh, it isn't, huh? (Grabs the package. Boys scuffle.) You've been up to something.

Ted - If you spoil that, I can't do the job, you mutt.

Jerry - (Putting wraps and books on chair near door C.

Suspiciously) What job?

Ted - Well, I got a job for tonight. This is my make-up. My--er--my disguise.

Jerry - Your what?

Ted - (Removing coat and placing it on couch) Sure, I have to wear that, so they can't recognize me when I pull off the racket.

Jerry - Say, kid, what are you up to anyway?

Ted - I told you, none of your business, wise guy. You talk to me as if I were a kid.

Jerry - Sure.

THE CHINESE JACUZZI

Robert is discovered at table 1 sitting in a comfortable

living room furnished with couch, tables, chairs, etc.

Whistling and voices are heard outside.

Robert - The boys are coming and it is about time. I was

getting worried about them. I'll get their dinner on the

table. (Music and exits 2)

(Ted and his brother Jerry enter 3. Ted is carrying a large

package. Jerry has books under his arm.)

Jerry - What for those you got in that big package?

Ted - None of your business, big boy.

Jerry - Oh, it isn't, huh? (Strikes the package. Boys snicker.)

You've been up to something.

Ted - It you speak that, I can't do the job, you wait.

Jerry - (Picking up arms and books on chair near door 3.)

Obviously? What job?

Ted - Well, I got a job for tonight. This is my make-up. My--

or--my disguise.

Jerry - Your what?

Ted - (Removing coat and placing it on couch) Sure, I have to

wear that, so they can't recognize me when I pull off the

mask.

Jerry - Hey, kid, what are you up to anyway?

Ted - I told you, none of your business, wise guy. You talk

to me as if I were a kid.

Jerry - Sure.

Ted - (Giving him a shove.) Er--you're just one year older than me. (Puts bundle on chair.)

Jerry - (Repeats) "Than me." You prove your age, all right, by your language, and by being fool enough to get mixed up in a deal like this.

Ted - You, smart guy, you. You think you're the only one in this family has any sense, don't you?

Jerry - Well, I know one thing, little boy, and that is that I have had to get you out of more than one scrape.

Ted - You would rub that in, but---

Jerry - This family has enough to worry about right now without---

Ted - (Interrupting) Will you dry up?

Jerry - (Trying to reason) But say, Ted, now, you know that we can't afford to get in wrong with the police.

Ted - Pipe down. The police! Didn't I tell you it's only a job?

Jerry - You may think so, but when these crooks get hold of you kids--- (Taking money from pocket)

Ted - Crooks? I'm not working for a crook. (Takes money from pocket.) I have a dollar and five cents for the bank. How much did you make? (Counts money as he empties pockets and both place money in bank.)

Jerry - Only ninety-five cents. Rotten day. Everyone saving for Christmas presents.

Ted - (counting money) Ten--fifteen--sixteen--seventeen dollars and ten cents. That's an awful lot of money, Jerry.

Ted - (giving him a shove.) It--you're just one year older

than me. (Gives him a shove.)

Jerry - (Hesitant) "Man no." You prove your age, all right.

by your language, and by being fool enough to get mixed up in

a deal like this.

Ted - You, smart guy, you. You think you're the only one in

this town who has any sense, don't you?

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have had to get you out of more than one scrape.

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that's-- (Takes money from pocket)

Ted - Crooks? I'm not waiting for a crook. (Takes money from

pocket.) I have a dollar and five cents for the bank. How

much did you make? (Counts money as he empties pockets and

both place money in bank.)

Jerry - Only ninety-five cents. Better say. Everyone saving

for Christmas presents.

Ted - (Counting money) Ten--fifteen--sixteen--seventeen

dollars and ten cents. That's an awful lot of money, Jerry.

Twenty dollars will sure be enough, don't you think?

Jerry - Gosh, you'd think so, but I guess specialists cost an awful lot. (Noticing bundle again) But you said disguise?

Ted - Sure, but---

Jerry - I know, Ted, but you got to cut it out. Of course, you want to earn money for Ann's operation, but Mother couldn't stand it if you got into trouble.

Ted - (C. with Jerry) See here, Jerry, you keep your trap shut or I'll knock your block off. If you tell Mother, you'll wreck everything. (Mother enters to hear last words.)

Mother - What's this Mother will wreck?

Ted - (Hides bundle back of couch) Oh, Mother, I've got a swell job for tonight and I've got to hurry.

Mother - (Sits R of table L to sew) That's splendid. What kind of a job, son?

Ted - Oh, I'll be home early. Say, am I hungry?

Mother - (Worried) Now, Ted, I know you're anxious to earn money to help Ann--

Ted - (Looks at Jerry warningly) Don't worry, Mother, it's just a job.

Mother - But what kind of a job, Ted?

Ted - Well, they said I mustn't tell anybody until--

Mother - Don't you see, Ted, that any kind of work that you can't tell your mother about is at least questionable and might lead to trouble?

Ted - But Mother, I know this party and--

Mother - And you were told not to tell your mother?

Worry about it will save so much, don't you think?

Jerry - Gosh, you'd think so, but I guess specialists cost an awful lot. (Noticing Mother's again) But you said disagree?

Ted - Sure, but---

Jerry - I know, Ted, but you got to cut it out. Of course, you want to earn money for Ann's operation, but Mother couldn't stand it if you got into trouble.

Ted - (To Jerry) See here, Jerry, you keep your trap shut or I'll knock your block off. If you talk Mother, you'll wreck everything. (Mother enters to hear last words.)

Mother - What's this Mother will wreck?

Ted - (Hides behind back of couch) Oh, Mother, I've got a swell job for tonight and I've got to hurry.

Mother - (Goes to table to see) That's splendid. What kind of a job, son?

Ted - Oh, I'll be home early. Say, am I hungry?

Mother - (Worried) Now, Ted, I know you're anxious to earn money to help Ann--

Ted - (Looks at Jerry warningly) Don't worry, Mother, it's just a job.

Mother - But what kind of a job, Ted?

Ted - Well, they said I wasn't to tell anybody until--

Mother - Don't you see, Ted, that any kind of work that you can't tell your mother about is at least questionable and right lead to trouble?

Ted - But Mother, I know this party and--

Mother - And you were told not to tell your mother?

Ted - (Embarrassed) No, not exactly; they didn't mention you. But they said not to tell a soul. You see, they want to pull off--ah--a-sort of---ah--ah--

Mother - Oh, Ted, the more you say, the more it worries me.

Ann - (appears in the door. Boys rush to her and lead her to a chair R.) What's worrying you, Mother dear? (Ann stares straight ahead with unseeing eyes.)

Mother - (Trying to conceal her fears from Ann) Nothing, dear, only I should like to have my children at home on Christmas Eve.

Ann - But the boys are invited to that lovely party at Marian Carr's tonight and they'll have such fun.

Jerry - (R of Ann's chair) No, Ann, we both have jobs, and Joe Blake and I are going to have swell fun washing dishes at the Elk's banquet. (Actions do not fit words)

Ann - (Amazed) Boys! On Christmas Eve?

Jerry - Sure, we'd rather. There'd be a lot of silly girls at Marian's. We'd hate it. It would be hot dancing and---

Ted - Say, come on and eat. (Boys exit L talking)

Ann - (Wistfully) Mother, if it weren't for me, Olive, you, and the boys could have a real Christmas.

Mother - The happiest Christmas for us will be the one on which my little girl can see again. (Enter Olive C carrying manuscript; removes wraps)

Olive - Hi, Mother. (Kisses her and gives Ann a hug) It's good to be home. Am I famished! (Takes money from pocket.) Seventy-five cents for those new eyes, Ann. (Deposits money in bank. Ann smiles)

in bank. Ann replies)

Seventy-five cents for those new eyes, Ann. (Deposits money
good to be home. Am I finished! (Takes money from pocket.)

Olive - Hi, Mother. (Kisses her and gives Ann a hug) It's
magnificent; removes wrags)

which my little girl can see again. (Kisses Olive & says)

Mother - The happiest Christmas for us will be the one on
and the boys could have a real Christmas.

Ann - (Whistling) Mother, it is wonderful for me, Olive, you,
Ted - Day, come on and eat. (Boys exit & talking)

Mother's. We'd hate it. It would be just dancing and---
Jerry - Sure, we'd rather. There'd be a lot of silly girls at
Ann - (Amazed) Boys! On Christmas Eve?

the Elk's banquet. (Actions do not fit words)

Joe Blake and I are going to have swell fun washing dishes at
Jerry - (In Ann's chair) No, Ann, we both have jobs, and
Gerry's tonight and they'll have such fun.

Ann - But the boys are invited to that lovely party at Marian
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Mother - (Trying to conceal her tears from Ann) Nothing, dear,
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Ann - (appears in the door. Boys rush to her and lead her to
Mother - Oh, Ted, the more you say, the more it worries me.
off--sh--a--out of--sh--sh--

But they said not to tell a soul. You see, they want to pull
Ted - (Embarrassed) No, not exactly; they didn't mention you.

Mother - What in the world made you so late, dear?

Olive - Well, Miss Summers wanted some extra work--that story for the children's page about Christmas Customs in other lands. I thought I could finish at the office but she finally sent me home, and I am going to proof read them this evening after supper.

Mother - I'll get your supper on the table for you, dear.

(Exits L)

Ann - Olive, you're not working on Christmas Eve?

Olive - (Sitting on arm of Ann's chair) Yes, dear, but only a little while. I promised to take these galleys over tonight.

Ann - Then you can't finish that story you were reading to me?

Olive - Ann, dear, will you mind so very much? I think we have almost enough for your operation and I do so want you to get back to school.

Ann - Of course, I am a baby, Olive, to complain when I know you're all working so hard for me. But I do get lonely all day long.

Olive - I know, dear, but maybe Mother will read to you.

Ann - No, I know she can't. She has to finish Mrs. Ames' dress. But I'll be all right, and I'll not do one thing to bother you.

Mother - (Calling from kitchen) Now, Olive, do come and eat while things are hot. The boys are just finishing.

Olive - (Patting Ann's arm as she rises) Coming, Mother.

(Meets Ted as he enters) Well, what's the matter with you tonight?

Ted - Matter? Plenty. A fellow doesn't have any kind of a

Mother - What in the world made you so late, dear?
Olive - Well, Miss Summers wanted some extra work--that story
for the children's page about Christmas costumes in other lands.
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home, and I am going to school read them this evening after
supper.
Mother - I'll get your supper on the table for you, dear.
(Exit 1)
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you're all working so hard for me. But I do get lonely all
day long.
Olive - I know, dear, but maybe Mother will read to you.
Ann - No, I know she can't. She has to finish Mrs. Ames' dress.
But I'll be all right, and I'll not do one thing to bother you.
Mother - (Calling from kitchen) Now, Olive, do come and eat
while things are hot. The boys are fast talking.
Olive - (Patting Ann's arm as she rises) Coming, Mother.
(Meets Ted as he enters) Well, what's the matter with you
tonight?
Ted - Matter? Plenty. A fellow doesn't have any kind of a

break in this house.

Olive - Ted, I saw you with Red and Steve this afternoon.

Ted - Well, what of it?

Olive - You know very well, Ted, that they are no good. They are always dragging other fellows into---

Ted - For crying out loud, I can take care of myself.

Olive - Ted, you don't know how clever they are---I heard that--
(Mother calls "Olive") Yes, coming, Mother. (Exit L)

Ted - You know, Ann, you're the only one in this family that appreciates a real fellow. (Sits on couch, takes notebook and pencil from pocket)

Ann - What are you talking about, Ted?

Ted - Every time I move, some one finds fault with me. Yes, Mother scolds me because I eat too fast; Olive says I never remember to clean my nails; and as for Jerry---

Ann - (Interrupting) Jerry thinks the world of you, Ted.

Ted - Yah, he does. He thinks he's my keeper. He won't even let me use a split infinitive.

Ann - It's only because he wants to help you. (Laughing)

Ted - Yah, you'd think he was my grandfather and he's only one year older than me.

Ann - Than "I", Ted.

Ted - There, even you, Ann, haven't much use for me. I told you so.

Ann - How dare you say that!

Ted - Didn't you just correct my English?

Ann - But---

break in this house.

Olive - Ted, I saw you with Ned and Steve this afternoon.

Ted - Well, what of it?

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are always dragging other fellows into--

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year older than me.

Ann - Then "it", Ted.

Ted - There, even you, Ann, haven't much use for me. I told

you so.

Ann - How dare you say that!

Ted - Didn't you just correct my English?

Ann - Ed--

Ted - Well, that's just it. (Still writing in notebook) No one is satisfied with me as I am. You all want to make me over.

Ann - Ted, we do not. Only---

Ted - Only. Sure, I understand. This whole family treats me like so much dirt.

Ann - How can you talk like that on Christmas Eve?

Ted - (Brightening) Say, Ann, I got a chance to earn \$2.50 tonight.

Ann - No! Honest? What doing?

Ted - Now, Ann, don't you go into that, too. Just trust me, can't you?

Ann - Of course, Ted, only I'm interested.

Ted - Well, Ann, don't tell the others. I'm not supposed to let on until we've pulled it off, so to speak---

Ann - Oh, how mysterious it all sounds!

Ted - Well, I suppose it does, at that---but you know how very respectable and old-fashioned this family is---

Ann - Do hurry and tell me.

Ted - Well, I've got a job at Miss Lee's dancing school. It only takes a little while---

Ann - But what do you have to do?

Ted - Ann, now, when I tell you that I gave my word not to tell details---

Ann - Oh, of course, Ted. I understand and I'll be thinking and trying to guess all the evening. Isn't it exciting?

Ted - Ann, I think it will be fun, and I'll hurry home to tell you all about it the very first moment I can.

Ted - Well, that's just it. (Still writing in notebook) No
one is satisfied with me as I am. You all want to make me over.
Ann - Ted, we do not. Only---
Ted - Only. Sure, I understand. This whole family treats me
like so much dirt.
Ann - How can you talk like that on Christmas Eve?
Ted - (Sighs) Well, Ann, I got a chance to earn \$2.50
tonight.
Ann - Well, honest? What doing?
Ted - Now, Ann, don't you go into that, too. Just trust me,
can't you?
Ann - Of course, Ted, only I'm interested.
Ted - Well, Ann, don't tell the others. I'm not supposed to
let on until we've pulled it off, so to speak---
Ann - Oh, how mysterious it all sounds!
Ted - Well, I suppose it does, at that---but you know how very
respectable and old-fashioned this family is---
Ann - Do hurry and tell me.
Ted - Well, I've got a job at Miss Lee's dancing school. It
only takes a little while---
Ann - But what do you have to do?
Ted - Ann, now, when I tell you that I gave my word not to
tell details---
Ann - Oh, of course, Ted. I understand and I'll be thinking
and trying to guess all the evening. Isn't it exciting?
Ted - Ann, I think it will be fun, and I'll hurry home to tell
you all about it the very first moment I can.

Ann - Oh, Ted, I love secrets.

Ted - Now, (picking up bundles and glancing toward L) if I should just disappear---(Mother enters. Picks up sewing)

Mother - (Smiling) What's this talk about disappearing?

Ted - (Laughing) Well, if I don't disappear pretty quick now, I'll be too late for my job. (Trying to conceal bundle from his mother) 'Night. (Exit Ted, C, with bundle, coat, etc.)

Mother - Yes, but--Ted--Ted--(But he is gone. She shakes her head.) What a boy!

Ann - (Hesitantly crossing to Mother. Sits on stool at her Mother's R.) Mother, do you think that God answers silly, selfish prayers?

Mother - (Patting Ann's head) Why, dear, what do you mean?

Ann - Well, I'm ashamed a little but I did want so much to have something nice happen to us all tonight, on Christmas Eve, that I asked God to just sort of see to it.

Mother - (Smiling sadly) Ann, I recall the first time I heard you say your prayers. You were just beginning to talk and the older children were all listening at the door waiting for you to say something original.

Ann - And I didn't?

Mother - Well, you repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep" after me until the very end; and when I said "Amen" you repeated that and then added brightly, "A woman, a horse, a dog".

Ann - (Laughing) Wasn't I naughty?

Mother - No, dear, we didn't think so. You were such a darling baby.

Ann - Oh, Ted, I love secrets.
Ted - Now, (picking up bundles and glancing toward D) if I should just disappear--(Mother enters. Picks up sewing).
Mother - (Smiling) What's this talk about disappearing?
Ted - (Laughing) Well, if I don't disappear pretty quick now, I'll be too late for my job. (Trying to conceal bundle from his mother) (Exit Ted, U, with bundle, coat, etc.)
Mother - Yes, but--Ted--Ted--(But he is gone. She shakes her head.) What a boy!
Ann - (Respectfully opposing to Mother. Sits on stool at her Mother's R.) Mother, do you think that God answers silly, selfish prayers?
Mother - (Patting Ann's head) Why, dear, what do you mean?
Ann - Well, I'm ashamed a little but I did want so much to have something nice happen to us all tonight, on Christmas Eve, that I asked God to just sort of see to it.
Mother - (Smiling sadly) Ann, I recall the first time I heard you say your prayers. You were just beginning to talk and the older children were all listening at the door waiting for you to say something original.
Ann - And I didn't?
Mother - Well, you repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep" after me until the very end; and when I said "Amen" you repeated that and then added brightly, "A woman, a horse, a dog."
Ann - (Laughing) Wasn't I naughty?
Mother - No, dear, we didn't think so. You were such a darling baby.

Ann - And my eyes were all right?

Mother - Yes, dear, until the accident.

Ann - And do you really, honest-to-goodness believe I shall ever see again, Mother?

Mother - Of course, dear, the doctors all agree that an operation will be successful. It's only the expense that delays us.

Ann - To see again! (Sighing) Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful!

Mother - Yes, and I hope we have almost enough money now, too. (Goes to bank and counts money. Enter Olive L. to prepare for work. Sits L. of table) Perhaps in a few weeks---Olive dear, this is the only room warm enough for us to sit in, but Ann and I will promise to be very quiet while you work.

Olive - Oh, but it won't disturb me if you talk. (Sorting papers.) Ann, I have an inspiration. I'll read to you as I proof read this part about Christmas in France.

Ann - Oh, thank you, Olive.

Olive - Listen to this one---(she reads)

"In France only the children have gifts. In some parts of France a youth, dressed in white and a crown set around with many little wax candles, represents the Christ Child. He carries a bell and a basket full of goodies. Accompanying him is another person with a bunch of switches, and at sight of him the naughty little boys and girls hide. The Christ Child asks that they be forgiven and all promise to be better."

Ann - That is very sweet, isn't it?

Olive - (smiling and continuing)

"Then they are given the gifts and shown the Christmas tree. Another way of giving presents in France is to wrap them in ever so many papers and boxes and mark them with the child's name, then suddenly throw them into the room.

"France has no Santa Claus. His place is taken by Pere Noel. In general he resembles our American Santa Claus, but is less jovial and a bit more religious and solemn."

Olive - There, that is enough about France, I think.

Ann - Have you anything about Denmark? (Knock heard at the door.)

Olive - I wonder who that is.

Mother - It must be Mrs. Ames. (Goes to door. Mrs. Ames comes in for her dress.)

Olive - How do you do, Mrs. Ames?

Mrs. Ames - How do you do, Olive? How nice and warm it is here. Is my dress ready? (They exchange greetings.)

Mother - I'm sorry, there is just a little more to do. It'll take only a few minutes, though.

Mrs. Ames - Oh, that's all right. I'll just wait for it and chat with you folks for a while.

Mother - That will be very pleasant. (Resumes work)

Mrs. Ames - (Going to Ann) Ann, how are you feeling tonight, dear?

Ann - Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Ames. My eyes hardly pain me at all. (Mrs. Ames leads Ann to couch and sits at her L.)

Mrs. Ames - I'm so glad. My husband wants to give you a

Olive - (smiling and continuing)

"Then they are given the gifts and shown the Christmas

tree. Another way of giving presents in France is to wrap them in ever so many papers and boxes and mark them with the child's name, then suddenly throw them into the room.

"France has no Santa Claus. The place is taken by Pere

Noel. In general he resembles our American Santa Claus, but

is less jovial and a bit more religious and solemn."

Olive - True, that is enough about France, I think.

Ann - Have you anything about Germany? (Knock heard at the

door.)

Olive - I wonder who that is.

Mother - It must be Mrs. Ames. (Goes to door. Mrs. Ames comes

in for her dress.)

Olive - How do you do, Mrs. Ames?

Mrs. Ames - How do you do, Olive? How nice and warm it is

here. Is my dress ready? (They exchange greetings.)

Mother - I'm sorry, there is just a little more to do. I'll

take only a few minutes, though.

Mrs. Ames - Oh, that's all right. I'll just wait for it and

chat with you folks for a while.

Mother - That will be very pleasant. (Resumes work.)

Mrs. Ames - (Going to Ann) Ann, how are you feeling tonight?

Garry?

Ann - Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Ames. My eyes hardly pain

me at all. (Mrs. Ames looks and so coughs and sits at her I.)

Mrs. Ames - I'm so glad. My husband wants to give you a

Christmas present tomorrow.

Ann - A Christmas present!

Mrs. Ames - Yes, dear, what would you like most?

Ann - Well--well--my eyesight, but of course, that isn't possible.

Mrs. Ames - But that is what he hopes he can give you. You know our greatest desire is to have Dr. Allbright, the great eye specialist, who has had such marvelous success in similar cases, operate in time for you to see on Christmas day.

Ann - Not really and truly?

Mrs. Ames - He is to be in Georgetown tomorrow morning to operate on Judge Grant and possibly---

Mother - Oh, Mrs. Ames, this is the moment we have all been longing for, but--but--

Mrs. Ames - The only difficulty is that Dr. Allbright may not be able to spare the extra time to make the trip over here---

Olive - But, Mrs. Ames, perhaps you don't understand. We haven't saved enough money yet to pay such a great specialist as Dr. Allbright. About how much would it cost?

Mrs. Ames - My dear, several hundred dollars, I fear, but Dr. Ames could--

Mother - (Touched) We do appreciate all you and Dr. Ames have done for Ann but--

Mrs. Ames - (Laughing) Not a word, Mrs. Robbins. (Sees dress is ready) Now, for my dress. (Mother shows her to room. Exit R.)

Olive - (Runs to sister on couch. Sits R.) Oh, little

sister! I'm so happy. At least we know that they all believe that you will see again!

Ann - I can't believe that in just a few weeks, I may see just as other people do.

Olive - What fun we shall have, Ann!

Ann - And then I'll not have to tease you to read to me, sister.

Olive - But I've loved doing that for you, dear. By the way, do you want to hear about the Belgium Christmas?

Ann - Oh, yes, sister. (Olive goes back to L. of table to read.)

Olive - (reads)

"In Belgium, St. Nicholas goes from house to house on December 6, his feast day. He is followed by a black servant called Nicodemus. In Holland he is called Black Pete. The saint is vested as a bishop, and carries a gilded book in which to write the names of all good children. His servant carries a black book for the names of the bad children, and also carries on his shoulders a huge black bag in which he is to carry away any naughty children. The children first recite their prayers, and then ask for the toys they would like. They are told that St. Nicholas is expected from Spain, which is supposed to be his home. Young Belgian belles still take candles to the well at midnight to see the faces of their future husbands. It is feared in Belgium that if a light is extinguished accidentally, on the table at the Christmas feast, some guest present will die in the course of the coming year.

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mistake! I'm so happy. At least we know that they all believe
that you will see again!

Ann - I can't believe that in just a few weeks, I may see just
as other people do.

Olive - What fun we shall have, Ann!

Ann - And then I'll not have to tease you to read to me, sister.

Olive - But I've loved doing that for you, dear. If the way,

do you want to hear about the Belgian Chestnut?

Ann - Oh, yes, sister. (Olive goes back to L. of table to

read.)

Olive - (reads)

"In Belgium, St. Nicholas goes from house to house on
December 6, his feast day. He is followed by a black servant
called Nicodemus. In Holland he is called Black Peter. The
saint is vested as a bishop, and carries a gilded book in
which he writes the names of all good children. His servant
carries a black book for the names of the bad children, and
also carries on his shoulder a huge black bag in which he is
to carry away any naughty children. The children must recite
their prayers, and then ask for the toys they would like.
They are told that St. Nicholas is expected from Spain, which
is supposed to be his home. Young Belgian ladies will take
candles to the well at midnight to see the faces of their
future husbands. It is feared in Belgium that if a light is
extinguished accidentally, on the table at the Christmas feast,
some guest present will die in the course of the coming year.

Mrs. Ames - (Returning L. just as Olive finishes story. Goes to C.) Do you like this color?

Olive - Oh, I think that it's heavenly on you.

Mrs. Ames - (Going to Ann) Feel how soft it is, Ann. (Ann feels it.)

Ann - I'm sure you look like a princess.

Mrs. Ames - (Laughs) You might not think so if you could see me.

Mother - (Makes adjustment on dress C.) Should you like it taken in a bit under the arm?

Mrs. Ames - No, I think you have it just right and I like it very much. I'll send you a check.

Mother - Thank you. But I feel that this should be my Christmas present to you.

Mrs. Ames - (Interrupting) No, no, Mrs. Robbins. (Trying to change subject) Where are the boys tonight?

Mother - They're both working. It is so hard for me to see my little family struggling so hard when we used to--

Mrs. Ames - But, Mrs. Robbins, have you ever realized that it may all be a blessing in disguise? My husband says that he considers Ted and Jerry two of the finest lads in high school, and largely because of their responsibility at home.

Mother - But they are so young. And Ted is at a difficult age. It's hard to curb him. (Kneels to straighten hem.) They have so few pleasures. (Rising) There, that's all.

Mrs. Ames - Now, I must hurry out of this dress. (Exit R. with Mother.)

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Mrs. Jones - (laughing) I just as Olive finished story. Does
to U. Do you like this color?
Olive - Oh, I think that it's heavenly on you.
Mrs. Jones - (going to Ann) Well how soft is it, Ann. (ring-
les it.)
Ann - I'm sure you look like a princess.
Mrs. Jones - (laughing) You might not think so if you could see
me.
Mother - (helps adjustment on dress U.) - Should you like it
taken in a bit under the arm?
Mrs. Jones - No, I think you have it just right and I like it
very much. I'll send you a check.
Mother - Thank you. But I feel that this should be my
Christmas present to you.
Mrs. Jones - (interrupting) No, no, Mrs. Robinson. (Trying to
change subject) Where are the boys tonight?
Mother - They're both working. It is so hard for me to see my
little family struggling so hard when we used to--
Mrs. Jones - But, Mrs. Robinson, have you ever realized that it
may all be a blessing in disguise? My husband says that he
considers Ted and Jerry two of the finest lads in high school,
and largely because of their responsibility at home.
Mother - But they are so young. And Ted is at a difficult age.
It's hard to curb him. (Wishes to straighten them.) They have
so few pleasures. (Sighing) There, that's all.
Mrs. Jones - Now, I must hurry out of this dress. (Exit M. with
Mother.)

Olive - I'm so excited that I can hardly finish this work.

Ann - Do read some more.

Olive - This is the last article, "How Santa Became a Toymaker." (reads)

"A story of interest to children relates how Santa Claus became a toymaker. Hundreds of years ago when Santa was a little boy, he had a crippled sister, whom he loved dearly. The little girl, whose name was Santelle, loved her brother dearly, too. He used to go out every day to get pretty stones and flowers for her to play with, and in the evening he told her stories and did all sorts of tricks to make her laugh. But at Christmas time, Santa was a bit sad because their father was too poor to buy Santelle any real toys. Near Christmas time, as Santa was just nine years old, he made up his mind that he would get some toys for Santelle. He went to the old toymaker who made toys for the rich children and asked him for some cheap leftover toys for his little crippled sister.

"The cross old toymaker told Santa that poor children could not have toys. Right then Santa vowed that when he became a man, he would see to it that all poor children had toys at Christmas time. He returned home and went to work in the cellar of his house, and nobody knew what he was doing, although they could hear him hammering and sawing every day.

Ann - Why, Olive, I never heard that story.

Olive - Miss Simmons found it in an old, old book down at the library. I'll finish it. (Reads on.)

"At last Christmas came, and he brought up from the

Olive - I'm so excited that I can hardly finish this work.

Ann - Do read some more.

Olive - This is the last article, "How Santa became a

Toy-maker." (reads)

"A story of interest to children related how Santa Claus became a toy-maker. Hundreds of years ago when Santa was a little boy, he had a crippled sister, whom he loved dearly. The little girl, whose name was Santelle, loved her brother dearly, too. He used to go out every day to get pretty stones and flowers for her to play with, and in the evening he told her stories and did all sorts of tricks to make her laugh. But at Christmas time, Santa was a bit sad because their father was too poor to buy Santelle any real toys. Near Christmas time, as Santa was just nine years old, he made up his mind that he would get some toys for Santelle. He went to the old toy-maker who made toys for the rich children and asked him for some cheap leftover toys for his little crippled sister.

"The cross old toy-maker told Santa that poor children could not have toys. Right then Santa vowed that when he became a man, he would see to it that all poor children had toys at Christmas time. He returned home and went to work in the cellar of his house, and nobody knew what he was doing, although they could hear him hammering and sawing every day.

Ann - Why, Olive, I never heard that story.

Olive - Miss Simmons found it in an old, old book down at the

library. I'll finish it. (reads on.)

"At last Christmas came, and he brought up from the

cellar a great big doll house, big enough for Santelle to sit in, and some small toys like jack-in-the-box and jumping jacks. Santelle was so delighted that she cried. It was the happiest Christmas the Clauses ever had. Right after Christmas Santa started to make toys so that all the poor children of the town could have some the following Christmas. He made so many, and made them so well that after the poor children had theirs, there were still some left which Santa sold to the rich children. After that, the rich children never bought any more toys from the cross old toymaker, because Santa's toys were better. Santa has grown older and merrier since then, but he still makes toys to give to the children on Christmas."

Ann - (Laughing) Good old Santa. (Enter Mother with dress which she folds and starts putting into a box. Mrs. Ames enters and puts on wraps. Ann crosses to chair R.)

Mrs. Ames - (At L. of Ann's chair) Of course, you understand, dear, that it's a great question whether Dr. Allbright will be able to come here for weeks. We can only hope and pray that something will send him to us. Good-night.

Ann - Yes, I understand, and thank you so much, Mrs. Ames.

Mrs. Ames - (C.) Now, good night, and Merry Christmas to you all.

Mother, Ann, and Olive - Good night.

Mother - (Smiling wearily, sinks into chair) How kind Dr. and Mrs. Ames are to us.

Olive - (L. of table) Mrs. Ames told me the other day that her husband will never forget how kind father was to him. You

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cellar a great big hole, big enough for Santa to sit in, and some small toys like jack-in-the-box and jumping jacks. Santa was so delighted that she cried. It was the happiest Christmas the children ever had. Right after Christmas Santa started to make toys so that all the poor children of the town could have some the following Christmas. He made so many, and made them so well that after the poor children had theirs, there were still some left which Santa sold to the rich children. After that, the rich children never bought any more toys from the store old toymaker, because Santa's toys were better. Santa has grown older and wiser since then, but he still makes toys to give to the children on Christmas."

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Ann - Yes, I understand, and thank you so much, Mrs. Ames. Mrs. Ames - (C.) Now, good night, and Merry Christmas to you all.

Mother, Ann, and Olive - Good night. Mother - (Smiling warmly, sinks into chair) How kind Mr. and Mrs. Ames are to us.

Olive - (I. of table) Mrs. Ames told me the other day that her husband will never forget how kind Father was to him. You

know, father helped him work his way through college, and loaned him some money, too.

Ann - Oh, so that is why he is so good to us, Mother?

Mother - Yes, one reason why, perhaps, dear. (A Carol, perhaps "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear", is heard in the distance. Olive and Mother go into the hall C. to see who it is. Mother returns to Ann.)

Mother - There are some carolers coming down the street, led by a fat Santa.

Ann - The music sounds sweet.

Mother - Yes, they are having a jolly time. Maybe next year, dear, you will be with them.

Ann - Oh, Mother, do you think so? But I can't be happier than I am tonight. (Music comes nearer. Olive returns.)

Olive - (Excitedly) They are coming in here! What shall we do?

Mother - I'll just pick up my sewing. (Goes to table. Olive removes her papers, etc. Santa comes bursting in shouting "Merry Christmas.")

Santa - (C.) Happy Christmas, everybody. May some weary carolers seek warmth and shelter here on Christmas Eve?

Mother - (L.) Certainly, we shall be happy to have you.

Santa - (Goes to door and shouts to the others) Come on in, everybody.

Santa - (At Ann's R.) Say, Sis, don't you know me?

Ann - Why, Ted, how could you disguise your voice? (Feels costume.)

Ted - Why, you see, this is my job.

Ann - But I don't see how the job comes into it.

Ted - Sure, I got \$2.50 for it. (Goes to bank with money.)

It's for playing Santa Claus down at Miss Lee's dancing school.

Ann - Oh, what fun!

Ted - Sure, and they didn't know me.

Ann - Doesn't the crowd know you?

Ted - Sure, they were at Miss Lee's, too, but I told them not to let on.

(Mid laughter and shouting a group of about ten high school friends enter. They may be dressed in white surplices if desired or they may be bundled for winter. They exchange greetings. Santa at Ann's elbow confidentially.)

Olive - Sorry, folks, but I have to go down the street to deliver this. (Picks up manuscript.) Be right back. Don't go. So long.

Bee - (At L.) We've had such fun. Hate to go home.

Mother - (L.) I wish I had known you were coming. I would have had some hot cocoa prepared.

Bill - (L.C.) What! For this gang! (Mrs. Robbins exits L.)

Jerry - (On entering looks worried, inspects the crowd, not finding Ted. Greets friends.) Say, have any of you kids seen Ted this evening?

Jim - (R.C.) Hasn't he been with you?

Jerry - No, he got a job for himself, and I'm worried about the kid. But I don't want Mother to get upset.

Santa - (R. in deep voice) What did I hear? Worried on

Christmas Eve? Nonsense.

Bill - (R.C.) Sure, it's nonsense, Jerry. What could happen to him?

Jerry - Well, you see, I'm afraid some gangster got hold of him---

Mildred - (L. of couch. Interested) Gangsters! Whatever put that into your head, Jerry?

Jerry - (C.) I don't want to alarm Mother, but--

Bee - (L.C. Pretending alarm) This is getting serious.

Jerry - Well, he came home with a big box tonight---

Mildred - What's that got to do with his disappearance?

Jerry - He said he promised not to tell what the job was, but he had to wear a disguise.

Mother - (Enters L. Goes to C. Aside to Jerry) Have you seen Ted, Jerry?

Jerry - (Trying to reassure her.) No, but he'll be coming in any time now. Don't worry, Mother.

Ann - (Her hand on Ted's arm) I'm sure Ted's as safe as if he were here in his own home. (Olive returns and takes off wraps.)

Olive - Hi, everyone. (Looks around R.C.) Ted not home yet?

Mother - No, and I'm beginning to worry.

Santa - (Nudging Ann) And who is this pest, Ted, who is causing you so much concern?

Olive - (Going toward Santa) I'd like a peek at you. I'm sure I have heard your voice, but I can't place it.

Santa - (Jovially) Of course you've heard my voice every Christmas, if you have been a good little girl. (All laugh.)

Olive - No, but do take off your mask. You look so warm.

Santa - First tell me about Ted. Why are you so worried?

Isn't he old enough to take care of himself?

Mother - He thinks he is. But there are so many ways in which unscrupulous men might take advantage of him.

Santa - Surely you trust your boy?

Mother - Of course I do. He's the dearest boy in the world.

Santa - (Pleased) Well, then---

Mother - But he knows it worries me to have him out late.

Santa - (Begins to feel sorry for Mother.) Well, perhaps I could help.

Mother - (Encouraged) Jerry, this young man--I am sure he is one of your friends--says he'll help you find Ted.

Jerry - Good, let's go. I can't stand this another minute.

Santa - (Surprised) You care that much?

Jerry - Sure, he's my brother, isn't he?

Santa - (Takes center of stage) Now, folks, behold real magic. Never again say you don't believe in Santa Claus.

Jerry - (Impatiently) But we're wasting time when Ted may be in trouble.

Santa - Now, be patient for a few minutes. Ladies and Gentlemen! Tell me what you think of the family that can't trust a grown-up man er--well, almost a man--to take a job on Christmas Eve without worrying their heads off?

Jerry - (Impatiently) Cut it out, will you?

Santa - Since you have proved your deep solicitude for your long-suffering kid brother, behold! (Ann removes mask.

Family exclaim "TED".) Ann, the only person in the house that can trust a fellow, help me off with this thing.

Jerry - (Disgusted with himself) Oh, you mutt, I thought you'd landed in the police station.

Ted - (In natural voice) Oh, you see, you don't have any confidence in me.

Mother - (Puzzled) But where have you been all evening?

Ted - Just as soon as I finished the job I came home.

Jerry - But the disguise?

Ted - You dunce! This is the disguise I used for playing Santa for the fifty kids at Miss Lee's dancing school.

Mother - But, Ted, you didn't tell me.

Ted - (Patiently) But Miss Lee asked me not to tell anybody. She was afraid some of the kids might get wise to it and she wanted them to think Santa was real, you know.

Mother - (Relieved) Oh, what a boy!

Bee - And I'll say you did a good stunt, Ted.

Bill - Weren't they owl-eyed when you walked in?

Ted - Gee, yes, I'll never forget that curly headed midget who snuggled up to me and said, "Santa, you've brought me just what I wanted."

Bee - And that little boy who had been saying just before you came in that there wasn't any Santa Claus. Wasn't it fun to see him scramble under the couch when you appeared!

Ted - Did you see that shy little toddler edge up and offer me a taste of her candy? Gosh, you should have seen me surrounded by them.

Mary - Yes, folks, you should have seen Ted; why he handled them as if he were a real grandad.

Olive - (Near Ann) But have you all heard the news about Ann?

Jerry - Did Santa bring you a diamond necklace?

Ann - (Laughing) No, something much finer.

Jerry - Say, what are you talking about?

Mother - Dr. Ames is confident that an operation will restore Ann's eye-sight. Of course, we have only a fraction of the sum needed.

Ted - But, Mother, we have \$20.00

Olive - But it takes hundreds of dollars, Ted.

Ted - (Aghast) Gosh!

Mother - We do not dare trust so delicate an operation to any one except a great specialist like Dr. Allbright and---

Olive - But, mother; you know Mrs. Ames said he was to be in Georgetown---

Jerry - And that's only 30 miles from here--

Mother - But you don't realize how valuable a few hours are to a great surgeon.

Ted - Say, how about me going over to have a talk with that guy?

Olive - How about my going, not me going, Ted.

Ted - There you go again, always--(Loud knock at door. Mother goes out.)

Mother - (Returning) A letter for Ann.

Ann - For me? Oh, Mother, do read it. (Mother opens and reads letter.)

My dear Ann:

Dr. Ames has just succeeded in making final arrangements for your operation tomorrow and will call for you at about 10:00 A. M.

We fully realize how your family feel about accepting charity, but this is really our Christmas present to you, and you must not refuse. You see, it wouldn't be the Christmas Spirit to deny us this very great pleasure.

Best of good things for the Robbins family, and may your Christmas, Ann dear, be the brightest and the lightest you have ever known.

Lovingly,

Mary Ames.

(All rather dazed as Mother finishes letter.)

Ann - Oh, Mother, does it mean that I may really see tomorrow?

Mother - Yes, it's all true. A real Christmas present from Dr. Ames.

Ted - But what about the money? I thought we had to earn---

Mother - (Smiling through tears.) No. Dr. Ames insists that it'll be a Christmas present--and I can't refuse Christmas gifts for Ann, can I?

All shout--Hurrah for Dr. Ames! Hurrah for Ann! Hurrah for Ann's new blinkers!

Mildred - (At Ann's chair) And now, if Ann is going to have such an exciting day tomorrow, I think we'd better be leaving.

Bill - Sure, we'll beat it.

Mother - Can't you sing for us once more before you go? I

My dear Ann:

Dr. Ames has just succeeded in making these arrangements for your operation tomorrow and will call for you at about

10:00 A. M.

We truly realize how your family feel about accepting charity, but this is really our Christmas present to you, and you must not refuse. You see, it wouldn't be the Christmas spirit to deny us this very great pleasure.

Best of good things for the Rebekah family, and may your Christmas, Ann dear, be the brightest and the lightest you have ever known.

Truly,

Harry Ames.

(All rather based on Mother's Christmas letter.)

Ann - Oh, Mother, does it mean that I may really see tomorrow?

Mother - Yes, it's all true. A real Christmas present from

Dr. Ames.

Yes - But what about the money? I thought we had to wait--

Mother - (Smiling through tears.) No, Dr. Ames insists that

it'll be a Christmas present--and I can't refuse Christmas

gifts for Ann, can I?

All about--Mother for Dr. Ames! Mother for Ann! Mother for

Ann's new Christmas!

Mother - (At Ann's chair) And now, it Ann is going to have

such an exciting day tomorrow, I think we'd better be leaving.

Ann - Sure, we'll be at it.

Mother - Can't you ring for us once more before you go? I

think "Silent Night" would just about express the feeling of the Robbins family tonight!

Ted - Sure, Santa will have to conduct the carolers. (Puts on mask and wig again.)

Mildred - Where do we stand?

Santa - Here. (He places them) Ready? (Santa beats time as they sing.)

Ann - (As they finish) Thank you for coming. I never dreamed I'd be having a party right here at home tonight.

(They all go to Ann to say good night, Merry Christmas and leave amid laughter and confusion, singing "Silent Night" softly. Mother, the boys, and Olive go to the outer door with guests.)

Ann - (Alone, walks slowly towards C. Listening.) What a lovely, lovely Christmas Eve. My prayers came true, didn't they? What a happy Christmas Eve!

(Strains of Carol in the distance. Curtain closes.)

Suggestions

The Christmas Racketeer

This play is in itself so simple in language and form that it is easily understood. However, in discussing the Christmas customs of other lands the teacher may wish to call attention to such stories as The Bird's Christmas Carol and The Christmas Carol as examples of the true spirit of Yuletide.

think "Silent Night" would just about express the feeling of
 the Hopkins family tonight!
 Ted - Sure, Santa will have to conduct the carolers. (Taps on
 march and wig again.)
 Alvin - Where do we stand?
 Santa - Here. (He places them) Ready? (Santa beats time as
 they sing.)
 Ann - (As they finish) Thank you for coming. I never dreamed
 I'd be having a party right here at home tonight.
 (They all go to him to say good night, Henry Gustafson and
 leave amid laughter and confusion, singing "Silent Night")
 Mother, the boys, and Olive go to the outer door with
 guests.)
 Ann - (Alone, walks slowly towards G. listening.) Wasn't a lovely
 lovely Christmas Eve. My prayers were true, didn't they? What
 a happy Christmas Eve!
 (Entrance of Carol in the distance. Curtain closes.)

Suggestions

The Christmas Caroler

This play is in itself so simple in language and form
 that it is easily understood. However, in discussing the
 Christmas customs of other lands the teacher may wish to call
 attention to such stories as The Wind's Christmas Carol and
The Christmas Carol as examples of the true spirit of Christmas.

A KNIGHT ON THE MUSKEAG

by
Marilyn Cleveland

1913

Terrell Frank, Bob's wife

Sam Brent, a Canadian pioneer from "the states"

Sam Brent, Bob's sister, a teacher visiting her father's

neighbors

Jim Dickson

Tom Harper

Mary Cooper

George Allen

George Allen

Edith

Carl

Steve

Boyle

Leno, the mystery man.

Scene: Living-rooms of pioneer home in the backwoods of
Canada.

Time: Evening, 1917.

1

A Knight on the March

A KNIGHT ON THE MUSKEAG

by

Matilda Clement

Cast

Dorothy Brant, Bob's wife

Bob Brant, a Canadian pioneer from "the States"

Nan Brant, Bob's sister, a teacher visiting the family

Neighbors:

Jim Simkins

Tom Cooper

Mary Cooper

Grandpa Olsen

Grandma Olsen

Bert

Carl

Greta

Louis

Lane, the mystery man.

Scene: Living-room of pioneer home in the backwoods of
Canada.

Time: Summer evening, 1937.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

INVESTIGATION

RE: [Illegible Name]

CHARGE: [Illegible Charge]

Page 1

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A KNIGHT ON THE MUSKEAG

As curtain rises, Dorothy is discovered preparing the living room of the Brant home for a dance to be held there in honor of Bob's sister, Nan, who is from the States. Table R, chairs pushed back to make room for dancing. Phonograph and records on table. Window L.

Dot - Cheerio, Bob, (Bob sighs) About time you were getting ready for the party, I should think. (Bob sighs again) How about it.

Bob - (gloomily) Well, that settles it as far as I am concerned.

Dot - Oh, Bob, what is the matter?

Bob - I've made excuses; I've tried to see a way out, but---

Dot - (stops work) For pity's sake, Bob, stop talking in puzzles.

Bob - Clagget has been convinced from the first, but the rest of us---

Dot - Bob, you can't mean---

Bob - (reluctantly) Gee, I hate to have all this break tonight with Nan's first party here---

Dot - Bob, tell me at once just what has happened.

Bob - Well,--Brownie's disappeared.

Dot - Brownie?

Bob - Yes.

Dot - Oh, no, Bob! Surely she's just strayed into the woods.

Bob - I wish there was a chance, but I've searched for hours.

A KNIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN

An unusual time, however, is discovered, appearing the living room of the Grand Hotel for a dance to be held there in honor of Bob's sister, Mary, who is from the States. Table L, which contains cash to make room for dancing. Phonograph and records on table. Window L.

Bob - Cheering, Bob. (Bob sighs) About time you were getting ready for the party, I should think. (Bob sighs again) How about it.

Bob - (Sighing) Well, that settles it as far as I am concerned.

Bob - Oh, Bob, what is the matter?
Bob - I've made excuses; I've tried to see a way out, but--
Bob - (Stops work) Now, stop talking in

excuses.
Bob - I haven't been convicted from the first, but the rest of me--

Bob - Bob, you can't mean--
Bob - (Reluctantly) Yes, I hate to have all this trouble brought with Mary's first party here--

Bob - Bob, tell me at once just what has happened.
Bob - Well,--Brownie's disappeared.

Bob - Brownie?
Bob - Yes.

Bob - Oh, no, Bob! Surely she's just strayed into the woods.
Bob - I wish there was a chance, but I've searched for hours.

Dot - Maybe she's in the muskeag.

Bob - You know very well how all the animals dread the muskeag. Why, after a rain, it sucks them in like a sponge.

Dot - That's what I mean. Oh, if that muskeag could only be drained. Perhaps Brownie's attempted it and got caught.

Bob - No, Dot, she's too wise a calf for that. Besides, her tracks stop suddenly at the north trail where Clagget says the others were traced.

Dot - Oh, Clagget, what does he know about it?

Bob - You may not like him, Dot, but he knows this country, and I value his opinion.

Dot - Oh, Bob, we mustn't take this too seriously.

Bob - But it is getting to be mighty serious. Dot, I didn't tell you, but Jim Simkin's horse disappeared this morning, too. It's beginning to look pretty black for---(Hesitates)

Dot - For whom, Bob?

Bob - For that new settler--Lane, he calls himself.

Dot - He's very good looking.

Bob - (Goes on) He's been here about two weeks now, and hasn't done a stroke of work on his place. Scalawagging around the woods, spying on other folks most of the time.

Dot - Well, he just isn't used to this life yet.

Bob - No, and he never will be. He belongs to the city.

Dot - Bob, you used to live in the city, too.

Bob - And hated it.

Dot - The children like him. Junior says---

Bob - Dot, I don't want my kids to have a thing to do with

Bob - I don't want my kids to have a thing to do with
Dot - The children like him. Junior says--
Bob - And hated it.
Dot - Bob, you used to live in the city, too.
Bob - No, and he never will be. He belongs to the city.
Dot - Well, he just isn't used to this life yet.
around the woods, trying on other folks' coats of the time.
He's done a stroke of work on his place. He's always
Bob - (sighs) He's been here about two weeks now, and
Dot - He's very good looking.
Bob - For that new settler--I mean, he calls himself.
Dot - For whom, Bob?
Bob - It's beginning to look pretty black for--(beat)
tell you, but Jim's horse disappeared this morning, too.
Bob - But it is getting to be mighty serious. Dot, I didn't
Dot - Oh, Bob, we won't take this too seriously.
I value his opinion.
Bob - You may not like him, Dot, but he knows this country, and
Dot - Oh, Claggett, what does he know about it?
others were there.
He's a dog suddenly at the north trail where Claggett says the
You - No, Dot, she's too wise a calf for that. Besides, her
trained. Perhaps someone's captured it and got caught.
Dot - That's what I mean. Oh, it that mistake could only be
mystery. Why, after a while, it would seem as like a sponge.
Bob - You know very well how all the animals dread the
Dot - Maybe she's in the washery.

Lane. I'm telling you he's---(enter Nan Left).

Nan - Hello, brother. See, I'm ready for the party. (Turns to Dot to show gown.)

Bob - (Inspecting her) Sure do look sweet, Nan. (turning to Dot) But isn't the dress a little too fancy for the bush, Dot?

Dot - Well, of course, the rest of us haven't anything so grand, but we always love to see pretty new clothes, so I told her to wear it.

Nan - (Dubiously) Perhaps I'd better put on a blouse and skirt.

Bob - No, no, Sister, you're O.K. as you are. Guess Clagget will fall tonight all right.

Nan - (Sniffs) Oh, Clagget! (Bob picks up magazine from floor)

Bob - Say, is this the new "Post" I brought home this afternoon?

Dot - Yes. Baby was so fussy, I let him look at it.

Bob - Well, what's the matter with letting him have your "Ladies' Home Journal"?

Dot - (Sweetly) I was reading that, dear.

Nan - (To pacify him) Only the cover's gone, Bob.

Bob - Are you reading this serial? It's corkin'. (Forgets party and starts to read.

Dot - But, Bob, aren't you going to dress up a little bit for the party? At least, you might put on a tie. (Bob drops magazine)

Bob - Oh, sure, sure, Dot. (Goes to kitchen, rumples Sister's hair as he passes.)

Dot - Are the children asleep, Nan?

lance. I'm telling you he's---(enter Nan late)
Nan - Hello, brother. See, I'm ready for the party. (Turns to
Bob to show gown.)
Bob - (Impressing her) Sure do look swell, Nan. (Turning to
Dot) But isn't the dress a little too fancy for the party, Dot?
Dot - Well, of course, the rest of us haven't anything so grand,
but we always love to see pretty new clothes, so I told her to
wear it.
Nan - (Indignantly) Perhaps I'd better put on a blouse and
skirt.
Dot - No, no, sister, you're O.K. as you are. Guess Margaret
will talk tonight all right.
Nan - (Slightly) Oh, Margaret! (Bob picks up magazine from floor)
Bob - Say, is this the new "Post"? I brought home this afternoon?
Dot - Yes. Baby was so lousy, I let him look at it.
Bob - Well, what's the matter with letting him have your
"Ladies' Home Journal"?
Dot - (Sweetly) I was reading that, dear.
Nan - (To partly him) Only the cover's gone, Bob.
Bob - Are you reading this serial? It's good! (Margaret
partly and starts to read.)
Dot - But, Bob, aren't you going to dress up a little bit for
the party? At least, you might put on a tie. (Bob drops
magazine)
Bob - Oh, sure, sure, Dot. (Goes to kitchen, rummages Margaret's
hair as he passes.)
Dot - Are the children asleep, Nan?

Nan - Oh, no, but I bribed them to keep quiet.

Dot - (Laughing) And how? You didn't give them any candy?

Nan - No. They were so adorable that I hated to leave them.

(Laughing) Junior teased for another story and when I remonstrated with him, telling him it was late, etc., he still begged for just one more. Then I looked at him very seriously and said, "Junior, I see plainly written on your face that you don't love me." He was a bit perplexed for a moment before he piped out, "Why don't you rub it off then, Auntie?" (They laugh)

Bob - (From kitchen) Dot, what did you do with the red tie Uncle Joe gave me Christmas?

Dot - It's right there in the box. I'll get it. (Exit L.)

Nan - (Goes to little mirror on mantle or wall, laughing. Examines her hair) Those youngsters surely mussed my hair. (Arranges it) (Knock heard. Nan opens the door. Lane is standing there.)

Lane - Good evening, Miss Brant. I'd like to speak with your brother if he's here.

Nan - Come in, Mr. Lane--I'm glad to see you.

Lane - Thanks. I'll wait here.

Nan - But mosquitoes, "noseums" the children call them, are very thick tonight. (He enters. She flicks an imaginary mosquito out as she closes the door.) Sit down and I'll call brother. (Goes to kitchen door.) A gentleman to see you, Brother.

Bob - (Calling) Be there in a minute, sis.

Bob - (Selling) He there in a minute, sir.

Brother.

Brother. (Goes to kitchen door.) A gentleman to see you.

Madeline out as she closes the door. (Sit down and I'll call very thick tonight. (He enters. She looks at him.)

Mad - But madeline, "poor" the children call them, are

Mad - Thanks. I'll wait here.

Mad - Come in, Mr. Lane--I'm glad to see you.

Brother it isn't here.

Lane - Good evening, Miss Grant. I'd like to speak with your

standing there.)

(Arranges it) (Knock heard. Lane opens the door. Lane is

Examines her hair) Those youngsters surely messed up hair.

Mad - (Goes to little mirror on mantle or wall, laughing.

Bob - It's right there in the box. I'll get it. (Exit B.)

Madie Joe gave me Christmas?

Bob - (From kitchen) Bob, what did you do with the red tie

laugh)

plied out, "Why don't you rub it off then, Annie?" (They

don't love me." He was a bit perturbed for a moment before he

and said, "Annie, I see plainly written on your face that you

begged for just one more. Then I looked at him very seriously

romanticized with him, telling him it was false, etc., he still

(laughing) Junior teased for another story and when I

Mad - No. They were so adorable that I hated to leave them.

Bob - (Laughing) And how? You didn't give them any candy?

Mad - Oh, no, but I bribed them to keep quiet.

Nan - (Sitting down to entertain caller). You haven't been here very long either, have you?

Lane - (Laughing) No, and I'm not getting as cordial a welcome as you. (Lane changes subject) And how do you like the great North Woods?

Nan - Well, I hardly know yet. I've been here such a short time. It's been fun getting acquainted with my brother and his family again. You know, I haven't seen Bob for several years.

Lane - He likes it up here, doesn't he?

Nan - Oh, yes, he never wants to go back to the States except to see the folks. Is this your first experience in the wilds?

Lane - Yes, I just finished college in June and---

Nan - And you think you'd like to isolate yourself like this?

Lane - Well, I haven't decided as to that, but hunting and fishing are great here!

Nan - (Laughing) My, you are ambitious.

Lane - Well, after all, why struggle to keep up with the Joneses in the city---simply life looks good to me---books, radio, sports--

Nan - (Laughing) And a dance tonight.

Lane - No dance for me.

Nan - No?

Lane - I came over to tell you---

Nan - Aren't you going to stay for my party?

Lane - (Laughing) Not invited, Ma'm, but I've heard about it. You know the folks have to come planning to stay all night--have breakfast and to home in daylight. Not safe to travel

Sam - (Sitting down to explain a letter). You haven't been

here very long either, have you?

Jane - (Laughing) No, and I'm not getting as certain a

welcome as you. (Jane changes subject) And how do you like

the great North Woods?

Sam - Well, I hardly know yet. I've been here such a short

time. It's been fun getting acquainted with my brother and his

family again. You know, I haven't seen Bob for several years.

Jane - He likes it up here, doesn't he?

Sam - Oh, yes, he never wants to go back to the States except

to see the folks. Is this your first experience in the wilds?

Jane - Yes, I just finished college in June and---

Sam - And you think you'd like to isolate yourself like this?

Jane - Well, I haven't decided as to that. But hunting and

flaming are great here!

Sam - (Laughing) My, you are ambitious.

Jane - Well, after all, why struggle to keep up with the

Joneses in the city---simply life looks good to me---books,

radio, sports---

Sam - (Laughing) And a dance tonight.

Jane - No dance for me.

Sam - No?

Jane - I came over to tell you---

Sam - Aren't you going to stay for my party?

Jane - (Laughing) Not invited, Sam. But I've heard about it.

You know the folks have to come planning to stay all night---

have breakfast and to home in daylight. Not safe to travel

these trails and muskeags in the dark.

Nan - Really? But I don't understand about you. I thought all the neighbors---

Lane - Well, I don't tell everybody my business. I'm a newcomer, and a suspicious character.

Nan - But it's so silly.

Lane - Yes, but perhaps we shouldn't blame them--appearances have been against me but I hope to finish my job here tonight--

Nan - Your job?

Lane - Yes, and though you may not realize it, you have been a help.

Nan - I? But how?

Lane - Well, sometimes at the postoffice you let fall bits of information that---

Nan - (Alarmed) Information?

Lane - About your brother and the others.

Nan - But I don't understand.

Lane - Of course not. How could you? I'd like to talk with your brother but he'll never give a fellow a chance.

Nan - O, but you're wrong, my brother is the finest---

Lane - I'm sorry, Nan. I have so much to tell you and so short a time left---

Nan - Short time,

Lane - I expect to leave tomorrow---

Nan - But you didn't mention it when---

Lane - No, I didn't know then I should go so soon---

Nan - Going soon! (with dismay in her voice)

these trials and tribulations in the work.

Man - Really? But I don't understand about you. I thought

all the neighbors---

Lane - Well, I don't tell everybody my business. I'm a

newcomer, and a suspicious character.

Man - But it's so silly.

Lane - Yes, but perhaps we shouldn't place them--opportunities

have been against me but I hope to finish my job here tonight--

Man - Your job?

Lane - Yes, and though you may not realize it, you have been a

help.

Man - If I can help?

Lane - Well, sometimes at the postoffice you let tell me of

information that---

Man - (Alarmed) Information?

Lane - About your brother and the others.

Man - But I don't understand.

Lane - Of course not. How could you? I'd like to talk with

your brother but he'll never give a fellow a chance.

Man - O, but you're wrong, my brother is the finest---

Lane - I'm sorry, Man. I have no much to tell you and so

about a time left---

Man - Short time,

Lane - I expect to leave tomorrow---

Man - But you didn't mention it when---

Lane - No, I didn't know then I should go so soon---

Man - Going soon! (with dismay in her voice)

Lane - You sound as if you were sorry.

Nan - I am, believe me.

Lane - There is such a lot I want to say to you.

Nan - Can't you say it now?

Lane - It would take some time, and we'd be interrupted.

Nan - But why---

Lane - Nan, will you meet me later?

Nan - Later--how--?

Lane - Tonight, at eleven.

Nan - Is it so important?

Lane - To me it is--it's your good opinion, your trust, I want--

Nan - I think you have them.

Lane - It's good to hear you say that. But others may misinterpret what I am doing and I want you to know. I want to tell you just what my special mission is.

Nan - And I want to hear.

Lane - Will you meet me? Please.

Nan - You mean outdoors somewhere? But how can I, in this party dress with these slippers?

Lane - Must I leave without one word---(He is much disappointed)

Nan - But the muskeag at night is so dangerous---

Lane - Just to the tall pine---

Nan - But this dance is being given in my honor and I'd be missed---

Lane - Only for a few minutes at the tall pine--I must see you--
Though I don't want you to get your pretty dress torn to tatters on the underbrush.

on the waterfront.

though I don't want you to get your pretty dress torn so badly

lane - Only for a few minutes at the ball game--I must see you-

missed---

Man - But this dance is being given in my honor and I'd be

lane - Just for the ball game---

Man - But the weather at night is so dangerous---

lane - What I leave without one word--(He is much disappointed)

early dress with those slippers?

Man - You mean somewhere somewhere? But how can I, in this

lane - Will you meet me? Please.

Man - And I want to hear.

to tell you just what my special mission is.

misinterpreted what I am doing and I want you to know. I want

lane - It's good to hear you say that. But where way

Man - I think you have them.

lane - To me it is--it's your good opinion, your trust. I want-

Man - Is it as important?

lane - Tonight, at eleven.

Man - Later--how--?

lane - Man, will you meet me later?

Man - Not why---

lane - It would take some time, and we'd be interrupted.

Man - Can't you say it now?

lane - There is such a lot I want to say to you.

Man - I am, believe me.

lane - You sound as if you were sorry.

Nan - I couldn't get away to change it. They'd see me coming out of my bedroom. Never mind, I'll let it get torn.

Lane - Can't you slip into your brother's outfit?

Nan - (Laughing) It's so big. I'd be lost in it. But I could, really.

Lane - Will you?

Nan - I will. And if you see (pretending to swagger) a big burly man all wrapped up in leather pants and a windbreaker, just wait till you see who's inside.

Lane - Won't I!

Nan - He keeps his outfit hanging right by the backdoor. And I'll ease myself out.

Lane - (As he hears footsteps) Great. Don't fail me. I'll be waiting, dear, at eleven, remember!

(Enter brother--Surprised at seeing Lane. Sets jaw. Nan exits left.)

Bob - (Left) Well, sir?

Lane - Now, Brant, I'd like to have you feel that I'm one of you, I want to explain---

Bob - (sarcastically) Explain! O.K. go ahead. You will answer a few questions, maybe. First, were you in Jim Simpkin's barn last night?

Lane - Yes, but---

Bob - Did you report Pollard's killing that deer to the game warden?

Lane - But it's out of season, sir. A sportsman wouldn't---

Bob - (In disdain) A sportsman! Pollard has five kids to

144

Lane - I couldn't get away to change it. I'd see no coming out of my bedroom. Never mind, I'll let it go.

Lane - Don't you slip into your brother's outfit?

Ken - (Laughing) It's so big. I'd be lost in it. Let's come, really.

Lane - Will you?

Ken - I will. And if you see (pretending to answer) a V, hurry man all wrapped up in leather pants and a windbreaker. Just wait till you see who's inside.

Lane - Won't it?

Ken - He keeps his outfit hanging right by the bedroom. I'll come right out.

Lane - (As he hears footsteps) Great. Don't tell me. I'll be waiting, don't be eleven, remember!

(Enter Robert--surprised at seeing Lane. Bob says: Ken exits left.)

Bob - (Left) Well, sir?

Lane - Now, Robert, I'd like to have you feel that this one of you, I want to explain--

Bob - (Anxiously) Explain? O.K., go ahead. You will answer a few questions, maybe. First, were you in Jim Simpson's room last night?

Lane - Yes, but--

Bob - Did you report Pollard's killing that day to the same

Robert?

Lane - But it's out of reason, sir. I wouldn't wonder if--

Bob - (In disbelief) A sportman Pollard has five kids to

feed. You know that.

Lane - Yes, but you don't understand. My---

Bob - No, you're right. I don't understand.

Lane - It's against the law.

Bob - See here, young fellow, you've got a lot to learn. That law was for those from the city that shoot for the fun of killing.

Lane - Well, Mr. Brant.

Bob - (continuing) Why when the game warden came up to fine Pollard as he had to, after you reported him, he sat down to a venison dinner with the rest of the---

Lane - You know it's a man's duty to---

Bob - Duty! The warden even told Pollard that he was sorry to make him pay the fine and that they expected the settlers to get their food even out of season.

Lane - You haven't given me a chance---

Bob - A chance!! Are you crazy, man? You admit you're a sneak, (This is too much for Lane who approaches Bob with fists clenched as Dot and Nan enter. Lane controls himself and starts toward the door, as he sees the women)

Lane - What?

Dot - How do you do, Mr. Lane.

Lane - Good evening, Mrs. Brant.

Nan - Not going so soon, I hope?

Lane - (Hesitates with a glance at Brant.) Yes, I think I am.

Nan - (Hoping that he will be invited.) Have you ever attended one of these country dances?

one of these country dances?
Nan - (Hoping that he will be invited.) Have you ever attended
Lana - (Hesitates with a glance at Brent.) Yes, I think I am.
Nan - Not going so soon, I hope?
Lana - Good evening, Mrs. Brent.
Nan - How do you do, Mr. Lana.
Lana - What?
and starts toward the door, as he sees the woman)
Lana glances at Nan and then enters. Lana controls himself
Nan. (This is too much for Lana who approaches Nan with
Nan - A chance!! Are you crazy, man? You admit you're a
Lana - You haven't given me a chance---
get their food even out of season.
Nan - Ducky! The warden even told Lana that he was sorry to
Lana - You know it's a man's duty to---
reason dinner with the rest of the---
Lana as he had to, after you reported him, he set down to a
Nan - (continuing) Why when the game warden came up to him
Lana - Well, Mr. Brent.
Killing.
Lana was for those from the city that shoot for the fun of
Nan - See here, young fellow, you've got a lot to learn. That
Lana - It's against the law.
Nan - No, you're right. I don't understand.
Lana - Yes, but you don't understand, my---
Lana. You know that.

Lane - Oh, yes.

Brant - (Opens the door for Lane and sternly signals him to go)

Lane - Sometimes, Miss Brant, I hope I may have the pleasure of dancing with you. Good night. (Exit Cent. smiling.)

Brant - (Closing door, stands with his back against it.)

Sister, I hate to spoil the evening by speaking to such a rotter as that fellow, but by his own admission he is a sneak and a low down tattler.

Nan - (Dreamily) But he certainly doesn't look like that type.

Bob - No, I agree with you. He is a fine appearing young fellow and I wouldn't believe the stories I have been hearing at first but now the evidence forces me to.

Nan - Evidence?

Bob - Well, Nan, if you must know, our live stock has been slowly disappearing. We haven't much up here and it hurts a lot for us to lose a horse or a cow.

Nan - Well, why don't you notify the mounted police?

Brant - As a matter of fact, we did about two weeks ago, and haven't heard a word since. You see there's only a handful of us way off here, miles and miles from the nearest town.

Nan - But you pay taxes and that fact should mean protection for you!

Bob - Sure, but--well, it's the same everywhere in pioneering. We have to take the law into our own hands, until we are strong enough to demand--

Nan - But, Bob, that isn't civilized. It isn't--

Lane - Oh, yes.
Grant - (Opens the door for Lane and sternly reminds him to go.)
Lane - Sometimes, Miss Grant, I hope I may have the pleasure of
dancing with you. Good night. (Exit Lane, smiling.)
Grant - (Closing door, stands with his back against it.)
Alas, I have to spoil the evening by speaking to such a
rotten as that fellow, but by his own admission he is a snake
and a low down scoundrel.
Sam - (Presuming) But he certainly doesn't look like that
type.
Bob - No, I agree with you. He is a fine appearing young
fellow and I wouldn't believe the stories I have been hearing
at first but now the evidence forces me to.
Sam - Evidence?
Bob - Well, Sam, if you must know, our live stock has been
slowly disappearing. We haven't much up here and it hurts a
lot for us to lose a horse or a cow.
Sam - Well, why don't you notify the mounted police?
Grant - As a matter of fact, we did about two weeks ago, and
haven't heard a word since. You see there's only a handful of
as way off here, miles and miles from the nearest town.
Sam - But you pay taxes and that fact should mean protection
for you!
Bob - Sure, but--well, it's the same everywhere in this country.
We have to take the law into our own hands, until we are
strong enough to demand--
Sam - But, Bob, that isn't civilized. It isn't--

Bob - No, maybe not, but the survival of the fittest, you know, Sis. We learned that from old Professor Ames.

Nan - Bob, do you mean that you and the other men are going to settle with this Lane?

Bob - Well, that seems to be what it's heading up to.

Nan - That's terrible. What will they do to him?

Bob - Oh, Nan, (laughing) we can't stage a lynching for you. We simply want to get rid of him.

Nan - Isn't it a free country?

Bob - So long as folks mind their own business.

Nan - But just what do you mean by getting rid of him?

Bob - Now, Nan, let's not talk about him anymore. Most of the men don't want to hurt him, can't help liking the kid. He'll just disappear some night--soon--

Nan - But that sounds perfectly awful, Bob. How do you know what a mob may do?

Bob - A mob? There, there you go, Nan. Bound to get a wild West yarn abrewin'. All they will probably do is to escort him about thirty miles south, scare him, and he fades from the picture. Clagget says---

Nan - O, Clagget, I don't like that Clagget--I didn't think such things were happening within a few miles of the United States line.

Bob - What you don't realize, Nan, is what a struggle men have to come here, clear the land, make homes, and get a decent living.

Nan - After all they're living in a modern age.

Bob - No, maybe not, but the survival of the fittest, you know.
He learned that from old Frederick Ames.
Man - Bob, do you mean that you and the other men are going to
battle with this bunch?
Bob - Well, that seems to be what it's leading up to.
Man - That's terrible. What will they do to him?
Bob - Oh, Man, (laughing) we won't stage a lynching for you.
He simply wants to get rid of him.
Man - Isn't it a free country?
Bob - So long as folks mind their own business.
Man - But just what do you mean by keeping him at home?
Bob - Now, Man, let's not talk about him anymore. Most of the
men don't want to hurt him, can't help liking the kid. He's
just a harmless little fellow--
Man - But that sounds positively awful, Bob. How do you know
what a mob may do?
Bob - A mob? There, there you go, Man. Come to get a wife
and your own family. All this will probably do is to scare
him about thirty miles south, across him, and he'll be from the
picture. - Clagget says--
Man - O, Clagget, I don't like that Clagget--I don't think
such things were happening within a few miles of the United
States line.
Bob - What you don't realize, Man, is what a terrible man have
to come here, clear the land, make homes, and get a decent
living.
Man - After all they're living in a modern age.

Bob - Sure, and I've told you that we'd like to have the law attend to it, but after all, what can they do for us?

Nan - It seems heathenish. Surely we could do something.

Bob - Ordinarily, only he-men get back this far into the wilderness. We never question them about their past; what they're getting away from; we don't care if only they mind their own business, after they get here.

Nan - And you're bringing your sons up with such men?

Bob - Yes, Nan, in a safer, cleaner place than I ever had.

Nan - Why, Bob, the folks did everything for you, gave you every advantage.

Bob - Now, Nan, I'm not blaming them; they were swell, but being a girl and protected, I suppose you don't understand that there is such a thing as doing too much for your kids. Perhaps I'm wrong but--(Enter Dot from kitchen)

Dot - Cheerio. My, what long faces! (Nan and Brant laugh and try to assume cheerful attitude.)

Nan - Have you been up to see the boys?

Dot - I have not! I've skimmed the milk, put the cream down the cellar hole, so it won't sour, I've--Mercy! I left something in the oven. They'll be burned to cinders. (Rushes out left)

Nan - I've never known anyone as happy as Dot seems to be.

Bob - She's a great old sport and all she has to show for it is the kids.

Nan - Well, you're not bad yourself--But Bob, can't you do something to warn Lane?

Bob - Sure, and I've told you that we'd like to have the law
attend to it, but after all, what can they do for us?

Sam - It seems reasonable. Surely we could do something.

Bob - Ordinarily, only he can get such things into the
system. We never question them about their past; what
they're getting away from; we don't care if only they wish
their own business, after they get there.

Sam - And you're bringing your sons up with such men?

Bob - Yes, Sam, in a matter, cleaner place than I ever had.

Sam - Why, Bob, the folks are everything for you, have you
every advantage.

Bob - Now, Sam, I'm not blaming them; they were well, but
being a girl and married, I suppose you don't understand
that there is such a thing as doing too much for your kids.

Sam - I'm wrong, huh? (Enter Bob's kitchen)

Bob - Sure. My, what long faces! (Sam and Grand laugh and
try to assume casual attitude.)

Sam - Have you been up to see the boys?

Bob - I have not. I've attended the mill, but the stream down
the collar hole, so it won't come, I've--happy! I felt some-
thing in the oven. They'll be turned to sundae. (Laughs
out loud)

Sam - I've never known anyone as happy as Bob seems to be.

Bob - Sam's a good old sport and all she has to show for it
is the kids.

Sam - Well, you've not had yourself--but Bob, can't you do
something to win love?

Bob - Sorry, Sis, but things have gone too far now.

Nan - But you have no real proof--

Bob - Nan, dear, I'll admit he's good looking, and appears like a real fellow but for heaven's sake, don't get interested in him. He's no good.

Nan - Bob, you haven't really given him a chance to clear himself--just now--

Bob - Nan, you'll have to take my word for it. We may have more evidence than you imagine. Clagget saw--

Nan - Oh, Clagget--I'm so tired of hearing his name. Is he the boss around here?

Bob - Well, not exactly, Nan, but Clagget has had some tough breaks--

Nan - (Sympathetically) Yes, I heard his wife died from pneumonia--The country was too rough for her.

Bob - And did you hear he walked 20 miles home from the funeral to find his cabin burned to the ground, with all the winter's provisions?

Nan - Who did it?

Bob - No one knows--we always leave our cabins open for travelers who may happen along and it's understood that they're welcome to build a fire, spend the night, etc. That's only decency, but we suppose the chap who used his place was careless with fires--anyhow he had a tough break.

Nan - So, you want me to be nice to Clagget?

Bob - Well, Nan, he's been a good friend to us since we came up here.

Bob - Sorry, this, but things have gone too far now.
Hear - But you have no real proof--
Bob - Hear, hear, I'll admit he's good looking, and appears like
a real fellow but for heaven's sake, don't get interested in
him. He's no good.
Hear - Bob, you haven't really given him a chance to clear
himself--just now--
Bob - Hear, you'll have to take my word for it. We may have
more evidence than you imagine. Disagree now--
Hear - Oh, disagree--I'm so tired of hearing his name. In his
the boss around here?
Bob - Well, not exactly, but disagree has had some tough
pre-
Hear - (Sympathetically) Yes, I heard his wife died from
anemia--The country was too rough for her.
Bob - And did you hear he walked 30 miles home from the
hospital to find his cabin buried to the ground, with all the
winter's provisions?
Hear - Who did it?
Bob - He one knows--we always leave our cabins open for
travelers who may happen along and it's understood that they're
welcome to build a fire, spend the night, etc. That's only
decency, but we suppose the chap who used his place was care-
less with it--anyhow he had a tough break.
Hear - So, you want me to be nice to disagree?
Bob - Well, hear, he's been a good friend to us since we came
no have.

Nan - Maybe he'll have some sense about Lane if I talk to him--

Bob - Yah, he understands Lane all right. Forget Lane, Sis, and let's try to have a good time tonight--

Dot - (At window, turning, laughing) Nan, if you want to see something funny, come and look out the window and see the rig Jim and Sadie are coming up in.

Nan - Model T Ford? (As she starts toward the window)

Dot - Model T, nothing. A big sled with wooden runners drawn by an immense steer.

Brant - (Going out Center to meet guests) The best way to get across the muskeag after the showers.

Nan - (Returning) And do they use them all summer?

Dot - Only when it's wet. You remember how the horses sank into the muskeag the day you came?

Nan - Do I? I thought they'd disappear entirely. (Nan and Dot at door to greet Sadie, a small nervous, unhappy woman who enters.)

Dot - (Kissing her) How are you, Sadie?

Sadie - (Glumly) Oh, Dot, how would I be with wolves howling so, and such dark shadows along the trail and wildcats--

Dot - Now, Sadie, it's hardly dark. You imagine things. Nan, this is Sadie. (Sadie and Nan exchange greetings.)

Sadie - But the wolves do sound so dismal, so weird.

Dot - Oh, you won't notice them at all after you get used to it up here.

Sadie - Dot, do you like hearing the wolves howl?

Dot - I don't listen to them. (Laughing)

Sam - Maybe he'll have some sense about that if I talk to him--

Bob - Yeah, he understands him all right. You've seen him, Sam.

and let's try to have a good time tonight--

Bob - (At window, turning, laughing) Sam, if you want to see

something funny, come and look out the window and see the big

Jim and Sadie are coming up in.

Sam - Model T Ford? (As she starts toward the window)

Bob - Model T, nothing. A big thing with wooden runners drawn

by an immense steer.

Sam - (Going out center to meet guests) The best way to get

across the country after the snows.

Sam - (Returning) And do they use them all summer?

Bob - Only when it's wet. You remember how the horses sunk

into the mud after the day you came?

Sam - To be sure I thought they'd disappear entirely. (He and

Bob sit back to greet Sadie, a small nervous, nervous woman who

enters.)

Bob - (Kissing her) How are you, Sadie?

Sadie - (Nervously) Oh, Bob, how would I be with wolves howling

at me, and such things all about the trail and wilderness--

Bob - Now, Sadie, it's hardly dark. You know the wolves, Sam.

This is Sadie. (Sadie and Sam exchange greetings.)

Sadie - But the wolves are coming so near to him, so wolf.

Bob - Oh, you won't notice them at all after you get used to it

up here.

Sadie - Bob, do you like hearing the wolves howl?

Bob - I don't listen to them. (Laughing)

Sadie - (Sadly) No, you have your children. They make the difference.

Nan - (Sympathetically) You have no children, Mrs. Simpkins?

Sadie - Not any more. Didn't you hear?

Nan - I've only been here a few days, you know.

Sadie - Well, the first month after we came here from the states--

Dot - Don't try to tell her about it tonight, Sadie, it'll just make you feel bad.

Sadie - (To Nan) But you like children, but you want to hear about my little Teddy?

Nan - Mrs. Simpkins, I certainly do love children, but wouldn't you rather tell me some other time?

Sadie - (Looking far away) It was the first load of hay, they heaped it up and up and up and then threw little Teddy on top.

Nan - Children do love riding on hay.

Sadie - (Continuing) And then coming across the bumpy corduroy bridge, some of the hay toppled off and--and--my little Teddy with it--into--into the river.

Nan - Oh, Mrs. Simpkins, but they were able--

Sadie - No, no, when they reached him it was too late, too late.

Dot - (Trying to divert Sadie's mind) Come, Sadie, wouldn't you like a cup of tea after your long ride? (Sadie and Dot go to kitchen, L)

Bob - (Enters with Jim Center) Walk in, Jim, and I want you to meet my baby sister, Nan, this is Jim Simpkins. (Nan shaking

Sadie - (Sighing) No, you have your children. They make the
 difference.
 Nan - (Sympathetically) You have no children, Mrs. Humphreys.
 Sadie - Not any more. Didn't you hear?
 Nan - I've only been here a few days, you know.
 Sadie - Well, the first month after we came here from the
 States--
 Nan - I don't try to tell you about it tonight, Sadie, it'll
 just make you feel bad.
 Sadie - (To Nan) But you like children, don't you want to hear
 about my little Teddy?
 Nan - Mrs. Humphreys, I certainly do love children, but
 wouldn't you rather tell me some other time?
 Sadie - (Looking far away) It was the first load of hay, they
 heaped it up and up and up and then there grew little Teddy on top.
 Nan - Children do love riding on hay.
 Sadie - (Continuing) And then coming across the heavy
 wooden bridge, some of the hay tumbled off and--and--my
 little Teddy with it--into--into the river.
 Nan - Oh, Mrs. Humphreys, but they were safe--
 Sadie - No, no, when they reached him it was too late, too
 late.
 Nan - (Trying to divert Sadie's mind) Come, Sadie, wouldn't
 you like a cup of tea after your long ride? (Sadie and Nan go
 to kitchen, L)
 Bob - (Enters with Jim Gentry) Well, Jim, Joe, and I want you to
 meet my baby sister, Nan. This is the Humphreys. (Nan shaking

hands) -

Nan - Bob will never allow me to grow up, I guess. You know, Mr. Simpkins, I've been teaching school for a year, too, and after being considered dignified and grown-up, all this time, I have to submit to such insults.

Jim - (Laughing) Sure is hard luck, Miss. (Anxiously looks around) Did my wife come in?

Nan - Oh, yes, she's out having a cup of tea with Dot.

Jim - (Relieved) Poor Sadie, since the boy--(Remembering the party he's at) Great place up here for the men, but pretty lonesome for the women folks.

Nan - (At kitchen door) I suppose it is. (Exits L)

Jim - (Takes "Saturday Evening Post" from pocket, passes it to Bob) Much obliged, Brant. Guess I've read every word of it.

Bob - Well, we do need a library up here. The home folks send up The Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal every year and they sure are a God send.

Jim - New Post come today? (Who loves reading)

Bob - Yes, yes, you scalawag. But I haven't had a chance to read it yet. Say, I brought in some mail for you, though.

(Passes him big catalog)

Jim - (Laughing) Will you trade your "Post" for this catalog?

Bob - You beggar, I do want to see the catalog for a jiffy tho, I need some new traps. (Looks at catalog) Well, Jim--(looks at Post) For Heaven's sake get into a corner and see how that serial ends. (Jim grins sheepishly and retires to corner as his wife appears at kitchen door)

(Sings)

Sam - Bob will never allow me to grow up, I guess. You know, Mr. Thompson, I've been passing school for a year, too, and after being considered illiterate and grown-up, all this time, I have to submit to such insults.

Sam - (Sings) There is hard work, Sam. (Angrily looks around) Did my wife come in?

Sam - Oh, yes, she's out having a cup of tea with Bob. (Believed) Poor fellow, since the day--(Remembering the party he's at) Great place up here for the men, but pretty handsome for the women folks.

Sam - (At kitchen door) I suppose it is. (Exit S.)
 Sam - (Sings) "Saturday Evening Post" from London, Sam's it is.
 Bob - (Sings) Oh, yes, I've read every word of it.
 Sam - Well, we do need a library up here. The home folks send up the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal every year and they save me a good deal.

Sam - Now Sam come today" (The boys reading)
 Bob - Yes, yes, you certainly. But I haven't had a chance to read it yet. Say, I brought in some mail for you, though.

(Sings his big catalog)
 Sam - (Sings) Will you trade your "Post" for this catalog?
 Bob - You bet. I do want to see the catalog for a fifty Sam. I need some new things. (Looks at catalog) Well, Jim--(Looks at Post) For heaven's sake get into a corner and see how that serial ends. (Jim spins sheepishly and returns to corner as

his wife appears at kitchen door)

Sadie - Oh, Jim, I can hear a child crying out on the edge of the clearing.

Jim - No, Sadie, it's probably that hoot-owl that we heard coming over here.

Sadie - No, Jim, this is different. It's moaning, begging for help.

Jim - Sadie, do you want me to go out there?

Sadie - Oh, Jim, if you could. Maybe it's some child all alone, needing a home. (She exits left)

Jim - Gosh, I hate to go out there again. Those noseums are as thick as puttie and do they bite!

Bob - It's only an old hoot-owl that she hears, Jim.

Jim - I know but I have to humor her. Sometimes I think I'll have to take her back to Indiana. It's getting harder and harder up here for her.

Bob - She sure had it tough. Have you told her about your horses? (Jim nods) My calf has been stolen, too.

Jim - Gosh, I'm sorry, Bob! I don't want to spoil your party by talking of my troubles but--(Trying to cheer himself up) Queer where the Olsens are. Did I tell you the laugh they had when they passed ahead of us in that lumber cart for about a mile and then we overtook them? (Sadie enters) They lost a wheel and were hunting around in the mud for the nut.

(Laughing. Exit being dragged by Sadie.)

Sadie - (At door) Do hurry, Jim. I'll go with you. (Mary Cooper, husband, Tom, Daddy, and Olsens burst in. Bob calls to Nan and Dot who enter)

Sadie - Oh, Jim, I can hear a child crying out on the edge of
the clearing.

Jim - No, Sadie, it's probably that hood-owl that we heard
cawing over here.

Sadie - No, Jim, that is different. It's wailing, Sadie! For
help.

Jim - Sadie, do you want me to go out there?

Sadie - Oh, Jim, if you could. Maybe it's some child all alone
needing a home. (She exits late)

Jim - Gosh, I hate to go out there again. Those hood-owls are
as thick as butter and so they stay!

Bob - It's only an old hood-owl that she hears, Jim.

Jim - I know but I have to hunt her. Sometimes I think I'll
have to take her back to Indiana. It's getting harder and
harder up here for her.

Bob - She sure had it tough. Have you told her about your
homestead? (Jim nods) My calf has been stolen, too.

Jim - Gosh, I'm sorry, Bob! I don't want to spoil your party
by talking of my troubles but--(trying to cheer himself up)

Just where the Olsons are. And I tell you the laugh they had
when they passed ahead of us in that lumber cart for about a
mile and then we overtook them! (Sadie enters) They lost a
wheel and were hunting around in the mud for the nut.

(Laughing. Exit being dragged by Sadie.)

Sadie - (At door) Be happy, Jim. I'll go with you. (They

Cooper, husband, Tom, Sadie, and Olsons enter in. Bob calls

to her and Bob who enters)

Grandma - So this is Nan. My girls have been talking about ever since you struck the Muskeag.

Nan - They were certainly patient with me when they guided me in.

Grandma - It's nice to have you here. We don't have many visitors, you know.

Bob - Say, we began to think you'd sunk to the bottom of the muskeag.

Carl - We did come pretty near it.

Bert - The way we fumbled around in the dark before we finally got that wheel on!

Nan - Weren't you afraid of wild cats and wolves?

Dad - What? With this army? (Women go out into the kitchen with their packages of cakes, pies, etc., men form in laughing and talking groups. Jim returns with Sadie. They greet folks)

Tom - Well, (addressing Jim) you just getting here with your chariot and four, Jim?

Jim - Getting here? Been out chasing hoot-owls. We've been here for hours. Too bad you all hadn't hopped on my sled. Say, Brant, young Louis is out by the kitchen door; poor kid, he's trying to get courage up to come in.

Bob - (Laughing) I'll get him. The kid's bashful. (Exit Bob Center)

Tom - Sorry, Jim, to hear about your losing your horse.

Jim - Sure did need him for haying. But then it's tough on Brant to lose his best calf, you know.

Carl - (All men close in) What? Today?

Grandma - So this is him. My little have been talking about
ever since you started the business.

Sam - They were certainly patient with me when they guided me
in.

Grandma - It's nice to have you here. We don't have many
visitors, you know.

Bob - Say, we began to think you'd come to the bottom of the
world.

Carl - We did come pretty near it.

Bert - The way we tramped around in the dark before we finally
got that shed up!

Sam - Haven't you afraid of wild cats and wolves?

Bob - What? With this many? Women go out into the kitchen
with their packages of coffee, sugar, etc., men come in laughing
and talking groups. The kitchen with Sam. They greet folks

Tom - Well, (addressing him) you just getting here with your
character and form, Jim?

Jim - Getting here? Been out chasing foot-calls. We've been
here for hours. You see you all hadn't stopped on my side. Say,
Grand, young folks is out by the kitchen door; poor kid, he's
trying to get courage up to come in.

Bob - (laughing) I'll tell him. The kid's beautiful. (Soft
Bob Center)

Tom - Sorry, Jim, to hear about your losing your house.

Jim - Sure did need him for paying. But then it's enough an
amount to lose his best cell, you know.

Carl - (All men place in) What? Today?

Carl - You know, I've talked with Lane and I can't believe he's a thief--he looks you right in the eye.

Jim - That may be so, Carl, but I saw him going around the corner of my barn yesterday morning at day break.

Carl - Are you sure it was him?

Jim - Yes, I am. Later I trailed him to the muskeag. You can't mistake those nails he wears in his heels.

Bert - No, there's nothing like them around here and they certainly do show up in the mud. Clagget says--say, where is Clagget?

Carl - Oh, Clagget can't come; he has to nurse a sick horse.

Jim - Too bad--more hard luck for him. I never saw such a fellow.

Bert - (returning to subject) Of course, Lane doesn't deny reporting Pollard to the game warden, but still what's his motive?

Tom - Well, all I know is that we've reported this thieving to headquarters and haven't heard a word from them and I say it's time for us to take the law into our own hands.

Jim - I'm with you. If I lose anything more, I'll sure have to pull up stakes.

Bert - Don't worry, Jim, we'll help with your haying and Carl and I are ready to join you, Tom, and Brant in running this maniac from the country.

Tom - Then meet at my house in the morning and we'll lay our plan. We're all decided that there's no room in this country for a guy of that caliber. Don't worry the women folks tho.

Larry - You know, I've talked with him and I can't believe that
a thief-the judge you right in the eye.
Jim - That may be so, Larry, but I saw him going around the
corner of my barn yesterday morning at day break.
Larry - Are you sure it was him?
Jim - Yes, I am. Later I treated him to the machine. You
can't mistake those nails he wears in his hands.
Tom - No, there's nothing like them around here and they
certainly do show up in the mud. Biggest news--say, where is
biggest?
Larry - Oh, biggest can't come; he has to nurse a sick horse.
Jim - Too bad--more hard work for him. I never saw such a
felice.
Bert - (hesitating to subject) Of course, Jane doesn't deny
reporting folios to the game warden, but still what's his
motive?
Tom - Well, all I know is that we've reported this thing to
headquarters and haven't heard a word from them and I say it's
time for us to take the law into our own hands.
Jim - I'm with you. If I lose anything more, I'll sure have
to pull up stakes.
Bert - Don't worry, Jim, we'll help with your bagging and Carl
and I are ready to join you, Tom, and start in running this
warrior from the country.
Jim - Then meet at my house in the evening and we'll lay our
plan. We've all decided that there's no room in this country
for a guy of that caliber. Won't worry the women folks too.

Bob - (Entering with Louis) Hi, there, where are the girls. Now Daddy, all tuned up? Folks, what do you say? Shall we start in with one of the good old-timers? (Calls of "You bet", etc. Women enter)

Grandad - Who's going to call off?

Bob - No one can beat Grandad Olsen at that. Come on, Grandad, let's go!

Grandma - (They all encourage him) I believe he could do it in his sleep.

Grandad - Well, then get your partners and let's swing it!

(Amid laughter they select partners. Louis gets up his courage to ask Nan)

Louis - M-M-May I have this dance, Miss Brant?

Nan - I'd love to dance with you, but I've never seen one of these folk dances, and I'm afraid I'd spoil it for everyone.

Louis - I know, not dancing them in the States any more. I was down in Minnesota going to school last winter.

Nan - Really? Did you like it? Are you going back?

Louis - You see, Dad died, and I had to come home to stay with Mother. She's an invalid.

Nan - Oh!

Grandad - Everyone ready? (Seeing Louis and Nan) Here, you, we need another couple right here.

Nan - But don't you think I'd better watch just at first?
(Jim takes Post to corner.)

Grandad - What! I'll tell you exactly what to do. Here, just right this way.

Grandma - Oh, of course you must dance. (They join the dancers. They dance old-fashioned quadrill, amid laughter, noisy clapping, etc.)

Carl - (After dance is over) How'd you like that dance, Miss Brant?

Nan - Oh, it was jolly, but I wish you all would call me Nan. I'm going to be up here all summer you know.

Carl - That won't be hard for any of us, will it, folks?

Bert - I'll say it won't -- Nan.

Dot - I tell Nan that when she gets a good taste of our muskeag water, she'll never want to go back to the States.

Mary - We sure need a school teacher at No. 4. (Nan looks at watch)

Nan - I think I'd like to try a winter up here skiing, snowshoeing--

Sadie - Oh, Nan, the wolves move in nearer then, and howl all night long. Jim can't even go out to the woodshed without his gun. Poor Mrs. Clagget died. She couldn't get used to this country. (Looks out window)

Nan - (Laughing) Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? (She starts the song. They all sing.)

Bob - Nan, remember that shadow stunt we used to do back home?

Nan - Shadow stunt?

Bob - Yes, you know, we hung up a sheet, had all the lights back of it and then did pantomimes--

Nan - O, I remember, I can see you swallowing swords.

Bob - Dot, give us a sheet, will you? (Dot goes for a sheet)

Nan - Let's do "The Courtin'" by Lowell.

Carl - I'm ready--even though I don't know what it's all about.

Nan - I'll recite the words--I think I know most of it--Greta, you be Huldy--(Dot comes in with sheet which moves under Bob's directions hold in place. They also arrange lights)

Greta - (Laughing) And what does Huldy do?

Nan - Now, everyone except Carl and Greta sit over here (Motions to side of sheet nearest audience) and you two act out what I read. First, we need a chair and a pan. Sit down close to the sheet, Huldy. (Nan moves to one side ready to recite "The Courtin'") Bert, you stand over here at Right ready for entrance and do just what I recite. (Nan recites poem which is acted amid laughter of audience. This poem may be read, if desired)

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,

An' peeked in thru the winder,

An' there sat Huldy all alone,

'ith no one nigh to hender.

An' she looked full ez rosy agin

Ez th' apples she wuz peeling!

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,

A-raspin on the scraper--

All ways to once her feelings flew

Like sparks in burnt--up paper.

Man - Let's do "The Countess" by Duvall.

Lord - I'm ready--even though I don't know what it's all about.

Man - I'll rewrite the words--I think I know most of it--Questa,

you do Lady--(Don't come in with sheet which covers night suit)

Distances hold in place. They also arrange lights)

Lord - (laughing) And what does Lady do?

Man - Now, everyone stops! Lady and Lord sit over here (pointing

to side of stage nearest audience) and you two act out what I

tell. First, we need a chair and a fan. Sit down close to the

sheet, Lady. (Don't move to one side ready to move "The

Countess") Now, you stand over here at right ready for an-

swers and do just what I tell. (Man recites poem which is

acted amid laughter of audience. "This poem may be read, if

desired.)

Lord steps up, puts whiteboard,

and, looked in that the winter,

and there sat Lady all alone,

With no one left to hinder.

in, she looked full of love again

As the spring was now passing!

The heart a foot and toward it, he,

Passing on the water--

All ways to once her feelings flow

Like sparks in burst--up again.

He kin' o' l' itered on the mat,

Some doubtfle o' the sickle;

His heart kep' goin' pity pat,

But hern went pity Zekle.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"

"Wal, no; I come designin---"

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'se

Agin tomorrow's I' nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,

Then stood a spell on the other

An' on which one he felt the wust

He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"

Sez she, "Think likely, Mister;"

The last word pricked him like a pine,

An' wal, he up and kist her.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide

Down to the Bay of Fundy,

An' all I know is they wuz cried

In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

(They all applaud, men fold sheet, remove chair)

Tom - How about another dance--

Daddy - What'll it be?

Bert - Nan, show us the latest from the States. (All shout

"Yes", etc.)

Nan - I'm afraid I'd shock you.

Carl - We'll take the chance.

Nan - (Laughing) Well, who will be my partner? (Several young men rush toward her, but Carl is nearest.) Now, the latest is cheek to cheek dancing, like this. (Shows Carl, who appears to enjoy it. They take position.)

Carl - (Smiling serenely, looking heavenward) Why dance?

(All laugh)

Nan - Now for the steps. (Shows them the modern dance)

Mary - (After the demonstration) Well, you've got nothing on Granny and Grandad Olsen. Come, folks, and show Nan how it was done in your day. (After much urging, the old folks consent to dance)

Grandpa - (Approaching Grandma, bowing) May I have the honor, Mrs. Olsen?

Grandma - But, Dad, my rheumatism is pretty bad tonight.

Grandpa - Just as soon as they start that music box contraption, you'll forget all about your rheumatism, Ma. Come on. (They dance)

Grandma - Whew, I'm not as young as I used to be. I'm winded. (She sits down. All applaud)

Bob - Well, anyhow, the waltz is the same in every language and in every country. Get your partners.

Jim - (Dances with Sadie, Bob goes over to talk with Grandad; and in a few minutes Sadie clutches Jim as she stares wildly at the window.)

Sadie - I saw someone at that window! (Conversation between Sadie and Jim need not be heard in this scene but pantomime must be good)

Jim - Now, Sadie, you're nervous. Don't go get everyone all stirred up.

Sadie - Yes, I'm nervous, of course, but I really did see a shadow cross the windows.

Jim - We came over here to have a good time. Brace up, Sadie, let's finish this dance. You sure can waltz, Sadie.

Sadie - (Weakly) Jim, I'll try, but I'm all shaky.

Jim - Let's sit down here a minute. (They sit on bench left)

Sadie - Remember the night we won the dance prize at the carnival?

Jim - Sure do.

Sadie - (Wistfully) Jim, do you suppose we could go back to see the folks next year?

Jim - Maybe, Sade, If my railroad ties bring a good price.

Sadie - I sort of feel that if I could see the folks--(Suddenly she clutches her throat, as she sees man peering through the window. Screams as Daddy, also seeing the shadow, strikes a loud cord. All in pandemonium.)

Bob - What's the matter?

Sadie - It's--i--it's Lane.

Grandad - She's right. I saw him, too.

Bob - (Getting revolver from shelf) Come on, fellows. You women stay inside.

Sadie - I wish we could all go back to the States.

Dot - Lot more shooting back there.

(Women shrink down R. as Carl brings in limp body. Face is hidden from view. They do not recognize Nan with men's clothes pulled over her party dress. Bert and Jim solemnly follow)

Bert - Well, he had it coming to him.

Jim - Sure, he wouldn't stop running.

Sadie - Is--is he dead?

Carl - (At couch where Carl has deposited body) Can't see any sign of a wound.

Jim - Maybe it just grazed him.

Tom - (Coming closer) Why, that ain't Lane; why, it's a boy, a little feller. (Bob enters to hear last remark.)

Bob - Not Lane! Let me have a look at him. (Pushing way to couch)

Dot - (Rushing to couch) Why it's Nan! It's Nan!

Greta - But Nan's here. (Looks about, fails to find her)

Where is Nan?

Dot - What on earth does it mean, Bob?

Bob - (Trying to restore Nan to consciousness) You see, she was back to--it was dark--I thought it was Lane.

Lane - (Entering, sees Nan as if dead on couch, rushes to her and kneels by her side) Are you hurt, Nan? (Bob pulls him roughly away and men hold him. Greta brings in water. Lane, angry, is at last forced to reveal police badge. Men drop back astonished as Nan revives, not shot at all--only fainted from fright. Sips water and smiles at Lane.)

Nan - You are safe, Mr. Lane?

Lane - Yes, of course, Nan.

Bob - But, Nan, why these old clothes?

Nan - I put them on to go across the muskeag. I was going to--
to--

Lane - She was going to meet me at the tall pine, sir.

Bob - (Not yet understanding situation) But why did you run
when I yelled, "Stop"?

Nan - (Laughing ruefully now that it's all over) I heard
Mrs. Simpkins scream and all you men were after me. It was
really more than I bargained for.

Bob - But what did you run for? Don't you know I might have
shot you?

Nan - Bob, I guess--I went--what is it you call it up here?
suddenly hay-wire, and the shot--

Carl - Did you think you were hit?

Greta - You sure look funny in these clothes.

Nan - I must have fainted from fright because I'm not shot,
I guess. (Feels of arms and body to make sure) No gangster
life for me. (All laugh)

Lane - Well, if Mr. Brant will give me a chance to explain
what I tried to tell him earlier in the evening, I'll be glad
to inform you why I'm here.

Bob - Sure, I'm mighty sorry I was so hasty.

Lane - O.K. Mr. Brant. I couldn't blame you, - much.

Bob - But what's the story?

Lane - Well, I'll make it short for I see I'm interrupting the
party. When you folks wrote down to headquarters, two weeks

ago, asking for an investigator up here, I asked or begged to be given the chance. They said, "Go to it, Kid; be good experience for you."

Jim - But why not let us know what you were up to so we could help?

Lane - Well, I didn't blame you, but did you get the thief?

Tom - You sure took a chance.

Greta - Sounds to me just like a story in the Western Stories Magazine. Did you make him throw up his hands, you know, just as they do in the movies?

Bert - Oh, shut up, Greta. (To Lane) Go on.

Lane - (Smiling, continues story) From all we could hear at headquarters we felt pretty sure it was an inside job.

Bob - (Bewildered) An inside job,---

Lane - Sure, and this party tonight was what turned the trick.

Dot - What in the world did we have to do with it?

Lane - Well, you see, it gave the thief a chance to work without any interruptions--except from me.

Bob - Well, Lane, we may not deserve it, but can't you get on faster with your story?

Lane - I'll try. Well, I found the lean-to where cattle and horses were being held until he could get them over the line, and though I had my suspicions, I couldn't prove a darn thing until I caught him red-handed.

Carl - Good for you.

Greta - Just like you read in the story.

Lane - (Modestly) Yes, I nabbed him just as he was coming out

of Jim's barn with three cows.

Sadie - Oh, Jim, we might have been murdered in our beds.

Bob - Say, fellows, give him a chance to go on. Who was it?

Lane - I sure was sorry for Clagget.

Bob and Others - Clagget? No, it couldn't have been Clagget.

Lane - Sorry, but it's so. He got into trouble up North two years ago, so we found out at headquarters, and they drove him out of the county. The disgrace of it all probably caused his poor wife's death.

Bob - I never did like him, but--

Nan - Your hero, Bob.

Bob - (As if stunned) Well, I can hardly believe it.

Clagget! Why he helped us track the thief.

Lane - Sure, I was trailing him, and you were trailing me; and it's sure some job on this muskeag. Anyhow, he's tied up now.

Bob - Well, I was a mutt, all right.

Greta - (To Lane) Why, all this makes you a hero. (All laugh at Lane's expense)

Dot - (Carrying on banter) A regular knight in arms.

Nan - A KNIGHT ON THE MUSKEAG I'd say.

Sadie - (Mournfully) Well, anyway, I like the States better.

Bob - How about having supper? (Lane starts to leave.) Oh, no, there, Lane, nothing doing. We need you. While the women folks are getting the grub ready, we'll slip out and look over the live stock. How about it? (Men exit, women to L. leaving Nan and Lane.)

Dot - Yes, I'll make the coffee. (Exit L)

Mary - We'll set the table. (Exit L)

Greta - I'm too excited to eat. (As she goes L)

Lane - Will you go to supper with me, Miss Brant?

Nan - Miss Brant? Do you know they took me for Mr. Lane?

(Starts removing overalls, etc. He helps her.)

Lane - Never again Mr. Lane, but sometime, who knows, you might consent to being Mrs. Lane. (They start toward kitchen)

Curtain

Bibliography

The Courtin' - James Russell Lowell

Suggestions for Study

THE COURTIN'

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

1. This poem is usually considered the favorite among the "Biglow Papers" by James Russell Lowell.
2. Lowell created Hosea Biglow, an illiterate but shrewd New England farmer, to express his feelings on the Mexican War situation in 1848.
3. Look for Yankee twang, humor, homely ideas, and dialect in The Courtin'.
4. If possible, visit Elmwood, the beautiful old Lowell mansion in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
5. Lowell, the all-around man, was a poet, humorist, political writer, literary critic, editor, college professor, lecturer, and diplomat.
6. Compare this author with famous Lowells who came both before and after him.
7. Read The Vision of Sir Launfal, the author's best known poem.

Vocabulary: They wuz cried, the banns (that is, the announcement of their approaching marriage) were read in church; crooknecks, variety of squash having tapering necks; wannut, walnut; chiny, china; l'itered, loitered; seekle, sequel.

THE COURSE

James Russell Lowell (1819-1892)

1. This book is usually considered the favorite among the

"glow-words" of James Russell Lowell.

2. Lowell created some 25 w. an intricate and varied new

metaphor, to express his feelings on the western sea

attention in 1855.

3. Look for James Lowell, James, Henry Adams, and Alfred in

the appendix.

4. It is possible, visit Rimwood, the beautiful old Lowell

residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

5. Lowell, the all-around man, was a poet, novelist,

political writer, literary critic, editor, college professor,

lecturer, and diplomat.

6. Lowell's work with James Lowell and some other

before and after him.

7. Read the Vision of Sir Launfal, the author's most famous

poem.

Footnote: They are cited, the names (that is, the names)

and of their appearing materials) were read in class;

exercises, variety of names having typical names; names.

without: names, names, names, names, names, names.

THE TAMING OF SUE

A Comedy in One Act

Introducing Scenes From
"The Taming of the Shrew"

by

Esthela Clement

The Taming of Sue

Price \$1.00 of the

Shrew Day

For

Massachusetts High Schools

The Taming of the Shrew

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Prize Winner of the

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THE TAMING OF SUE

Characters

(As they appeared in the original production as presented by the High School Dramatic Class, Everett, Massachusetts.)

Jack, who plays the part of Petruchio - A. Allyn Hood

Bill, who plays the part of Hortensio - Lloyd North

Mrs. Mulloney, the sweeper - Esther Grout

Joe, who plays the part of Grumio - Roy McGillivray

Helen, the prompter - Mary Arinello

Sam, who plays the part of Baptista - John Evans

Sue, who plays the part of Katharine - Caro Grace

Jane, who plays the part of Bianca - Marion Campana

Miss Mason, the coach - Frances Leighton

Ruth, in charge of costumes - Bridgie Buononni

Mr. Hamilton, the music instructor - Allen Johnson

Betty, the soloist - Rose Turco

Tom, the electrician - Vincent Mastrocola

Jessie, the ticket agent - Lucy Poyelli

Anna, the accompanist - Phyllis Hackett

Scene: The stage of any high school

Time: The present.

THE TALKING OF EVE

Characters

(As they appeared in the original production as presented by

the High School Dramatic Class, Everett, Massachusetts.)

Jack, who plays the part of Petruchio - A. Allyn Hood

Bill, who plays the part of Hortensio - Lloyd North

Mrs. Mullooney, the sweepster - Esther Grant

Joe, who plays the part of Grumio - Roy McCallum

Helena, the prompter - Mary Arnelio

Sam, who plays the part of Baptista - John Evans

She, who plays the part of Katherine - Caro Grace

Jane, who plays the part of Bianca - Marion Campara

Miss Mason, the coach - Frances Leighton

Ruth, in charge of costumes - Bridget Swenson

Mr. Hamilton, the music instructor - Allen Johnson

Betty, the soloist - Rose Tracy

Tom, the electrician - Vincent Mastroscola

Leslie, the ticket agent - Lucy Foyell

Anna, the accompanist - Phyllis Hackett

Scene: The stage of any high school

Time: The present.

THE TAMING OF SUE

There are three entrances, U. C., R., L. U. R. C. is a pedestal and bust. U. L. C. are several chairs grouped together; L. C., a table with a chair either end; R., two chairs. (The stage is in disorder as the curtain rises. Mrs. Mallowney is discovered setting things to rights. She exits L. Bill and Jack, two high school boys, are sitting at the table L. C. eating sandwiches and studying parts for the play, "The Taming of the Shrew." There is a bust of Shakespeare at R. The boys are waiting for other members of the cast to arrive for rehearsal.)

Bill - (Gloomily, L. of table) Gee, I wish we could do "The Ghost Train" or a play with some pep.

Jack - (Cheerily, R. of table) But we've got to be fair, you know....

Bill - (With disgust) Fair! Say, that's the trouble with high school dramatics, anyhow. No kick to the plays.

Jack - (If this one (holding up a copy of "Taming of the Shrew") didn't have old Bill Shakespeare's name hitched to it, I bet it'd be a wow.

Bill - What! With those goopy Elizabethan rags!

Jack - Well, what's the matter with this? (Reads from play.)

"Petruchio: Nay come, Kate, you must not look so sour.

Katharine: How can I help it when I see your face?"

Bill - (Finishing sandwich, goes to chair R.) Yes, but did you ever know a girl like Kate?

THE Taming of the Shrew

There are three entrances, U. C., R., L. U. N. O. is a pedestal and bust. U. L. C. are several chairs grouped together; L. C., a table with a chair either end; R., two chairs. (The stage is in disorder as the curtain rises. Mrs.

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Bill - What! With those goofy Elizabethan plays!

Jack - Well, what's the matter with this? (Reads from play.)

"Petruccio: Nay come, Kate, you must not look so sour.

Katherine: How can I help it when I see your face?"

Bill - (Translating sandwich, goes to chair R.) Yes, but did you ever know a girl like Kate?

Jack - Sure.

Bill - Talk about old Bill's portraying women. He's a flop at that.

Jack - But some girls are darn snobs. Now look at Sue Chapin.

Bill - (Teasingly) Oh, I thought you had a crush on her.

Jack - Me? (Disgusted) She never sees us fellows her own age.

Bill - She's got a lot of pep, though.

Jack - She's daffy over college guys.

Bill - She's a good sport at a party.

Jack - And since the try-outs when she got the lead in this play, she's like so much static.

Bill - (A bit convinced) Well, maybe she is kind of a flat tire sometimes.

Jack - (Jumping up indignantly) What? Shut your trap about Sue, you...you... (He starts toward Bill with clenched fists.)

Bill - (Startled) Say, what's the matter?

Jack - I'll have you know you can't talk that way about the girl I've invited to the Junior Prom.

Bill - (Half apologetically) I was just agreeing with you! (Patting him on the shoulder.) Calm down.

Jack - (Still indignant) I tell you, you can't talk that way!

Bill - Pipe down, old chap. I didn't know it was that bad.

Jack - (Turning angrily) That bad! What do you think you're talking about?

Bill - (Secretly amused) Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Sit down, sit down.

Jack - (Sitting down) Well, lay off talking about Sue.

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Bill - (Secretly amused) Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Sit
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Jack - She's daffy over college guys.
Bill - She's got a lot of guy, though.
Jack - No? (Disgusted) She never sees as fellow her own age.
Bill - (Teasingly) Oh, I thought you had a crush on her.
Jack - But some girls are damn snobs. Now look at Sue Chaplin.
Bill - Talk about old Bill's porcupine women. He's a flag
at that.
Jack - Sure.

Bill - Sure, sure. (Pause as he turns pages of play.) The gang ought to be breezing in, I should think.

Jack - (Drearily) I feel rotten. Girls make me sick, anyhow.

Bill - (Rising, with thumbs in armhole of vest, swaggers down C.) Oh, you don't know how to handle them, that's all. You ought....

Jack - (Not even hearing him) They haven't any more sense than... ..than...

Bill - (Boastingly) Ahem, now take me for an example. If I really like a girl, I pretend I don't even see her. And then you know it's funny, but she sort of gets interested in me and..

Jack - (Sarcastically) Yes, sure, you're a lady killer, all right.

Bill - (Good-naturedly) Oh, well, sometimes you just got to tell them where to get off.

Jack - Oh, I suppose you beat them up?

Bill - Sure, treat 'em rough, and they have a little respect for you.

Jack - Oh, yeah? (Teasingly) Didn't I see you packing a pile of books to school for Jane this morning?

Bill - (Irritated) Shut up!

Jack - And kneeling down in the snow to fasten her overshoe and...

Bill - (Loudly) Will you shut up!

(Joe and Helen drift in L. munching candy and studying parts. They deposit their books in chairs L.)

Joe - Hi, where's Sue and the rest of the gang?

Bill - Sure, sure. (Pause as he turns pages of play.) The

game ought to be pressing in, I should think.

Jack - (Pressing) I feel rotten. Girls make me sick, anyhow.

Bill - (Singing, with thumbs in armpits of vest, swaggers down

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Bill - (Loudly) Will you shut up!

(Joe and Helen drift in L. munching candy and studying cards.

They deposit their books in chairs L.)

Joe - Hi, where's Sue and the rest of the gang?

Bill - That's what we'd like to know.

(Joe and Helen go R., studying parts. Sam enters L. and starts to deposit coat, hat, etc., in chair. He notices bust of Shakespeare and proceeds to dress him up. Everyone except Jack, who remains in his corner studying, is much entertained and ready to assist.)

Sam - Now, old fellow, let's see what we can do for you today. (He places hat on head at rakish angle, puts coat and necktie on Shakespeare making it all as ridiculous as possible.)

Joe - (Guardedly) Say, we'd better quit. You'll get us all in wrong.

Sam - (Standing off and viewing the ensemble) I believe he likes it; he's actually grinning.

Helen - (Amused) Isn't he a scream!

Sam - (Looking at bust admiringly) You're kind of human now, aren't you, old chap? (Slaps Shakespeare on the back.)

Helen - (Giggles) Miss Mason will have a fit when she sees him.

Joe - (Jumping up) Come on, help me move these chairs.

Bill - (Bringing his hat forward) Don't you think my hat sets him off better?

Joe - Quit your fooling, kids, and let's get going.

Sam - (Leaving bust) Okay, boss.

(Sam and Joe arrange chairs.)

Bill - Say, Helen, cue me for that second scene, will you? I can't seem to get it.

Helen - Where do you begin?

Helel - Where do you begin?

can't seem to get it.

Will - Say, Helel, one me for that second scene, will you? I

(Sam and Joe arrange chairs.)

Sam - (Leaving first) Okay, boss.

Joe - Quit your fooling, kids, and let's get going.

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Jack, who remains in his corner studying, is much entertained

of Shakespeare and proceeds to dress him up. Everyone except

starts to deposit coat, hat, etc., in chair. He notices that

(Joe and Helen go R., studying parts. Sam enters L. and

Will - That's what we'd like to know.

Bill - (Turning pages) Right here. I wish Shakespeare had written his stuff in English.

Helen - (Quoting teacher) Why, Bill, "you know Shakespeare is the master of English."

(Bill sits on chair back and Helen near him in chair, R.)

Bill - Right here I say, "Patience, good Katharine---"

(Sue enters C. with her shadow and slave, Jane. Sue is attractive and very self-possessed.)

Sue - (To Jane) Say, just park these things for me, will you?

(Jane takes wraps and places them on chair, R. All, except Jack, turn toward C. good-naturedly waving arms and striking positions for salute.)

Sam - Hail to our leading lady, Sue the shrew!

All - (Repeat) Hail to our leading lady, Sue the shrew!

(Jack remains at table looking glum.)

Sue - (Laughing and secretly pleased) Cut it out, infants.

Where's Miss Mason?

Helen - I saw her just now in the lunchroom. She'll be along in a few minutes.

(Sue perches herself on a table near Jack. She doesn't notice him, but opens her compact and begins to beautify herself.

Others resume former occupations.)

Bill - (Drifting over to Sue) Gee, I'm glad you're going to the prom with Jack.

(She glares at Jack.)

Jack - (Embarrassed) Well, Sue, you know I've been asking you every day for a week.

every day for a week.

Jack - (Rebarrassed) Well, she, you know I've been asking you

(She glances at Jack.)

the prom with Jack.

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Where's Miss Mason?

Sue - (Laughing and secretly pleased) Cut it out, inferno.

(Jack remains at table looking glum.)

All - (Repetit) Hello to our leading lady, Sue the show!

Sam - Hello to our leading lady, Sue the show!

positions for awhile.)

Jack, turn toward G. Good-naturedly waving arms and smiling

(Jane takes wraps and places them on chair, H. All, except

Sue - (To Jane) Say, just park these things for me, will you?

attractive and very self-possessed.)

(She enters G. with her shadow and slave, Jane. She is

Bill - Right here I say, "Patience, good Katherine--"

(Bill sits on chair back and Heleen sees him in chair, R.)

the master of English."

Heleen - (Quoting teacher) Why, Bill, "you know Shakespeare is

written his stuff in English.

Bill - (Turning pages) Right here. I wish Shakespeare had

Sue - (Indignantly) And I've said "No" every day for a week. I wouldn't go to the prom with you now if...(She gives Jack's sandwich a hard push which sends it sky high.) Grow up, little boy, grow up.

(All laugh at Jack's expense, but suddenly he flies into action. He seizes Sue by the shoulders, and to her complete amazement, gives her a good shaking.)

Jack - You may not have any respect for me, but you might have a little for good, clean food my mother prepared for me. You insignificant, conceited, high-hat, flat tire. You...you... Pick it up!

(Stunned, Sue stoops to do so, while Jack gets a dust pan and brush which Mrs. Mulloney has left, L. She watches him with new respect dawning, but in his anger, he doesn't sense this. Sue changes her mind and throws dust pan on floor. Jack cleans up bread. As the coach enters C. unobserved, she catches a glimpse of Shakespeare and her face melts into a smile as she remembers the day she did the same thing, but she quickly hides her amusement as she advances downstage. All turn toward her guiltily. Good opportunity for pantomime here.)

Miss Mason - It really seems strange that you should show so little respect for a genius whom the whole world honors. We're working on one of his greatest plays, "The Taming of the Shrew," with the hope of gaining a greater appreciation for the better things in literature; and to think in this particular group which should be capable of finer impulses...(Crosses R.)

Sue - (Indignantly) And I've said "No" every day for a week.
I wouldn't go to the gym with you now if... (She gives Jack's
sandwich a hard push which sends it sky high.) Grow up, little
boy, grow up.

(All laugh at Jack's expense, but suddenly he flies into action.
He seizes Sue by the shoulders, and so her complete amazement,
gives her a good shaking.)

Jack - You may not have any respect for me, but you might have
a little for good, clean food my mother prepared for me. You
insolent, conceited, high-bag, fat time. You... you...

Pick it up!

(Stunned, Sue stops to do so, while Jack gets a dust pan and
brush which Mrs. Miloney has left, i. e. She watches him with
new respect dawning, but in his anger, he doesn't sense this.
She changes her mind and throws dust pan on floor. Jack cleans
up bread. As the coach enters C. unobserved, she catches a
glance of Shakespeare and her face melts into a smile as she
remembers the day she did the same thing, but she quickly
hides her amusement as she advances downstage. All turn
toward her guiltily. Good opportunity for pantomime here.)

Miss Mason - It really seems strange that you should show so
little respect for a genius whom the whole world honors. We're
working on one of his greatest plays, "The Tempest of the Snow,"
with the hope of gaining a greater appreciation for the better
things in literature; and to think in this particular group
which should be capable of finer impulses... (Crosses

Indignantly R.)

Sam - (Patiently) Aw, Miss Mason, I didn't mean any harm. They told me not to but I...I just did it for fun.

Miss Mason - (Sternly) For fun!

Sam - (With more courage) Honest, now, don't you think he looks a little more human in my things? See how my hat sets him off...

(Miss Mason, in spite of herself, smiles slightly.)

Miss Mason - Maybe, Sam, but take your things off him and please don't do it again. (Sam obeys) You don't seem to realize that it's not just a common statue but that it represents the very finest the world has ever known in drama.

Sam - (Impressed) It'll never happen again, Miss Mason.

(Jessie enters R.)

Jessie - (With assurance) Miss Mason, may I speak to the cast a moment?

Miss Mason - If it's important, Jessie.

Jessie - (Addressing students) Now, see here, everybody! How about returns for your tickets? Not one of you has turned in a nickel. We have expenses to....

Joe - (Teasingly) Well, I've sold one.

Jessie - (Indignantly) One? One? Do you know how much it costs to provide Shakespearean costumes to deck you out in? Do you know...

Sam - (Trying to pacify her) Say, we're working at rehearsals, aren't we?

Jessie - (Quickly) Yes, you're having a good time at rehearsals. You have the fun of being in the limelight and...

Sam - (Patently) Aw, Miss Mason, I didn't mean any harm.

They told me not to but I... I just did it for fun.

Miss Mason - (Asterly) For fun!

Sam - (With more courage) Honest, now, don't you think he looks a little more human in my things? See how my hat sets him off...

(Miss Mason, in spite of herself, smiles slightly.)

Miss Mason - Maybe, Sam, but take your things off him and please don't do it again. (Sam obeys) You don't seem to

realize that it's not just a common statue but that it represents the very finest the world has ever known in drama.

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a nickel. We have expenses to...

Joe - (Teasingly) Well, I've sold one.

Jessie - (Indignantly) One? One? Do you know how much it

costs to provide Shakespearean costumes to deck you out in?

Do you know...

Sam - (Trying to pacify her) Say, we're working at rehearsals,

aren't we?

Jessie - (Quickly) Yes, you're having a good time at rehearsal.

But you have the fun of being in the limelight and...

Bill - (Soothingly) Now, Jessie, don't get excited. They're just kidding you. Sure, we're going to sell tickets. We'll bring in the dough tomorrow.

Jessie - Well, then, see that you do. I'm collecting tomorrow. (Turning to Miss Mason) Thank you, Miss Mason. (Exits R.)

Miss Mason - (R.) Now we'll start with the first scene.

What's happening, Jane?

Jane - (Who has been chatting, is a bit confused) The scene is a hall in Baptista's house in Padua. Baptista, Katharine's father, and Petruchio are discussing Katharine.

Miss Mason - Yes. Now make the most of every line. Positions. (All leave R. except Sue, Jack and Sam.) Be ready for entrances, everybody. Prompter, you stand down to the right. (She goes R. with Prompter.)

Jack - (Coldly) If you'd be kind enough to remove yourself, Sue, we'd like to begin.

Sue - Oh, really! (Bowing in mockery.) Barrymore has the stage. (Moves R.)

Miss Mason - Ready. (Jack goes L. of C., Sam about C., takes position for first lines. A timid knock is heard at the door.) Come in.

(After a pause another knock is heard. Bill opens the door C. and reveals Ruth with arms filled with costumes.)

Ruth - (Advancing down C.) Pardon me. I'm sorry to interrupt the rehearsal, but.....

Miss Mason - We're accustomed to being interrupted, Ruth. What is it?

Ell - (Soothingly) Now, Jessie, don't get excited. They're
just kidding you. Sure, we're going to sell tickets. We'll
bring in the dough tomorrow.
Jessie - Well, then, see that you do. I'm collecting tomorrow.
(Turning to Miss Mason) Thank you, Miss Mason. (Exit R.)
Miss Mason - (R.) Now we'll start with the first scene.
What's happening, Jane?
Jane - (Who has been chatting, is a bit confused) The scene is
a ball in Baptista's house in Padua. Baptista, Katherine's
father, and Petruchio are discussing Katherine.
Miss Mason - Yes. Now make the most of every line. Positions.
(All leave R. except Sue, Jack and Sam.) Be ready for an-
trances, everybody. Prompter, you stand down to the right.
(Sue goes R. with Prompter.)
Jack - (Coldly) If you'd be kind enough to remove yourself,
Sue, we'd like to begin.
Sue - Oh, really! (Bowing in mockery.) But you're the
stage. (Moves R.)
Miss Mason - Ready. (Jack goes L. of C., Sam about C., takes
position for first lines. A timid knock is heard at the door.)
Come in.
(After a pause another knock is heard. Ell opens the door C.
and reveals Ruth with arms filled with costumes.)
Ruth - (Advancing down C.) Pardon me. I'm sorry to interrupt
the rehearsal, but....
Miss Mason - We're accustomed to being interrupted, Ruth.
What is it?

Ruth - Before we can finish these costumes tomorrow in sewing class, Miss Foster wants to make sure they fit, so if....if....
(Group returns.)

Miss Mason - (A bit wearily) Of course, of course, The girls will be glad to try them on. Have you found anything for the boys?

Ruth - Yes, we borrowed some from the Guild Theatre. They're outside in a box and we'd like to know if they're all right.

Miss Mason - That's splendid. Bring them in. (Boys get costumes.) Try on your things. Perhaps we'll wear them during rehearsal. (Miss Mason is standing C. with Ruth, boxes of costumes between them on chair. Students about, interested in costumes. Miss Mason picks up costume on top. Examining it.) This must be Baptista's. Here, Sam.

Sam - (With open disgust) Do I have to wear that, Miss Mason?

Miss Mason - (Reproveingly) Sam, please remember the girls have worked hard making these costumes for you.

Sam - (Dejectedly) Do I put it on over my clothes?

Miss Mason - No, no, Sam. Go into the dressing room, and dress properly.

Ruth - (Sorting costumes) Here's Katharine's. I do hope you like it, Sue.

Sue - (Brightening) Oh, it's lovely, Ruth. (She exits R. with costume.)

Sam - (Coming in L. with coat) Miss Mason, does this fasten back or front?

(All laugh)

Ruth - Before we can finish these costumes tomorrow in sewing class, Miss Foster wants to make sure they fit, so if.....

(Group returns.)

Miss Mason - (A bit wearily) Of course, of course. The girls will be glad to try them on. Have you found anything for the boys?

Ruth - Yes, we borrowed some from the Guild Theatre. They're outside in a box and we'd like to know if they're all right.

Miss Mason - That's splendid. Bring them in. (Rings get costumes.) Try on your things. Perhaps we'll wear them during rehearsal. (Miss Mason is standing C. with Ruth, boxes of costumes between them on chair. Students about, interested in costumes. Miss Mason picks up costume on top. Examining it.) This must be Baptista's. Here, Sam.

Sam - (With open disgust) Do I have to wear that, Miss Mason?

Miss Mason - (Reproachfully) Sam, please remember the girls have worked hard making these costumes for you.

Sam - (Dejectedly) Do I put it on over my clothes?

Miss Mason - No, no, Sam. Go into the dressing room, and dress properly.

Ruth - (Sorting costumes) Here's Katharina's. I do hope you like it, Sue.

Sue - (Brightening) Oh, it's lovely, Ruth. (She exits R. with costume.)

Sam - (Coming in L. with coat) Miss Mason, does this fasten

back or front?

(All laugh)

Miss Mason - In front, of course. (Sam exits L.)

Ruth - Bianca's isn't quite finished. The neck isn't just right.

Jane - (Coming to C.) Oh, let me see it. I'm crazy to try it on. (Runs R. with Sue.)

Ruth - (Busily engaged with costumes) Where's Petruchio?

Miss Mason, is this feather on the right side? (She tries hat on her own head for inspection.)

Bill - No, the left.

Miss Mason - Yes, it might droop a bit more. Here, Jack, hurry up.

Jack - (Coming forward, stops short when he sees what they have for him. He thrusts his hands in his pockets, looks skyward, and emits a long whistle.)

Joe - Snap out of it, Jack. If Walter Hampden can wear them, I guess they're good enough for you.

Jack - (Taking costume) Dry up, will you? (Joins Sam.)

Miss Mason - Now, Grumio. Here you are, Joe.

Joe - (Who has been enjoying situation with others, is stunned with own costume, holds it up) But, but....

Jack - (Calling from door) Oh, if it's good enough for Walter Hampden....

(Joe throws book at Jack who dodges and book hits Sam.)

Sam - Say, cut it out.

Miss Mason - Hurry up, boys.

Ruth - (Shaking out costume for Hortensio) Here you are, Bill.

Bill - (Holding costume before him stalks toward L.) Prepare

Bill - (Holding costume before him starts toward J.) Prepare
Huth - (Shaking out costume for Mortenslo) Here you are, Bill.
Miss Mason - Hurry up, boys.
Sam - Say, cut it out.
(Joe throws back at Jack who dodges and back hits Sam.)
Walter Hamden...
Jack - (Calling from door) Oh, it's good enough for
with own costume, holds it up) But, but...
Joe - (Who has been enjoying situation with others, is stunned
Miss Mason - Now, Bruno. Here you are, Joe.
Jack - (Taking costume) Try up, will you? (Joins Sam.)
I guess they're good enough for you.
Joe - Snap out of it, Jack. If Walter Hamden can wear them,
alward, and emit a long whistle.)
have for him. He thrusts his hands in his pockets, looks
Jack - (Coming forward, stops short when he sees what they
hurry up.
Miss Mason - Yes, it might drop a bit more. Here, Jack,
Bill - No, the left.
on her own head for inspection.)
Miss Mason, is this feather on the right side? (She tries hat
Huth - (Easily engaged with costumes) Where's petticoat?
on. (Runs R. with Sue.)
Jane - (Coming to C.) Oh, let me see it. I'm crazy to try it
right.
Huth - Mason's hat's quite finished. The neck isn't just
Miss Mason - In front, of course. (Sam exits L.)

for death and follow me.

Miss Mason - Thank you, Ruth. Now, will you go out front to get effects and we'll begin.

(Enter Mr. Hamilton, music instructor, with Betty and Anna. Greetings exchanged.)

Mr. Hamilton - I realize your time is precious, Miss Mason, but we'd like to use this piano once before Betty sings her solo at the assembly tomorrow; it will only take a minute.

Miss Mason - (With a sigh) All right, go ahead.

(While the piano is being opened, Mrs. Mulloney comes in.)

Mrs. Mulloney - (To herself) Now, I'd like to be knowin' when a body's goin' to git a chance to clean with people a-comin' and a-goin' all day long.

Miss Mason - Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Mulloney. Anything wrong?

Mrs. Mulloney - Well, Miss, I was just a-wonderin' when you'd be through with this stage.

Miss Mason - We'll be only a little while longer, Mrs. Mulloney, say, four o'clock? Will that give you time? It's a shame to interrupt your work. (Trying to pacify her.) Now, don't forget, Mrs. Mulloney, we want you to see our play. I'm saving some tickets for you.

Mrs. Mulloney - (Beaming) Oh, thank you, Miss. I always do like to see your plays. I been peeking through the crack. Don't you be worryin' about gittin' through. There's plenty of toime, plenty of toime. (Exits L.)

Mr. Hamilton - (Near piano) Ready, Miss Betty. Now, please

Mr. Hamilton - (Near piano) Ready, Miss Betty. Now, please
of some, plenty of some. (Exit I.)
Don't you be worryin' about sittin' through. There's plenty
like to see your plays. I been peeking through the cracks.
Mrs. Mullooney - (Beaming) Oh, thank you, Miss. I always do
saving some tickets for you.
don't forget, Mrs. Mullooney, we want you to see our play. I'm
a shame to interrupt your work. (Trying to pacify her.) Now,
Mullooney, say, four o'clock? Will that give you time? Let's
Miss Mason - We'll be only a little while longer, Mrs.
be through with this stage.
Mrs. Mullooney - Well, Miss, I was just a-wonderin' when you'd
wrong?
Miss Mason - Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Mullooney. Anything
and a-goin' all day long.
a body's goin' to get a chance to clean with people a-again;
Mrs. Mullooney - (To herself) Now, I'd like to be knowin' when
(While the piano is being opened, Mrs. Mullooney comes in.)
Miss Mason - (With a sigh) All right, go ahead.
solo at the assembly tomorrow; it will only take a minute.
but we'd like to use this piano once before Betty sings her
Mrs. Hamilton - I realize your time is precious, Miss Mason,
(Greetings exchanged.)
(Enter Mr. Hamilton, make introduction, with Betty and Anne.
get effects and we'll begin.
Miss Mason - Thank you, Ruth. Now, will you go out front to
for death and follow me.

remember, make it smooth and hold the high notes.

Betty - Where shall I stand, Mr. Hamilton?

Mr. Hamilton - (Motioning C.) About there. (Betty goes C.)

Tomorrow, when I introduce you, I'll probably tell the students a little about the composer McDowell, and how he felt that his composition "To a Wild Rose" was of no value, of how his wife rescued it, etc. Now, Miss Anna, play softly, please. (Mr. Hamilton beats time while Betty sings. After solo.) Try that over again tonight and work on your diction, please. Thank you, Miss Mason.

(Mr. Hamilton, Betty, and Anna exit R. As the solo is finished, the actors, in costume, chat gaily. The coach examines them, commenting and giving directions to Ruth.)

Sue - (Feeling very grand in her attractive costume, fluttering down C. To Jane) How do I look?

Sam - (Interrupting the devoted Jane) Ready for the Barnum and Bailey circus.

Sue - (Turning upon him hotly) No one asked your opinion. Mind your own business.

Jack - To think I've got to play opposite such a freak. (He turns away in disgust.)

Sue - (Angrily) I suppose you think you're an Apollo, you poor boob. H'm, (she turns away from him) to think I've got to play opposite that simpleton.

Jack - (Scornfully) I'm glad I'm not going to drag you around at the Junior Prom!

Sue - (Angrily) Not so glad as I am.

remember, make it smooth and hold the high notes.

Betty - Where shall I stand, Mr. Hamilton?

Mr. Hamilton - (Motioning C.) About there. (Betty goes C.)

Tomorrow, when I introduce you, I'll probably tell the students a little about the composer McDowell, and how he felt that his composition "To a Wild Rose" was of no value, or how his wife resented it, etc. Now, Miss Anna, play softly, please. (Mr. Hamilton beats time while Betty sings. After solo.) Try that over again tonight and work on your diction, please. Thank you, Miss Mason.

(Mr. Hamilton, Betty, and Anna exit R. As the solo is finished, the actors, in costume, enter softly. The coach examines them, commenting and giving directions to Ruth.)
Rue - (Feeling very grand in her attractive costume, flustered down C. To Jane) How do I look?

Jane - (Interrupting the devoted Jane) Ready for the program and Bailey circus.

Rue - (Turning upon him softly) No one asked your opinion. Mind your own business.

Jack - To think I've got to play opposite such a freak. (He turns away in disgust.)

Rue - (Angrily) I suppose you think you're an Apollo, you poor boob. H'm, (she turns away from him) to think I've got to play opposite that simperton.

Jack - (Sardonically) I'm glad I'm not going to drag you around at the Junior Prom!

Rue - (Angrily) Not so glad as I am.

Miss Mason - (At R.) Now, all ready for this scene.
Baptista, down left. Petruchio, center. Remember this is a
 room in Baptista's home and Petruchio has come to woo
Katharine, the Shrew. Ready.

(Rehearsal starts)

Baptista - Thus, have I 'gainst my own self-interest,
 Repeated all the worst you're to expect
 From my shrewd daughter Katharine.

Miss Mason - (From side) More dignity. Remember, you're a
 man of middle age.

Baptista - (Continuing)

If you'll venture
 In spite of my plain and honest declaration,
 You have my free consent,--
 Win her and wed her.

Petruchio - (R. C.)

Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me--
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
 You knew him well, and, knowing him know me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreased;
 And I have thrust myself into the world
 Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may.
 My business asketh haste, old Signior,
 And every day I cannot come to woo;
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Miss Mason - (At R.) Now, all ready for this scene.
Baptista, down left. Petronio, center. Remember this is a
room in Baptista's home and Petronio has come to woo
Katharine, the Shrew. Ready.

(Rehearsal starts)

Baptista - Thus, have I gained my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you're to expect
From my shrewd daughter Katharine.
Miss Mason - (From side) More dignify. Remember, you're a
man of middle age.

Baptista - (Continuing)

If you'll venture
In spite of my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent,--
Win her and wed her.

Petronio - (R. C.)

Singular Baptista, thus it stands with me--
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
You knew him well, and, knowing him know me,
Let solely him to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased;
And I have thrust myself into the world
Haply to live and thrive, as best I may.
My business another master, old Silyer,
And every day I cannot come to woo;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Baptista - Yes, when the special thing is well obtained,
My daughter's love; for that is all in all.

Petruchio - Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I'm as peremptory as she is proud-minded--

Miss Mason - (Interrupting) I don't believe it. (Laughing)
Are you seriously ill today? No? Then don't act like a dish
rag. Let your eyes, your whole face, express the part.

Petruchio - (Aroused to better work)

And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury
Though little fires grow great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Baptista - And will you woo her, sir?

Petruchio - Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Miss Mason - (In low tone) Speed up! Speed up!

Petruchio - Have I not in the pitched battle heard

Loud Alarums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush!

Baglata - Yes, when the special thing is well obtained,

My daughter's love; for that is all in all.

Petrushko - Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, Father,

I'm as generous as she is proud-minded--

Miss Mason - (Interestedly) I don't believe it. (Laughing)

Are you seriously ill today? No? Then don't act like a dolt

too. Let your eyes, your whole face, express the part.

Petrushko - (Assured to better work)

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury

Though little fires grow great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Baglata - And will you woo her, sir?

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And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Miss Mason - (In low tone) Speed up! Speed up!

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loud alarms, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?

And do tell me of a woman's tongue

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Truth, truth!

Baptista - Then thou'rt the man.

The man for Katharine and her father too;

That shall she know, and know my mind at once.

I'll portion her above her gentler sister

(He hesitates and is prompted by Helen.)

New married to Hortensio;

And if with scurril taunt and squeamish pride,

She make a mouth and will not taste her fortune,

(He pauses again and is prompted.)

I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world;

Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.

Petruchio - Say'st thou me so?

Then, as your daughter, Signior,

Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

Be she as curs'd as Socrates' Xantippe,

She moves me not a whit;

Were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas,

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

(Katharine and the Music Master, any male voice, in fright,
make a noise without.)

Music Master - (Off stage) Help! Help!

Katharine - (Off stage) Out of the house, you scraping fool!

Petruchio - What noise is that?

Baptista - Oh, nothing. This is nothing;

My daughter, Katharine, and her music master;

My daughter, Katherine, and her music master;

Baglata - Oh, nothing. This is nothing;

Petruchio - What noise is that?

Katherine - (Off stage) Out of the house, you serving fool!

Music Master - (Off stage) Help! Help!

(make a noise without.)

(Katherine and the Music Master, any male voice, in flight,

if wealthy, then happily in Padua.

I come to wife it wealthy in Padua;

As are the swelling Adriatic seas,

Were she as rough

She moves me not a whit;

So she as sturdy as Hercules' Xanthippe,

Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

Then, as your daughter, signior,

Petruchio - Say'st thou me so?

Not honest-forth shall she know her father's doors.

I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world;

(He passes again and is prompted.)

She make a month and will not taste her fortune,

And it with scornful taunt and scornish pride,

Now married to Hortensio;

(He passes and is prompted by Helen.)

I'll portion her above her gentler sister

That shall she know, and know my mind at once.

The man for Katherine and her father too;

Baglata - Then thou'rt the man.

This is a third I've had within this month,

She is an enemy to harmony;

Do you flinch?

Shall I send my daughter, Kate, to you?

(If desired, Master may enter with forehead bleeding, and broken lute in his hand. Runs out L.)

Petruchio - I pray you do. I will attend her here. (Exit Baptista, R.)

Miss Mason - Baptista, please study your lines.

Petruchio - Since that her father is so resolute

I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew.

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

Katharine - (Off stage, R.) Sir,- Father, - surely....

Baptista - (Off stage, R.) Hence, Kate! Ne'er tell me.

Petruchio - O, here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

(Enter Katharine, R.)

Katharine - How? Turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house?

Reduc'd to this or none? The maid's last prayer?

Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake?

Miss Mason - Let your voice express more scorn.

Miss Mason - Let your voice express more soon.
Sent to be would like hear unto the state?
Katherine - How? Turn'd adult, not know my father's house?
(Enter Katherine, R.)
Petruchio - O, here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.
Baptista - (Off stage, R.) Hence, Kate! Never tell me.
Katherine - (Off stage, R.) Sir, - Father, - surely....
When I shall ask the name, and when he married.
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
Say that she trow, I'll say she looks as clear
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain,
I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Petruchio - Since that her father is so resolute
Miss Mason - Baptista, please study your lines.
Baptista, R.)
Petruchio - I pray you do. I will attend her home. (Exit
broken into his hand. Runs out R.)
(If desired, Master may enter with forehead bleeding, and
shall I send my daughter, Kate, to you?
Do you think?
She is an enemy to harmony.
This is a thing I've had within this month.

Katharine - Trim wooing like to be! (She looks around) And
 he the bear;

For I shall bait him. Yet the man's a man.

Petruchio - You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Curst;
 But Kate - the prettiest - Kate in Christendom -
 And I myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katharine - Mov'd in good time! Let him that mov'd you
 hither,
 Remove you hence; I knew you are the first -
 You were a moveable.

Petruchio - A moveable! Why, what's that?

Katharine - A joint stool.

Petruchio - Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me. (He kneels,
 offering his left knee. Katharine moves away in wrath.
 Petruchio follows her, L.) Come, come, you wasp; i' faith,
 you are too angry.

Katharine - If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio - My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Katharine - Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Petruchio - The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet Kate.

Katharine - 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Petruchio - That will I try.

(He offers to kiss her. She strikes him. Sue enjoys this.)

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.

Katharine - How can I help it when I see that face?

Katharine - Trim wooling like to be! (She looks around) And

in the door;

For I shall bait him. Yet she can't a man.

Petruchio - You lie, in faith; for you are call'd again Kate.

And honey Kate, and sometimes Kate the Curst;

But Kate - the prettiest - Kate in Christendom -

And I myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katharine - Now's in good time! Let him that mov'd you

hither,

Remove you hence; I know you are the first -

You were a moveable.

Petruchio - A moveable! Why, what's that?

Katharine - A joint stool.

Petruchio - Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me. (He kneels,

offering his left knee. Katharine moves away in wrath.

Petruchio follows her, i. e. Come, come, you wench; I' faith,

you are too angry.

Katharine - If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio - My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Katharine - Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Petruchio - The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet Kate.

Katharine - 'Tis not for doctors to taste.

Petruchio - That will I try.

(She offers to kiss her. She strikes him. She enjoys this.)

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.

Katharine - How can I help it when I see that face?

But I'll be shocked no longer with the sight. (Going R.)

Petruchio - Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Katharine - I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Petruchio - No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen;

But now I find report a very liar. (She frowns.)

Thou canst not frown, (She looks askance)

Thou canst not look askance, (She bites her lip.)

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Katharine - This is beyond all patience. (She walks across the stage to and fro.) Don't provoke me!

Petruchio - Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O, slanderous world!

Kate, like the hazel twig,

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Thou dost not limp - so, let me see thee walk.

Walk, walk, walk.

(Katharine steps suddenly L. Sue says all these lines with double meaning. Jack is impressed by her good acting.)

Katharine - Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

(Jack plays up to Sue's interpretation.)

Petruchio - My Kate, in plain terms. Your father has consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry's 'greed on;

But I'll be shocked no longer with the sight. (Going H.)

Petrushko - Hey, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Katherine - I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Petrushko - No, not a whit; I find you pressing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen;

But now I find report a very liar. (She throws.)

Thou canst not frown, (She looks askance)

Thou canst not look askance, (She bites her lip.)

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Katherine - This is beyond all patience. (She walks across

the stage to and fro.) Don't provoke me!

Petrushko - Why does the world report that Kate hath limps?

O, slenderous world!

Kate, like the hazel twig,

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Thou dost not limp - no, let me see thee walk.

Walk, walk, walk.

(Katherine stops suddenly. She says all these lines with

double meaning. Jack is impressed by her good acting.)

Katherine - Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

(Jack plays up to Kate's interpretation.)

Petrushko - My Kate, in plain terms. Your father has

consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry's agreed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Katharine - Whether I will or no? O, fortune's spite!

Petruchio - Nay, Kate, I'm a husband to your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty -

Thy beauty, that doth make me love thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he that's born to tame you, Kate.

Katharine - That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Petruchio - Here comes your father; never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Miss Mason - (Interrupting) A good beginning. Next time work for greater force and pick up your lines faster. Next scene.

(Enter Baptista, R.)

Baptista - (C.) Now, Signior, how speed you with my daughter?

Petruchio - (L.) How should I speed, but well, sir? How but well?

Prompter - (Thinks he is pausing for cue. Jack looks at her angrily) It were impossible -

Jack - Don't prompt me. I know my lines.

Prompter - All right, all right!

Petruchio - It were impossible I should speed a miss.

Baptista - Why, how now, daughter Katharine? In your dumps?

Katharine - (R.) Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you,

You have showed a tender fatherly regard

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.

Katherine - Whether I will or not? O, fortune's spite!

Petruchio - Nay, Kate, I'm a husband to your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty -

Thy beauty, that doth make me love thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he that's born to tame you, Kate.

Katherine - That will admit dispute, my sunny soon.

Petruchio - Here comes your father; never make denial;

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Miss Mason - (Interposing) A good beginning. Next time word

for greater force and pick up your lines faster. Next scene.

(Enter Baptista, W.)

Baptista - (C.) Now, signior, how speed you with my daughter?

Petruchio - (L.) How should I speed, but well, sir? How but

well?

Prompter - (Thinks he is passing for one. Jack looks at her

angrily) It were impossible -

Jack - Don't prompt me. I know my lines.

Prompter - All right, all right!

Petruchio - It were impossible I should speed a wife.

Baptista - Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dammy?

Katherine - (R.) Tell you me daughter? Now, I promise you,

You have showed a tender fatherly regard

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with odds to lose the matter out.

Baptista - Better this Jack than starve; and that's your portion.

Petruchio - Father, 'tis thus; yourself, and all the world

That talked of her, have talked amiss of her;

If she be curst, it is for policy;

And we 'greed so well together, we've fixed tomorrow

for the wedding day.

Katharine - I'll see thee hanged tomorrow first--tomorrow!

Baptista - Petruchio, hark; she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Petruchio - What's that to you?

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

Katharine - (Aside)

A plague upon his impudence!

I'm vexed; I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Petruchio - I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me.

(Jack has the advantage now, and enjoys the lines.)

Katharine - Oh!

Petruchio - Oh, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck.

Katharine - Oh!

Petruchio - And kiss on kiss.

Katharine - Oh! (And walks up and down the stage angrily.)

Petruchio - She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Give me thy hand, Kate. (Crosses R. C.)

Josephine - Better this than a divorce; and that's your

decision.

Josephine - Father, it's that; generally, and all the world

that talked of her, have talked since of her;

It was no secret, it was too public;

And we agreed so well together, we've lived together

for the wedding day.

Josephine - Will she then marry tomorrow first--for what?

Josephine - Certainly, father; she says she'll see then in a

minute.

Josephine - What's that to you?

Josephine - And she's so pleased, what's that to you?

Josephine - (aside)

A picture upon his imagination!

She's ready; I'll marry my revenge, but I will come late.

Josephine - I tell you, it's impossible to believe

how much she loves me.

(Look at the advantage now, and enjoy the chance.)

Josephine - Oh!

Josephine - Oh, the kindness!

She must love me.

Josephine - Oh!

Josephine - And this is what

Josephine - Oh! and what's up and down the state exactly.

Josephine - She's not so kind, protesting with an oath.

It is in a twinkling she won me to her love.

She's not so kind, protesting with an oath.

I will now away,

To buy apparel for my gentle bride.

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Baptista - What doest thou say, my Katharine? Give thy hand?

Katharine - Never to man shall Katharine give her hand;

Here 'tis - let him take it, an he dare.

Petruchio - Were it the fore foot of an angry bear, I'd
shake it off;

But as it's Kate's, I kiss it.

Sue - Don't be a fool. (Aside, snatching her hand away.)

Baptista - Heaven send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.

Petruchio - Father and wife, adieu! I must away

Unto my country house and stir my grooms,

Scour off their country rust and make 'em fine

For the reception of my Katharine. (Crosses L.)

We will have rings and things and fine array -

Tomorrow, Kate, shall be our wedding day.

(Exit Petruchio L.)

Baptista - I will send to invite my son-in-law, Hortensio,
and thy sister,

And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.

(Exit Baptista, L.)

Katharine - Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see

The poor abandoned Katharine, as she calls me,

Can make her husband stoop unto her lure,

And hold her head as high and be as proud

As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.

As she, or else a wife in Padua.
 And hold her head as high and be as proud
 Can make her husband stoop under her feet.
 The poor abandoned Katharine, as she calls me.
 Katharine - Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see
 (Exit Katharine, L.)
 And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.
 and thy sister,
 Baptista - I will send to invite my son-in-law, Hortensio.
 (Exit Hortensio L.)
 Tomorrow, Kate, shall be our wedding day.
 We will have rings and things and fine array -
 For the reception of my Katharine. (Crosses L.)
 Scorn off their country rust and make 'em fine
 Into my country house and stir my fire.
 Petruchio - Father and wife, adieu! I must away
 Baptista - Heaven send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.
 See - Don't be a fool. (Aside, sweetening her hand away.)
 But as it's Kate's, I kiss it.
 Shake it off;
 Petruchio - Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear, I'd
 Here 'tis - let him take it, an he dare.
 Katharine - Never to man shall Katharine give her hand;
 Baptista - What dost thou say, my Katharine? Give thy hand?
 Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.
 To buy apparel for my gentle bride.
 I will now away.

As double as my portion be my scorn!

Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.

Katharine shall tame this haggard; or, if she fails

Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

(Exit Katharine R.)

Miss Mason - Not too bad. Be sure to make yourself heard.

(Speaks to Ruth at R.)

Sue - (Down C. to herself) Darn it, I'll show Jack he can't treat me this way. He's unbearable. (Exits R.)

Miss Mason - Ready for Act Two. (Actors troop in chatting.)
What's the situation, Joe? Joe.

Joe - (Confused) This is the place where the girls get a swell chance to wear their wedding dresses. The scene is the same. Baptista, Katharine, Bianca, and Hortensio are waiting for the groom who is holding up the party.

Miss Mason - Show that you really feel what you're supposed to feel, and act so that the audience will have the same feeling you have. Sue, put on your veil to suggest the wedding.
Ready. (Sits R.)

Baptista - Signior Hortensio, this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married;

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What says Hortensio to this shame of ours?

Katharine - No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, appos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

As double as my portion by my account!
Look to your seat, Petronio, or I throw you.
Katherine shall have this regard; or, if she fails
Still the her tongue up, and gave down her nails.

(Exit Katherine R.)

Miss Mason - Not too bad. Be sure to make yourself heard.

(Speaks to Ruth at R.)

Eve - (Down C. to herself) Darn it, I'll show Jack he can't

treat me this way. He's unbearable. (Exit R.)

Miss Mason - Ready for Act Two. (Actors troop in chatting.)

What's the situation, Joe? Joe.

Joe - (Continued) This is the place where the girls get a
well chance to wear their wedding dresses. The scene is the
same. Baptista, Katherine, Bianca, and Hortensio are waiting
for the groom who is holding up the party.

Miss Mason - Show that you really feel what you're supposed to
feel, and not so that the audience will have the same feeling
you have. Eve, put on your veil to suggest the wedding.

Ready. (Sits R.)

Baptista - Signior Hortensio, this is the 'pointed day,

That Katherine and Petronio should be married;

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What says Hortensio to this shame of ours?

Katherine - No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be true;

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rhymer, full of spleen,

Who would in haste and means to wed at leisure.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, "Lo! There is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!"

Bianca - Such hasty matches seldom end in good,

But, sister, you but jest.

Katharine - (Grips Bianca's wrist making her cry out with pain
 and fall to knees)

If that be jest, then all the rest were so.

Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

(Exit Katharine)

Mrs. Mulloney - (Rushing in L., thinking that Jane is really
 hurt, she picks her up) By gorry, you're hurt. I'll take you
 to the nurse.

(Jane struggles)

Jane - Thank you, Mrs. Mulloney, I'm all right. I was just
 rehearsing my part.

Mrs. Mulloney - (Her arms akimbo as she wags her head) Holy
 Saints! (Exits L.)

(Everyone has a good laugh over Bianca.)

Miss Mason - Petruchio and Grumio, are you ready? Let's go on.
 Here's where you practice cracking your whips.

(If desired, Coach goes into the audience to observe positions,
 voices, etc., or she can direct from R. of stage. Petruchio is
 heard cracking his whip.)

Petruchio - (Off stage) Holla, holla!

Baptista - I'm glad he's come howsoe'er he comes.

(Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited, L. This

Now must the world point at poor Katharine.
 And say, "For there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!"
 Bianca - Such hasty matches seldom end in good,
 But, sister, you but jest.
 Katharine - (Grips Bianca's wrist making her cry out with pain
 and fall to knees)
 If that be jest, then all the rest were so.
 Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madness.
 (Exit Katharine)
 Mrs. Maloney - (Rushing in I., thinking that Jane is really
 hurt, she picks her up) By George, you're hurt. I'll take you
 to the nurse.
 (Jane struggles)
 Jane - Thank you, Mrs. Maloney, I'm all right. I was just
 repeating my part.
 Mrs. Maloney - (Her arms akimbo as she wags her head) Holy
 Babes! (Exits I.)
 (Everyone has a good laugh over Bianca.)
 Miss Mason - Petruchio and Grindley, are you ready? Let's go on.
 Here's where you practice cracking your whips.
 (If desired, Coach goes into the audience to observe positions,
 voices, etc., or she can direct from B. of stage. Petruchio is
 heard cracking his whip.)
 Petruchio - (Off stage) Hollo, hollo!
 Baptista - I'm glad he's come however; he comes.
 (Enter Petruchio and Grindley fantastically habited, I. This

should be very ridiculous. They cross over to R. and back to L. snapping their whips.)

Petruchio - Hoa! Where be these gallants? Who's at home?

Baptista - You are welcome, sir.

Petruchio - Well am I come, then, sir.

Baptista - Not so well appareled

As I wish you were.

Petruchio - (R.)

Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? - Gentles, methinks you frown.

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy.

Baptista - Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day;

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you have come so unprovided.

Fie! Doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Hortensio - (R. C.)

And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detained you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petruchio - Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

should be very ridiculous. They cross over to R. and back to
L. snapping their whips.)

Petrushko - Host! Where be these galleons? Who's at home?

Baptista - You are welcome, sir.

Petrushko - Well am I come, then, sir.

Baptista - Not so well appeared

As I wish you were.

Petrushko - (R.)

Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely child?

How does my father? Gentles, no thanks you know.

And wheretoe gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy.

Baptista - Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day;

That were we had, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you have come so unprovided.

Fie! Doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Hortensio - (R. C.)

And tell me what occasion of import

Hath all so long detained you from your wife;

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petrushko - Factions it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Hortensio - See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio - Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Baptista - But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio - Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

But what a fool am I to chat with you.

When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with the loving kiss!

What, ho! my Kate! My Kate! (He crosses, C., cracking his whip.)

Grumio - What, ho! Why Kate, why Kate!

(Petruchio turns, cuts him, goes off, R. Grumio rubs his legs and limps off after him.)

Hortensio - He hath some meaning in this mad attire.

Baptista - Let's after him, and see the event of this.

(Exeunt, R.)

(A pause, then enter Grumio, R.)

Grumio - He's gone swearing to the church with her. I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can hold it 'tis well. And if I know anything of myself and my master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women. When madam goes home, we must look for another guise-master than we have had. If I can spy into the futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables and some practice for the surgeons. By this, the parson has given them his license to

Hortensia - See not your bride in these unceremonious robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio - Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Katharine - But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio - Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with

words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

But what a fool am I to chat with you.

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with the loving kiss!

What, no! my Kate! My Kate! (He crosses, B., crying)

his whip.)

Grumio - What, no! Why Kate, why Kate!

(Petruchio turns, cuts him, goes off, B. Grumio rubs his legs

and limps off after him.)

Hortensia - He hath some meaning in this mad estate.

Katharine - Let's alter him, and see the event of this.

(Exeunt, B.)

(A pause, then enter Grumio, B.)

Grumio - He's gone swearing to the church with her. I would

sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can hold it this

well. And if I know anything of myself and my master, no two

men were ever born with such qualities to fawn women. When

madam goes home, we must look for another glass-mender than we

have had. If I can spy into the lady's little, there will

be much chatter among the novelists and some practices for the

surgons. By this, the parson has given them his license to

fall together by the ears.

Miss Mason - (To Joe) Joe, I'm not at all satisfied with your work. You play to the audience too much. We'll try it again.

(Enter Tom carrying spotlight, cords, etc. He realizes he is interrupting and tries to explain, but stutters so that it is all quite hopeless. Grumio, disgusted at interruption, exits L. C.)

Tom - (Advancing apologetically, down C.) p-p-p-pardon me, Miss Mason, but I-I-I- had a chance to borrow these l-l-lights and I-I-I- wanted to know if...if...

Miss Mason - (Patiently) Yes, Tom, I think they're splendid. You may leave them over there. (Points R.)

Tom - B-b-but, Miss Mason, I gotta take 'em back.

Miss Mason - Well, all right then, Tom, take them back.

Tom - Th-th-thank you. I-I-I want to-to try them out and-and..

Miss Mason - (Patiently) If you can work without interrupting the rehearsal, Tom. Be careful not to burn out a fuse.

(He goes to work on lights, R. Coach goes to show him about lights. Students enter. Jane arranging Sue's gown, L. Sue may appear in other dress here. Others chatter in groups.)

Jane - Oh, Sue, if you don't want to go with Jack, do you suppose he'd ask me?

Sue - If you went with that nit-wit, I'd never speak to you again.

Jane - But, Sue, you know he's President of the class and Bill said he and his partner would lead the grand march. I'd

fall together by the end.

Miss Mason - (To Joe) - Yes, I'm not at all satisfied with your work. You play to the audience too much. We'll try it again.

(Enter Tom carrying spotlight, cards, etc. He realizes he is interrupting and tries to explain, but settles to what it is all quite hopeless. Grunts, disgusted at interruption, exits.)

L. C.)

Tom - (Arriving apologetically, down C.) - p-p-pardon me, Miss Mason, but I-I-I had a chance to borrow those I-I-I-lights and I-I-I wanted to know if...if...

Miss Mason - (Pensively) - Yes, Tom, I think they're splendid.

You may leave them over there. (Points R.)

Tom - R-p-hur, Miss Mason, I gotta take 'em back.

Miss Mason - Well, all right then, Tom, take them back.

Tom - Th-th-thank you. I-I-I want to try them out and-and-

Miss Mason - (Pensively) - If you can work without interrupting

the rehearsal, Tom. Be careful not to burn out a fuse.

(He goes to work on lights, R. Coach goes to show him about

lights. Students enter. Jane rearranging Sue's gown, L. Sue

may appear in other dress here. Others chatter in groups.)

Jane - Oh, Sue, if you don't want to go with Jack, do you

suppose he'd ask me?

Sue - If you want with that old-wit, I'd never speak to you

again.

Jane - But, Sue, you know he's President of the class and

Bill said he and his partner would lead the grand march. I'd

love it.

Sue - He's nothing but a spoiled baby.

Jane - I know, Sue, you like the older fellows, but I think Jack's sort of sweet.

Sue - Sweet! (Walks away indignantly)

(Jane approaches Jack)

Jane - (Admiringly) Oh, Jack! I think you're perfectly wonderful in that scene.

Jack - Maybe (glancing at Sue who is within hearing) if I had you to work with I could really put it over.

Jane - (Pleased, but loyal to Sue) Oh, but Sue is grand.

Miss Mason - (Returning L.) Let's see. I want to run over that scene right after the tailor leaves. What's your position, Sue?

Sue - I think I'm under the table crying because Petruchio has driven the tailor away so roughly.

Miss Mason - That's right. Now take your positions for that. Sue, peek out from under the table. Petruchio, about center, please. I'm going down into the audience to test your voices. (Exits to appear in audience or she may sit R. with Prompter.)

Sue - (From under table and unheard by Miss Mason.) I'm sorry I spoiled your sandwich, Jack. I guess I am selfish, conceited, and everything you said.

Jack - You're telling me! (Raises whip threateningly.) Do you promise to behave yourself hereafter, young lady?

(Sue nods)

Miss Mason - Ready.

Miss Mason - Ready.

(Sue nods)

you promise to behave yourself nevertheless, young lady?

Jack - You're telling me! (Laughs with threateningly.) Do

conceded, and everything you said.

sorry I spoiled your sandwich, Jack. I guess I am satisfied.

Sue - (From under table and unheard by Miss Mason.) I'm

(Waits to appear in audience or she sits R., with prompter.)

please. I'm going down into the audience to test your voices.

Sue, peel out from under the table. Petrichio, about center,

Miss Mason - That's right. Now take your positions for that.

has driven the tailor away so roughly.

Sue - I think I'm under the table crying because Petrichio

position, Sue?

that scene right after the tailor leaves. What's your

Miss Mason - (Returning L.) Let's see. I want to run over

Jane - (Pleased, but loyal to Sue) Oh, but Sue is grand.

you to work with I could really put it over.

Jack - Maybe (glancing at Sue who is within hearing) if I had

wonderful in that scene.

Jane - (Admiringly) Oh, Jack! I think you're perfectly

(Jane approaches Jack)

Sue - Sweet! (Walks away indignantly)

Jack's sort of sweet.

Jane - I know, Sue, you like the older fellows, but I think

Sue - He's noising but a spoiled baby.

love it.

(Katharine still hidden behind table. Petruchio leads her forward.)

Katharine - For Heaven's sake, sir, have patience! How you fright me! (Crying)

Petruchio - Well, come, my Kate; we will now away,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house--

Go, call my men, and bring our horses out.

(Exit Grumio, L.)

(Lights go out amid general confusion.)

Miss Mason - (Imperatively) Stay just where you are, everybody, so that you won't fall over anything. Tom, get another fuse, can't you?

Tom - I'm s-s-s-sorry, M-M-Miss.....

Miss Mason - Never mind. Just get busy, please. Do you think you can do it?

(Lights flash on unexpectedly, catching Sue and Jack in friendly position. They are friends again. Bill is perched in his favorite position in back of chair; Sam is embracing Shakespeare; girls are on the floor, Helen sitting primly with prompt book in her hand.)

Jack - Miss Mason, I know my lines, and I wish the prompter'd leave me alone.

Miss Mason - (Smiling) All right, Helen, don't prompt, please, unless you know it's absolutely necessary. Now be sure to anticipate laughs, and pause for them. Ready.

(From this point, Sue and Jack enter into the spirit of the play.)

(Katherine still hidden behind table. Petruchio looks her
 forward.)
 Katherine - For Heaven's sake, sir, have patience! How you
 fright me! (Crying)
 Petruchio - Well, come, my love; we will not away,
 To teach and sport us at thy father's house--
 No, call my men, and bring our horses out.
 (Exit Grumio, L.)
 (Lights go out amid general confusion.)
 Mrs. Wrenn - (Impressively) Stay just where you are, every-
 body, so that you won't fall over anything. Don't get another
 rise, can't you?
 Tom - I'm a-a-a-sorry, M-M-Miss....
 Mrs. Wrenn - Never mind. Just get busy, please. Do you
 think you can do it?
 (Lights flash on unexpectedly, casting Sue and Jack in
 friendly position. They are friends again. Bill is perched
 in his favorite position in back of chair; Sam is embracing
 Shakespeare; girls are on the floor, Helen sitting primly
 with novel book in her hand.)
 Jack - Miss Wrenn, I know my lines, and I shall the program's
 leave me alone.
 Mrs. Wrenn - (Selling) All right, Helen, don't prompt, please
 unless you know it's absolutely necessary. Now be sure to
 anticipate laughs, and pause for them. Ready.
 (From this point, Sue and Jack enter into the spirit of the
 play.)

Katharine - Oh, happy hearing! Let's straight be gone;

I cannot tarry here another day.

Petruchio - Cannot, my Kate? Oh, yes; indeed you can.

Katharine - Indeed, I cannot.

Petruchio - Oh, yes, you could, my Kate, if I wish'd it.

Katharine - I tell you, I'll not stay another moment.

(Enter Grumio, running L.)

Grumio - The horses, sir, are ready and...

Petruchio - Put them up. On second thoughts, 'tis now too late

For look how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Katharine - The moon? The sun. It is not moonlight now.

Petruchio - I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katharine - I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petruchio - Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon or star or what I list,

Or e'er I journey to your father's house.

Go you, and put the horses up again.

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

(He crosses R. Grumio aside to Katharine)

Grumio - Say as he says, or we shall never go. (Retires up C.)

Katharine - I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds.

Sir, be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petruchio - I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katherine - Go, happy-hearted! Let's celebrate the home;
 I cannot tarry here another day.
 Petruchio - Cannot, my Kate? Oh, yes; indeed you can.
 Katherine - Indeed, I cannot.
 Petruchio - Oh, yes, you could, my Kate, if I wish'd it.
 Katherine - I tell you, I'll not stay another moment.
 (Enter Grumio, running.)
 Grumio - The horses, sir, are ready and...
 Petruchio - Put them up. Oh second thoughts, 'tis now too
 late.
 For look how bright and goodly shines the moon.
 Katherine - The moon? The sun. It is not moonlight now.
 Petruchio - I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
 Katherine - I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
 Petruchio - Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
 It shall be moon or star or what I list,
 Or else I journey as your father's house.
 Go you, and put the horses up again.
 Sweetmore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
 (He crosses R. Grumio aside to Katherine)
 Grumio - Say as he says, or we shall never go. (Retires up
 C.)
 Katherine - I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bones.
 Sir, be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
 And if you please to call it a Turk-candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
 Petruchio - I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katharine - I know it is the moon.

Petruchio - Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Katharine - Just as you please; it is the blessed sun.

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it name'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be for Katharine.

Petruchio - Get out the horses. (Exit Grumio, L.)

Crosses C.) But soft, what company is coming here,

And stops our journey?

(Enter Baptista, Bianca, and Hortensio, L.)

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. (To Baptista) Where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly, too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Baptista -(L. C.)

How now? Embrace me for my beauty's sake!

What's all this?

(Katharine crosses, C. to Baptista)

Katharine - Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Baptista - What mummery is this!

Petruchio - Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad,

This is Baptista, our old reverend father;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Katharine - (C.) Pardon, dear father, my mistaking eyes,

Katherine - I know it is the moon.
Petrushka - Why, then you like it in the blessed sun.
Katherine - Just as you please; it is the blessed sun.
 But even it is not, when you say it is not,
 And the moon changes, even as your mind.
 What you will have it says, even that it is;
 And so it shall be for Katherine.
Petrushka - Set out the horses. (Exit Katherine, L.)
Grocer G. But who, what company is coming here,
 And stops our journey?
 (Enter Baptista, Blanca, and Horace, L.)
 Good-morrow, gentle mistress. (To Baptista) Where away?
 Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly, too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentleness?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Baptista - (L. C.)
 How now? Embrace me for my beauty's sake!
 What's all this?
 (Katherine crosses, C. to Baptista)
Katherine - Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Baptista - What mannerly is this!
Petrushka - Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad;
 This is Baptista, our old reverend father;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Katherine - (C.) Pardon, dear father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the --- (Hesitatingly)

Petruchio - The sun.

Katharine - The sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive, thou art my reverend father.

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. (She kneels)

Baptista - Rise, rise, my child. What strange vagary's this?

I came to see thee with my son and daughter.

How lik'st thou wedlock? Art not altered, Kate?

Katharine - Indeed I am; almost transform'd to stone.

Petruchio - Chang'd for the better, art not, my Kate?

Katharine - So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

Hortensio - Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bianca - (Going down R.) And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio - Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

And to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

Bianca - Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!

What's the matter, Kate? Hold up thy head;

Nor lose our sex's best prerogative

To wish and have our will.

Petruchio - Peace brawler, peace! Katharine, tell this
headstrong woman

What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.

Katharine - (L. C.) Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy light, thy keeper;

One that cares for thee,

That have been so bedazzled with the --- (Petruchio)

Petruchio - The sun.

Katharine - The sun.

That everything I look on stands green.

Now I perceive, then art my reverend father.

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad merriment. (She kneels)

Reverend - Rise, rise, my child. What strange vagaries visit

I came to see thee with my son and daughter.

How like'st thou wedlock? Art not sister, sister?

Katharine - Indeed I am; almost Petruchio's to wed.

Petruchio - Change's for the better, art not, my sister?

Katharine - So good a master cannot choose but need me.

Hortensio - Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Blanca - (Going down R.) And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio - Hark, peace it bodes, and love and dulcet life.

And to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

Blanca - Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!

What's the matter, sister? Hold up thy head!

Not lose our sex's best prerogative

To wish and have our will.

Petruchio - I leave Petruchio, peace! Katharine, tell this

bedazzling woman

What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.

Katharine - (L. C.) Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman owes to her husband.

My husband is the lord, my light, my keeper;

One that orders for me.

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Petruchio - Well said, my Kate! You'll learn that lesson, lady.

Baptista - (L.) Now joy betide thee, son Petruchio!

And fair befall thee, my now gentle Katharine!

Go home with me along, and I will add

Another fortune to another daughter;

For thou art chang'd as thou hadst never been--

Petruchio - My fortune is sufficient; here is my wealth,

Kiss me, my Kate; and, since thou art become

So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,

Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband--

An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.

Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,

And be our future lives one gentle stream

Of mutual love, compliance and regard!

Katharine - Nay, thee, I'm all unworthy of thy love,

And look with blushes on my former self.

How shameful 'tis when women are so simple,

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

Where bound to love, to honor, and obey!

Miss Mason - That's all for today. (Exits R. to help Tom.)

(Tom has trouble in closing the curtain. As it closes---)

Bill - (Drawing Jack aside down R.) Hurrah for Sue the Shrew!

Bill - (Drawing Jack aside down E.) Watch for Sam the Spy!

(Tom has trouble in closing the curtain. As it closes--)

Miss Mason - That's all for today. (Exit M. to help Tom.)

Where bound to love, to honor, and obey!

Or seek for love, respect, and awe,

To offer what they should have for grace,

How shameful 'tis when women are so base!

And look with shame on my former self.

Edith - Nay, then, I'm all unworthy of thy love,

Of mutual love, confidence and regard!

And be our future lives one gentle stream

Far hence all rudeness, selfishness, and noise,

An honest work, which I throw off with pleasure.

Edith - Here shall dwell the lordly husband--

So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,

Kiss me, my Kate; and, since thou art become

Edith - My fortune is fulfilled; here is my wealth;

For thou art worth'd as thou hast never been--

Another fortune to another daughter;

Go home with me alone, and I will sit

And tell thee all my news, my new gentle Edith!

Edith - (L.) Now thy petticoat thou, too Edith!

Lady.

Edith - Well said, my Kate! You'll learn what action,

For little payment for so great a debt.

But love, tell looks, and turn the tables;

And answer no other tribute at my hands

How'd you do it, Jack?

Jack - Oh, Bill Shakespeare gave me a tip, but you made me tumble, I guess. Anyhow, she's tamed.

Miss Mason - (Now on stage, R.) Sue and Jack, you stand here in the center. Bill and Helen at the right. Rest of you group yourselves at each side. First smile at your opposites, then at the audience. Ready. Bow.

Bill - (Embarrassed) Gee, I feel like a dumbbell.

Miss Mason - Get all your books and wraps. Boys, arrange the chairs for assembly tomorrow and leave the building quietly. That's all.

Joe - Hi, Tom, where's my hat?

(As curtain closes for the last time, Sue smiles sweetly at Jack.)

Sue - Remember, you're taking me to the Prom, Jack.

Jack - O. K., Sue. (In voice of Petruchio) See that you don't keep me waiting. (Snaps whip.) So long.

(Amid laughter and confusion of finding books, wraps, etc., the curtain goes down.)

How'd you do it, Jack?

Jack - Oh, Bill, I'm not sure, but you made me

jump, I guess. Anyhow, what's the deal?

Miss Mason - (Now on stage, R.) - See, Jack, you were there

in the center. Bill and I were at the right. Best of you

group yourselves at each side. After a while of your own ideas,

then at the audience. Ready. Now.

Bill - (Amused) Gee, I feel like a dummy.

Miss Mason - Get all your books and things. Boys, arrange the

chairs for assembly tomorrow and leave the building quietly.

That's all.

Joe - Hi, Tom, where's my hat?

(As curtain closes for the last time, one smiles sweetly at

Jack.)

Joe - Remember, you're taking me to the Bronx, Jack.

Jack - O. K., Joe. (In voice of Terrence) See that you

don't keep me waiting. (Snaps whip.) So long.

(Wild laughter and confusion of ringing books, things, etc.,

the curtain goes down.

NOTE

The play is intended for the youth of high school age with the object of cultivating a taste for Shakespeare and of portraying the habits, speech and costumes of the Elizabethan Age. Dramatic instructors who have this objective will wish to see authentic Elizabethan costuming but other groups may wish to use ridiculous costumes or to have students wear school clothes throughout the play. The director or coach might find it interesting to take the part of "Miss Mason."

There is opportunity of eliminating minor characters, if small casts are desired; or of introducing an indefinite number of supernumeraries in the form of students dropping in to watch the rehearsal, messages being brought from the office, etc., if a large cast is preferable.

NOTE

The play is intended for the youth of high school age with the object of cultivating a taste for Shakespeare and of portraying the habits, speech and costumes of the Elizabethan Age. Dramatic instructors who have this objective will wish to see authentic Elizabethan costumes but other groups may wish to use ridiculous costumes or to have scenes from well known plays throughout the play. The director or coach might find it interesting to take the part of "Miss Mason."

There is opportunity of eliminating minor characters, if small casts are desired; or of introducing an indefinite number of supernumeraries in the form of chorus groups in to watch the rehearsal, messages being brought from the office, etc., if a large cast is preferable.

Notes of the Director

A senior commercial department selected a committee to write a scenario. This committee met several times out of school hours and finally submitted the following scenario which appears here in its original form.

The class directed the work, made suggestions and then wrote most of the dialogue. Although many stories and written ideas, the bulk of the play was written by the committee composed of John Dwyer, John Petrus, Walter Johnson, Gertrude Moriarty, Agnes [?], Ethel [?], Jennie [?], Edward [?], Mary [?], and [?].

Why Worry?

by

High School Students

The work for the school play was completed by John [?], Ethel [?], and [?].

The entire class of 23 members started the play before a group of students from another class.

Ten large tables were used for the banquet. Additional flowers furnished the decorations.

Why worry?
by
High School Students

Note of Instructor

A senior commercial division selected a committee to write a scenario. This committee met several times out of school hours and finally submitted the following scenario which appears here in its original form.

The class accepted the work, made suggestions and then began work on the dialogue. Although many students contributed ideas, the bulk of the play was written by the committee composed of John Duggan, Anna Patchis, Nancy Nelson, Gertrude Moriarty, Agnes McDonough, Ethel Crosby, Aspasia Mihovan, Mary Geary, and Rita Magee.

The words for the school song were composed by Helen Brickley, Ethel Crosby, and Aspasia Mihovan.

The entire class of 38 members enacted the play before a group of students from another class.

Two large tables were used for the banquet. Artificial flowers furnished the decorations.

SCENARIO IN RHYME

"May The Best Man Win"

"I am Bob; the best there is,

Alert and smart, I am a whiz.

The medal gold is sure to be,

A ripe reward, made just for me.

But, heck! Here is my rival, Dan,

Who thinks he is the better man."

"Oh yes, I'm Dan, forlorn am I,

For I am thought a thief, and why?

No money ever did I take,

And to this fact I'll make them wake.

But here is Pat, my sweetheart true,

To speak her heart, which I shall woo."

"I trust in Dan, for he is fine,

He'd never steal, that's not his line.

I know he'll win the medal gold,

For he is true, not hard and bold.

But now I hear the Principal's voice,

To make announcement of his choice."

"I have pleasure--my, what is this?"

"Oh, Sir, I found the ten amiss!"

It is the clerk who brings good news,

She shows the ten, that she did lose.

And now we hear the Principal choose;

"I hereby give this medal gold,

To our dear Dan, that I did scold.

He well deserves this small reward,

And I am glad I spared the rod."

SCHOOL SONGS

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

To all the boys of Everett High

Who never lost by fear,

To all the heroes of the game

Let's give a rousing cheer.

And to our school with spirit true

And banners flying high

We gratefully salute you now

With a cheer for Everett High.

--Aspasia Mihovan and Ethel Crosby

(Tune: "Jingle Bells")

Fight them, boys, fight them, boys

Fight them all the way,

For Everett High must win that game

So show them how we play!

Smash that line, crash that line,

Show what we can do,

And we will cheer, a hearty cheer

For the Crimson and the Blue.

--Helen Brickley

SCENARIO

The Characters are:

Dan, who, unknown to him and everyone else but the principal, is going to receive the service medal at the annual Senior banquet.

Bob, who is conceited and thinks he is going to receive the award--in other words, he thinks he is "Big Shot".

Jack, who is a loyal, good friend to Dan, inwardly thinks that he has as good a chance as anyone to receive the award. Dan has been rooting for Jack, thinking that he hasn't a chance.

Pat, who is liked very much by Dan, and also, she likes him.

Jean, Dan's "kid sister."

Diane, Jack's girlfriend.

The principal of the school, Mr. Bond, and his wife.

Superintendent, Mr. Jackson, and his wife.

Guests, any number desired.

At the Banquet

This scene takes place just after the tables have been cleared. The opening speech is dedicated to the graduating class and is given by the superintendent. By the conversation, the whole story is told.

What Has Happened Before

The votes of the seniors for the service award have been taken and the principal is the only one who knows who is going to receive the medal at the Senior Class Banquet.

Before the election, Bob had been asking the students to vote for him as he was the best qualified for the honor, and has done more for the school than any boy in the whole class, or, in fact, any other boy who ever went to school. He is very conceited.

Bob thinks that Dan did, possibly, get the most votes, but thinks he is the next highest and if he finds something to accuse Dan of, he will get the votes.

The day of the dance, \$10 is found to be missing from the funds of the Senior Banquet. Dan is treasurer of the senior class and is the only one who has handled the money so he is responsible for it. Bob does not mention any names, but he hints to many of the pupils that Dan might have taken it as he was the only one who has handled the money. This turns many of Dan's rooters against him.

When Dan, who is very popular, an athlete, and a very good sport, finds that Bob has asked Pat to the dance and banquet, he doesn't feel that he'd like to take anyone else, so he takes his "kid sister," Jean, who has been longing to go. Pat really likes Dan, but Bob asked her first so she accepted his invitation.

Jack takes his girl friend, Diane.

The topic of conversation at the table is the service award, and everyone is excited because nobody knows who is going to be the lucky winner.

Everyone thinks that either Jack, president of the senior class, or Bob, an active member of the class and a popular

athlete, will get the award. Dan isn't mentioned as everyone suspects in his own mind that Dan stole the money from the Senior Class treasury.

To make matters worse, Dan mentions the fact that he has just paid the money, \$10, for his payment due on his car. He is very relieved, as it was due that day. Everyone, now suspects him more than ever. Nobody says anything to him about it, but act with indifference toward him after that. Pat is still loyal and smiles at him often across the table.

Dan's sister is the "life of the party". She is very flirtatious. When she learns from one of the students at the table that Bob will probably win the award, she gazes over at him, and, in other words, she flirts with him. Dan's pokes do no good, for she just pokes him right back and goes right on staring.

Finally, the room is quiet, for the toasts and speeches are to be given. Toasts are given to the success of the Senior Class and many other things. Speeches are also made by the Superintendent, Principal, and the president of the Senior Class, Jack.

The big moment of the evening arrives! The principal stands up, there isn't a sound in the room. He starts his speech about the award, and everyone is breathless. The principal says that, to his deep sorrow, the boy who received the most votes for the award is disqualified due to an unpardonable offense which he has committed. He does not mention any name, but everybody knows that he means Dan.

While the Principal is saying this, the clerk in the office of the school comes dashing in to report that the \$10 has been found. It had slipped down in the back of the drawer where the money is kept.

Everyone is very excited. The Principal then asks pardon of Dan for his mistake and awards the medal to him. He is very shocked as he had no idea that he would receive the honor. He very modestly accepts it and, very embarrassed, makes a speech. He says that he did not deserve it. Everyone is for him more than ever when he says it.

Inwardly, Jack and Bob each thought that he should receive the award. Jack did not show it, but Bob had been bragging all through the dinner, and is now very embarrassed.

Everyone congratulates Dan, even Bob.

Diane is talking to Dan and congratulating him--Jean feels very sorry for Bob, and anyway, she thinks he's very nice, and she goes over to Bob and cheers him up.

Toasts are made, three cheers to the senior class, etc., and the banquet, which is a great success, closes with the loud voices of the Seniors and teachers alike in the school song. The Seniors leave to go to the dance. Everyone's happy!

THE END

Curtain

WHY WORRY?

Cast

Dan - Ralph Milley

Bob - Robert Conley

Jack - John Duggan

Pat - Mary Geary

Jean - Lena Frabetti

Diane - Doris O'Neil

Principal - William Yates

His Wife - Rita Magee

Superintendent - Ellen Boardman

His Wife - Helen Brickley

Scene: Senior Banquet

Time: Just after the tables have been cleared

There is a buzz of conversation as the curtain rises. Mr. Jackson, Superintendent of Schools, arises and raps on the table for order.

Mr. Jackson - The Annual Class Day Banquet always serves as a reminder of just how close we are to losing fifty of our students. After twelve years of study, they go forth to face the trials of the world. It will not be easy--some will climb steadily upward on the ladder to success, some will climb a few steps and stop, others will attempt, find it too hard, and retreat, like the man whose path is crossed by the proverbial

black cat. This man has two choices--one, to go in another direction to his destination, or two, abandon the idea entirely and return from whence he came.

In past years, I have been able to say, "Go forth and find the place that is yours in the world." Now, because of present economic conditions, I must say, "Go forth and make that place in the world."

None of you are blind, you can all see how few of your friends of past graduations have found a place. In attempting work, do not be too choosy; and yet do not go too low. Keep trying, and when those feet refuse the next step, push them upward and you'll be surprised to see how soon you can reach the top.

(Sits down amid much applause)

Bob - (With a swagger) I wish they'd hurry up and give out the medal, I want to see how it's going to look on my bureau. After all, I did ask all the gang to vote for me.

Jean - (Gazing with adoring eyes at Bob) O, Bob, do you really think you will get the medal?

Bob - I suppose so. Maybe some one else did get more votes than I did, but, after all, I think it's pretty well fixed for me. Say, wasn't it too bad that the \$10 was stolen from our funds? (Looking at Dan across the table) But, then, some people never can be trusted. And only a few people had access to it.

Diane - It was a pretty mean trick, wasn't it? I wonder who could have taken it.

Dan - (To Pat across the table) Say, Pat, you know that second-hand car I was telling you about, the one I was going to take you to the banquet in.

Pat - I'm sorry about that, Dan, but Bob asked me first.

Dan - Well, I paid the last payment of \$10 on it today.

Pat - O, Dan, that's grand!

Bob - Say, it looks as if someone around here has come into big money suddenly.

Jean - Gee, Dan, that \$10 you got from Aunt Mary sure came in handy. You sure got a lot of nice graduation gifts.

Diane - O, Jack, the corsage you gave me is beautiful. You have such excellent taste in selecting flowers.

Jack - It wasn't very hard to select flowers for such a sweet and lovely person as you.

Diane - You big flatterer! (Turning to Bob) Say, Bob, what are you expecting to get from your mother and father for a graduation present?

Bob - Well, if I win that medal, I'm going to get a watch,

Jean - Gee, will you be the center of attraction around town when you win that medal! Then I won't be able to get even a glimpse of you.

Bob - O, I couldn't forget a grand girl like you, after all the good times we've had together.

(Dan pokes his sister to make her stop flirting with Bob, but she just pokes him back.)

(Mr. Bond, the Principal, arises and raps on the table.)

Mr. Bond - Teachers and members of the Senior Class, the time

Mr. Bond - Teachers and members of the Senior Class, this time
(Mr. Bond, the Principal, enters and goes on the table.)
she just pokes him back.)
(Then pokes his sister to make her stop flirting with Bob, but
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Bob - Well, if I win that medal, I'm going to get a watch.
graduation presents?
are you expecting to get from your mother and father for a
Diane - You big flatterer! (Turning to Bob) Say, Bob, what
and lovely person as you.
Jack - It wasn't very hard to select flowers for such a sweet
have such excellent taste in selecting flowers.
Diane - O, Jack, the corsage you gave me is beautiful. You
handy. You sure got a lot of nice graduation gifts.
Jeann - Gee, then, that \$10 you got from Aunt Mary sure came in
big money suddenly.
Bob - Say, it looks as if someone around here has come into
Pat - O, then, that's Grand!
Diane - Well, I paid the last payment of \$10 on it today.
Pat - I'm sorry about that, then, but Bob asked me first.
to take you to the banquet in.
second-hand car. I was telling you about, the one I was going
Dan - (To Pat across the table) Boy, Pat, you know that

has come for the final and biggest announcement of the evening, the winner of the Service Award. For many years this award has been the coveted prize of this school. There have been many active students in the Class of 1939, which makes it hard for us to select the outstanding member of the class. All their activities have been a success. This includes their Senior Prom, under the direction of Bob; their yearbook, under the direction of Dan; and our newspaper, managed by Jack. It is therefore, extremely difficult for us to choose the most outstanding student. Nevertheless, we have finally come to a decision. All the votes point to one boy as the outstanding individual in the entire class. To our deep sorrow, however, the boy who has received the largest number of votes will be unable to be awarded the medal. He is disqualified due to an unpardonable offense which he is believed to have committed. It grieves me exceedingly to think that a boy in whom we have all placed such implicit trust, should lower himself by such an act. It is, therefore, my pleasure to award the medal---

(He is interrupted by the clerk who rushes in R. waving a bill in her hand.)

Clerk - Mr. Bond, Mr. Bond.

Mr. Bond - What is it, Miss Allen?

Clerk - (All out of breath) I found it! I found it! I found the ten dollars. It had dropped behind the drawer. Here it is. (Hands the money to Mr. Bond.)

(Hubub for a while. Everyone talks at once.)

Mr. Bond - Please, please, I shall finish my announcement now.

The winner of the Service Award is Dan.

(Amidst applauding and cheering, Dan stands up and receives the medal, flushed and confused.)

Mr. Bond - Congratulations, Dan!

Dan - Well-- I-- er-- well, thanks anyway, Mr. Bond.

Audience - Speech! Speech! Speech!

Mr. Bond - It looks as if they'd like a speech, Dan. Go ahead.

Dan - Well-- er-- ah, I hardly know what to say. I would just like to thank you for the great honor you have bestowed upon me. (He sits down among cheers, but very embarrassed.)

(Here everybody sings the school song.)

(Then someone yells three cheers for Dan, our class, Mr. Bond, and Mr. Jackson.)

(Diane, Bob, Pat, and Jack go over to Dan.)

Diane - Congratulations, Dan! As long as Jack couldn't get it, I'm glad it was you.

Dan - (With a smile) Thanks, Diane, I just hope Jack feels the same way.

Jack - (Slapping Dan on the back) You know I do, pal! I never really expected it, anyway.

Bob - Congratulations, Dan, old boy!---Say, Pat, I know you won't mind if I leave you in Dan's care and take Jean to the dance, will you?

Jean - O, Bob, you angel, do you really mean that?

Bob - Sure do, Honey!--That is, if Pat and Dan don't mind.

Pat and Dan - (In unison) We don't mind! Really, we don't.

The winner of the Service Award is Dan.
(Amidst applauding and cheering, Dan stands up and receives

the medal, finished and contrast.)

Mr. Bond - Congratulations, Dan!

Dan - Well-- I-- er-- well, thanks anyway, Mr. Bond.

Audience - Excuse! Excuse!

Mr. Bond - It looks as if they'd like a speech, Dan. Go

ahead.

Dan - Well-- er-- ah, I hardly know what to say. I would just

like to thank you for the great honor you have bestowed upon

me. (He sits down among cheers, but very embarrassed.)

(There everybody along the school song.)

(When someone yells gives cheers for Dan, Mr. Bond,

and Mr. Jackson.)

(Diana, Bob, Pat, and Jack go over to Dan.)

Phone - Congratulations, Dan! As long as Jack couldn't get it

I'm glad it was you.

Dan - (With a smile) Thanks, Diana. I just hope Jack feels

the same way.

Jack - (Slapping Dan on the back) You know I do, pal! I

never really expected it, anyway.

Bob - Congratulations, Dan, old boy!--Say, hey, I know you

won't mind if I leave you in Dan's care and take Jean to the

dance, will you?

Jean - O. Bob, you agree, do you really mean that?

Bob - Sure as, Honey!--That is, if Pat and Dan don't mind.

Pat and Dan - (To Wilson) We don't mind! Really, we don't.

Jean and Bob - (Exiting) So long, kids, see you at the dance.
(Chorus of good byes.)

Jack - (To Diane) Come on, Diane, this is one time when
four's a crowd.

Jack and Diane - Goodbye-- See you at the hall.

Pat - (Turning to Dan) O, Dan, I'm so proud of you. You
don't know how much I wanted you to get the medal.

Dan - (Taking both her hands in his) Thanks, Pat, I knew
you'd stand by me-- even when there was a cloud over my head!
It's friends like you that make life worthwhile.

Pat - I think we'd better go now, Dan. After all, you are the
hero of the evening, and it's rather selfish of me to try to
monopolize you.

Dan - (Laughing as they leave arm in arm) I rather like this
kind of monopoly!

Curtain

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Jack and Bob - (Exit) So long, kids, see you at the dance.
(Chorus of good byes.)
Jack - (To Diana) Come on, Diana, this is one time when
there's a crowd.
Jack and Diana - Goodbye-- See you at the ball.
Pat - (Turning to Dan) O, Dan, I'm so proud of you. You
don't know how much I wanted you to get the medal.
Dan - (Taking both her hands in his) Thanks, Pat, I know
you'd stand by me-- even when there was a cloud over my head.
It's friends like you that make life worthwhile.
Pat - I think we'd better go now, Dan. After all, you are the
hero of the evening, and it's rather selfish of me to try to
monopolize you.
Dan - (Laughing as they leave arm in arm) I rather like this
kind of monopoly!

Curtain

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